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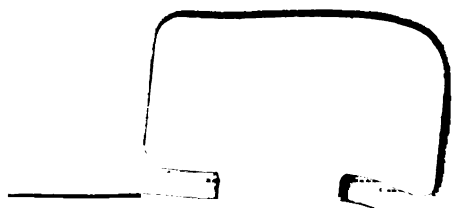
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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

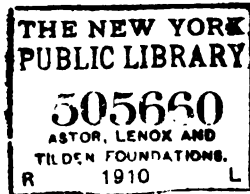
## Sports and Pastimes



VOL. LIV.

LONDON: H. KINTON & CO. LTD.

1890.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## Sports and Pastimes.

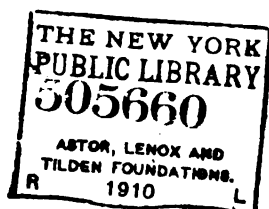
**VOLUME THE FIFTY-FOURTH.**

**BEING**

**Nos. 365—370. JULY TO DECEMBER, 1890.**

**LONDON:**  
**VINTON AND CO., LIMITED,**  
**9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.**

**1890.**



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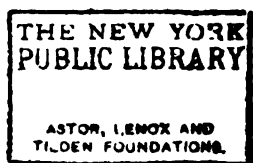
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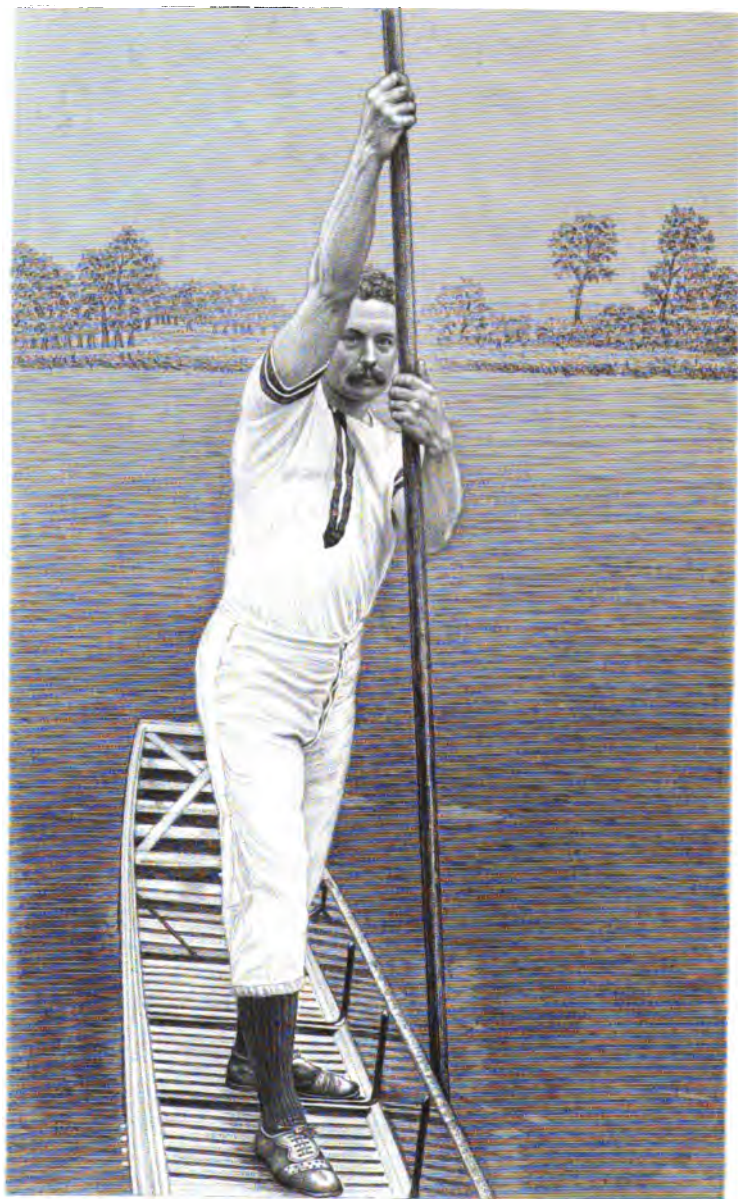
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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 365

JULY 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portrait of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY GRENFELL.

Engraving of ORMONDE.

## Mr. William Henry Grenfell.

ALTHOUGH these pages have recorded the doings of many celebrated sportsmen, it would be difficult to find among them a more thorough all-round man than the subject of this biography, Mr. William Henry Grenfell, of Taplow Court—a place which is justly considered to be one of the most delightful on the River Thames. Born in the year 1855, Mr. Grenfell was in due course sent to Harrow, where he distinguished himself by playing at Lord's two years, in the eleven against Eton. He was also successful in the school athletic sports, winning many cups. In spite of having lived so near the river during his boyhood, it was not until Mr. Grenfell

matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, that he took to rowing in earnest ; but it soon became evident that he was no novice at the art, and he was accordingly selected to represent his University in 1877.

Amongst Boat Race records, the race of that year will always hold a prominent place, as it resulted in a dead heat. The following year Mr. Grenfell again rowed, and in a crew admitted to be the finest one ever sent up from Oxford University. On the retirement of Mr. Edwards-Moss from the Presidency of the University Boat Club, Mr. Grenfell was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Unfortunately he was prevented, by medical advice, from occupying a seat in the boat during his year of office. It may be recorded that he was at that time President of the University Athletic Club, and that whilst in residence he ran in the three mile race against Cambridge. Mr. Grenfell, in addition to running and rowing, found time to hunt the University Drag Hounds, and he proved himself to be an excellent master. And here it may be remarked that, in spite of these attractions, Mr. Grenfell paid due attention to reading, and when the time came took a degree in honours.

Our portrait shows Mr. Grenfell in the act of punting, which is one of his favourite pastimes. To punt well is undoubtedly an art, and especially so in a racing punt. That he is a thorough exponent of this art, his title, "Amateur Champion," will testify. During the past few years he has been coached by Abel Beasley, the professional champion, with whom he can now hold his own, a fact which does credit to both parties. In order to waste no time, and to while away a few leisure hours before starting for Scotland, in August last, he, in company with two other capable oarsmen, sculled from Oxford to Putney, a distance of 10<sup>5</sup> miles, in about twenty-two hours. It may be mentioned that previous to that row he had not touched a pair of sculls for two years. But still the river is not the only attraction for Mr. Grenfell, for during the autumn he generally finds his way north, to moor and forest ; and spacious as is the hall at Taplow Court, it will not contain the numerous trophies of his shooting expeditions. The walls of the smoking-room are adorned with horns, many of them bearing the words "Reay Forest," which is the Highland seat of the Duke of Westminster. The love of sport has induced Mr. Grenfell to visit the Rocky Mountains, from which his characteristic energy and unerring eye have enabled him to add many fine specimens to what was already a good collection of trophies.

When the shooting season is over, Mr. Grenfell turns his attention mainly to hunting. He is now master of the pack of harriers which belonged to the late Sir Robert Harvey. Followers of the hunt find in Mr. Grenfell a most courteous

master, and one who is voted both by tenants and land-owners as a real good sort. Besides being a fine horseman and a straight rider, he is an accomplished "whip" and a member of the Coaching Club.

Having said so much with regard to athletic pursuits, let us now take a glance at the sterner side of his life. We find that Mr. Grenfell has twice been returned to the House of Commons as the Liberal member for Salisbury—firstly in 1880, and secondly in 1885. But when seeking re-election, on his appointment as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, he was not successful. When, a few months ago, Mr. Richardson-Gardner was compelled through ill-health to resign his seat for Windsor, Mr. Grenfell was prevailed upon to contest the seat in the Gladstonian interest, his opponent being Mr. Barry, of Clewer. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. Both candidates were well known in the neighbourhood (which is always an advantage), and both were most popular. It was generally expected that the Conservatives would succeed in keeping their seat; and such proved to be the case.

Mr. Grenfell probably enjoys the life of a country gentleman much more than that of a country's servant in the House of Commons. He is a magistrate for the county of Bucks, and was High Sheriff last year. All those who are entertained at Taplow Court congratulate themselves on their good fortune in being the guests of Mr. Grenfell and his charming wife. His liberality is not confined to his immediate friends and neighbours; and mention may justly be made of his munificent gift of a large extent of ground at Maidenhead, to the town, in order that the inhabitants may be put in possession of the enjoyment of a good pleasure-ground.

In him we see the cricketer, University oarsman, University athlete, master of hounds, M.P., and amateur champion punter—a remarkable all-round score.

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## The Past and Present of Lawn Tennis.

WITH the exception perhaps of the poet and the farmer, no class of man is more prone to act the part of *laudator temporis acti* than the writer on sport; not to mention the foxhunter, with his modern grievance of wire-fencing, and the grouse-shooter, not to be consoled by choke-bores and big drives for the ever-increasing wildness of his quarry and the decay of the old form of the sport. One may instance the Nestors of cricket, who to unheeding ears deplore the days of Beldham or Fuller Pilch, of Redgate, Clarke, or ancient Harris, as the

golden age of batting or bowling, as the case may be. The critics of tennis—the old indoor game—may be justified in thinking their modern champions inferior to the famous Barre, for either the standard of play must be held to have declined, or there is something defective in the game itself, if it is true, as we are told, that the championship is now held by a player who makes mere quickness of eye and activity take the place of science. There is no room as yet for this amiable weakness in lawn tennis. The game has not existed long enough to have reached its climacteric, or to have exhibited a decline in the skill of its players. Hardly anyone, indeed, affects to believe that our best exponents have explored all the possibilities and mastered every stroke or every variety of tactics that the game admits of. A recent writer of considerable authority does, it is true, incline to the opinion that the champion, Mr. W. Renshaw, was seen at his best in the contests of 1885 and 1886; but it is difficult to sympathise with this judgment, in face of the fact that the championship is still held by the same player against the assaults of such undoubtedly improving rivals as Messrs. Lewis and Hamilton. Had Mr. Renshaw not kept pace with the times, he must, long ere this, have been overtaken by some younger aspirant to his proud position.

To compare the best players of to-day with those of the early years of lawn tennis is unfortunately well-nigh impossible. The game is, in its essential conditions, vastly different from that which was played at Wimbledon in 1877, or even in 1881. When the net was 5 ft. high at the posts, and 3 ft. 3 in. in the middle, the old tennis style of game was in vogue. The object of the player was to drop the ball over the net with as much "cut" or "screw" on it as possible. It was Mr. S. W. Gore, the winner of the championship in 1877, who first discovered the power of volleying at the net against such tactics as these. His successors, Messrs. P. F. Hadow and J. T. Hartley, had recourse to "lobbing" in order to frustrate this manoeuvre, and owed their victories to the untiring accuracy with which they could return the ball, at a pace which would now be considered decidedly slow, to the vicinity of the base line. In 1878 the net was lowered by 3 in., and, in order to deprive the overhand service of its terrors, the service line, which had been originally placed at 26 ft. from the net, was brought 4 ft. nearer. A further reduction in the height of the net to 4 ft. at the posts was made in 1880, when the service line was brought to a distance of 21 ft. from the net. It is from the following year that the modern style of game dates its origin. The changes in the laws had apparently disposed finally of the volleyer, and what was then considered his unscientific system of play, when, to the consternation of the legislators, the brothers Renshaw arose to upset their calculations. By

volleying the ball at or near the service line, Mr. W. Renshaw was able, in 1881, to defeat, more or less easily, all his opponents of the old school and win the championship, Mr. H. F. Lawford alone making a good stand against him. The days of interminable rallies of fifty or sixty strokes—an instance is recorded of a series of eighty-one returns in a match between good players—were over; but in the place of the monotony of unvaried back-play, the tyranny of the volley seemed to threaten the ruin of the game. To obviate this danger the All-England Club made a final alteration in the height of the net, which was reduced to 3 ft. 6 in. at the posts. The volleyers, however, for the time more than held their own, and Mr. E. Renshaw came out as the winner of the All-Comers' prize at Wimbledon, and the challenger of his brother for the Championship. At length, however, back-play, mainly through the example of Mr. Lawford, regained some of its old effectiveness. It was demonstrated by this player that any volleyer could be passed or driven from his post of vantage, by hard and accurate drives down the side lines; and although Mr. Renshaw retained the championship until 1887, when he was prevented by an injury from competing, he could only do so by combining his great rival's tactics with his own.

From about the year 1884 it has been universally recognised that no player can attain the first rank without mastering both the volley and the hard drive from the base-line. The consequence has been the elevation of lawn tennis from an affair of more or less pure dexterity to a game of almost infinite variety, in which activity and a good eye are less valuable than experience, quickness of judgment, steady courage, and fertility of resource. Between equally matched players of any considerable degree of skill, the game becomes a struggle for position. By persistently driving the ball to the extreme corners of the court, each antagonist will strive to keep the other outside the base-line, until a short return gives the opportunity for the *coup de grace* in the shape of a "smash," or an unreachable cross volley. To run in to the service line after a weak or merely defensive stroke is fatal; before making any such aggressive movement it is necessary to have clearly dispossessed your opponent of the attack, and to have got it into your own hands. As in chess, one must penetrate the enemy's designs, and discover his weak points, but with this difference, that not minutes, but the fraction of a second, is all the time allowed for reflection and the counter move. Of the ruses and stratagems that are found servicable there is no end. Not only does it avail to play to an antagonist's weak back-hand, but in some cases he may be lured to his own ruin by the tempting bait of a ball similar to that of which he has just scored a point with an unusually brilliant return.

The latest addition to the tactics of the game is the perfection of stroke known as the "lob." The difficulty of making a fast and accurate return off a high-tossed ball has been known for some years past; but the knowledge was not practically utilised until the defeat of Mr. Hamilton by Mr. Ernest Renshaw, at Wimbledon, the year before last. A much more liberal use was made of this stroke by Mr. Barlow last year, who, finding "lobs" profitable at the Beckenham tournament, against his old rival and former conqueror, Mr. Meers, tried them with success against Mr. Hamilton at the Championship meeting. In Mr. Barlow's hands the lob becomes an attacking move. His opponent is not only driven from position at the service line to the back of the court, but finds himself called upon either to perform the feat of placing a vertically-descending ball neatly down one of the side lines, or of lobbing in turn. Should he choose the latter alternative, he must beware of tossing the ball into the middle of the opposite court, where the original lobber has meanwhile taken his stand, in the hope of some such opportunity for a "smash." To find the appropriate answer to the lob, or, in other words, to acquire the knack of hitting it back with certainty and pace, is one of the problems of the immediate future; and there are already several players who have made considerable progress in this direction. Another stroke of which much is hoped, but which has hardly ever as yet been seen in match play, is that known as the "drive volley." It is nothing more nor less than the swift return in the volley of a good-length ball, which if allowed to drop would touch the ground near the base line. In practice it is often attempted, and occasionally achieved as a *tour de force*, but no player has mastered it sufficiently to run the risk of failure in the crisis of a close match. When, if ever, it is brought to perfection, it will confer on its exponent the power of exchanging the defence for the attack almost at will.

Whatever may be the future developments of the single game, there is—at any rate in the opinion of such good judges as Mr. W. W. Wilberforce—much room for improvement in double play. Certain it is that no such perfect combination is shown by the best pairs as one has a right to expect from players of so great individual proficiency. But there are also some grounds for finding fault with the nature and conditions of the game itself. Just as was the case with the single game before the last change in the height of the net, the server's side seems to have an inordinate advantage; and it is no rare thing for the games to fall alternately to each of two contending pairs in succession on this account, until at length some piece of luck falls to the striker-out and his partner, and decides the issue of the set. Not only has the server the chance of scoring with his first delivery, but even the second service is



considered to carry with it the attack for the time being, so difficult is it for the striker-out to pass the racket of the server's partner, as he stands at the net ready to pounce upon and "kill" any ball that comes within his reach. To advocate a change in the dimensions of the double court would be injudicious, until further study and practice has been given to this beautiful branch of the game by some talented and industrious pair of players. Meanwhile it is possible that some ingenious way of returning the service may be found, as, for instance, the delicate backhand "drop" across the court, which will partially restore the balance between server and striker out.

Of the players individually there is little need to speak at length, as the public is daily becoming more familiar with their doings and comparative merits. The winning of the Irish Championship by Mr. Lewis, at the commencement of the present season, points to that rising young player as the most formidable of the Messrs. Renshaw's rivals for the blue ribbon of the lawn. Mr. Hamilton, however, though beaten for the nonce, must not be disregarded. The defeat of Mr. Barlow by Mr. Scrivener, and the success of Mr. Pim, indicate that the interval between the players at the top of the tree and those in the next lower class is steadily decreasing. It is of course impossible that the present champion and his brother will much longer retain all the activity of their athletic prime, and it may therefore be contended with some plausibility that the gap is being lessened by the process of levelling down rather than levelling up. But as it is undeniable that at least two or three of the younger players have shown rapid improvement, it is not necessary to have recourse to any such invidious hypothesis. The optimistic view is at the same time the more probable and the more graceful.

N. L. JACKSON.

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## Accidental Discovery of a Racehorse's Merits.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable instance of the discovery by accident of the merits of a racehorse—and illustration how little training some horses want to make them fit for short courses—was furnished in 1813 by Osprey, a son of Eagle. Osprey was bred and owned by Lord Foley, and, in a trial, accomplished such a feat that his trainer (Mr. Prince) said to the lad who rode him (the father of Mr. John Kent), "As long as this colt lives, old Eagle will never be dead." Eagle, it should be stated, was a very good horse indeed. This trial took place at so early an hour that the frost was not yet out of the ground, and Osprey fell lame in consequence, and could never afterwards be got to stand

training. After every effort had been made to cure him, and all to no purpose, he was at last sold, "added to the list," driven in harness, and was ultimately worked in a fish-cart by a higgler in Cambridge. The Undergraduates at Cambridge were accustomed at this time to have annual hack races at Six Mile Bottom. On these occasions all the hacks in the town would be collected for their sport, and Osprey was taken out of the fish-cart and brought to Six Mile Bottom to play his part with the rest. T. Goodisson (the celebrated jockey) was very popular among the young men for his stories and jokes (some of the latter being very practical), and he was in the habit of going over to their races, and would sometimes, "for the fun of the thing," ride for them. He had the mount on Osprey, and won three races with the horse, which then was seven years old. When he got back to Newmarket he met Mr. Prince, who asked him what "fun" he had been having. For an answer Prince got another question. "Guess what horse I have been riding to-day! I won three races at Six Mile Bottom." "How am I," was Mr. Prince's reply, "to guess what you rode among a parcel of Cambridge hacks?" "Well," said Goodisson, "I rode old Osprey, and if you can buy him back again he'll beat almost every horse in this town." Mr. Prince was impressed by what the jockey said, and he employed the veterinary, "Dr. Bowles" (who had attended Osprey when they were trying to train him), of, or at, Cambridge, to go and try and purchase the horse, which he succeeded in doing.

After Mr. Prince had had Osprey back for a little while, he gave him a "bit of a spin" with one of his horses; and Osprey outpaced his opponent to such a degree that Mr. Prince was perfectly amazed. This "spin" was soon noised abroad in Newmarket, and became town talk; and Robson (the trainer) determined to go and look at the horse when he was at exercise. Finding that Osprey had more coat than flesh, and nothing in his appearance to indicate a racehorse, he said to Mr. Prince—"Bless me! I'll never believe in such an animal as that." Prince replied to this remark by the offer to run Osprey for 500 guineas over the yearling course—*i.e.*, 2 furlongs and 147 yards—against anything in Robson's stable. Whether Robson had the power to make such a match or no is not known; anyhow, it was not accepted. A match was, however, afterwards arranged between Osprey, 8 st. 6 lb., and Lady of the Lake, 7 st. 13 lb., over the yearling course, for 150 guineas. Osprey won easily; but afterwards fell so lame that he could not run any more that year. On the Monday in the Second Spring Meeting of the next year, Osprey 9 st., was matched against Yaffil, 8 st., for 200 guineas, h. ft., which forfeit Osprey received. In the July Meeting, Osprey, carrying 9 st., beat, easily, Oldenburg, 6 st., Y.C., for 200 guineas. In the Houghton Meeting,

Osprey, 9 st. 7 lb., again beat, easily, Y.C., for 200 guineas, Merry-go-round (a very good horse), carrying only 8 st. 7 lb.

The strangest thing about this matter is, that in the latter part of this year Osprey could not only not be trained, but was incapable of carrying a lad on his back to exercise him. He was let run out in a paddock; and for his last two matches all the training that he got was to be hustled, cautiously, round the paddock, with a whip. Finding it to be impossible to match Osprey again, or—with such an infirmity—to employ him favourably as a racehorse, he was turned out and used for light work in harness about the paddocks. This said Mr. R. Prince was born with only one finger and the thumb upon his left hand, a formation which gave it the appearance of a crab's claw, and Prince was generally spoken of as "Crabbie Prince" in consequence. After the successes of the old lame horse, Tom Goodisson used to swear that Osprey had caught, for him and Crabbie Prince, more goldfish than either ever had been able to secure without him, and brought more profit to the Cambridge "higgler" than he had ever made out of the fish on his cart.

JOHN KENT.

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## An Amateur's Idea of Fishing.

It takes men of stamina, and of an equable and patient temperament, to make good salmon or trout fishers. They must to some extent be waterproof, and possessed of those well-balanced minds that can bear misfortunes—whether they come in the shape of blank days or of fish lost on the verge of the landing-net—without loss of appetite, patience, or good-humour. I remember once being out for an afternoon on that excellent trout lake, Lough Owel, in Westmeath. My companion was a schoolmaster—of all men the one that should have his temper under perfect discipline. He hooked a splendid trout, almost at the first cast. It gave him excellent sport, round the boat, for twenty minutes; but just as I was reaching over the gunwale with the landing-net, the fish plunged, and broke away with the hook in its mouth. I never saw a man make a more abject exhibition of himself than did that schoolmaster. His language was classically fearful. His compliments and insinuations—one I remember particularly, to the effect that it was a certain ugly face that made the trout bolt—were plentifully strewn with forcible, homely Anglo-Saxon adjectives. He could not even control his actions till he had smashed some of the boat's fittings. I deserved it all. I know, of course, that I should have been quicker with the net. It was all my fault. Nevertheless, I sat in the stern, and looked at him in mute astonishment, then

rose and worked the boat to the shore, and got out and walked home alone through the calm woods and peaceful fields. I quote this instance as an example of what a genuine, upright, to-the-manner-born fisher most decidedly is *not*.

But if it takes patience and good temper to enable a man to enjoy fly-fishing, on a beautiful lake or down the course of a magnificent stream, how contented must they be who are quite content to spend a day, or many days, seated on a camp-stool, and dabbling with paste and gentles in the muddy, churned-up water of the Thames! A single salmon, or a couple of trout, is some reward for a day's exertion; but, supposing that the end of fishing is to catch fish, one can hardly call three or four *striddleys* (as we boys used to call the tittlebats) a fair day's reward for a fair day's work! What, again, is the object in hauling those monsters—measuring an inch and a half long, and numbering twenty or thirty to the pound—from the round pond in Bushey Park? I was in the train from Hampton Court to Waterloo once with a man—an angler, he called himself—who was returning from a day's *striddley* fishing. He had succeeded in capturing three little gudgeon, and he carried them in his hand on a piece of brown paper. He could not have been better pleased had he been staggering under the weight of a salmon. "What a supper he'd have!" And he told me how he would cook them in butter and bread-crumbs and parsley, and have "a pint o' stout to wash 'em down." And all the way he babbled of his fish (he had had "a pint o' stout" already—perhaps more), and turned the unfortunate fry over and over, and looked fondly at them. No doubt he boasted next day that he had had a grand day's sport, and *such* a supper! Well, well! it is a great blessing that people can be so easily satisfied; I wish I could be. Unfortunately, I am prosaic and practical; and therefore I am obliged to confess that fishing all day and catching nothing, or next to nothing, has no charm at all for me.

I know it is something nobler and deeper than the desire to catch paltry fish that inspires men with the love of the rod. There is the solitude, and the society of Nature; there is the open air; there is the relief from cares and troubles and the joys of a growing-up family; above all, there is the harmlessness and innocence of the sport. Very true! Yet I am fastidious enough to prefer something better still; in a word, I like beautiful scenery, fine weather, a contented mind, and to catch plenty of good big fish. I know I am confessing that I am no angler—no one will have read thus far without finding that out—and I therefore ask all fishers to excuse my harmless chatter. Still, it is pleasant to count takes by the score, ignoring paltry units; to feel able to despise everything on the wrong side of six ounces; and to be possessed of that lordly indifference which prompts one to walk away from a boat, and

forget all about the dozen or two fine bream or perch lying in the bottom.

At one time of my life I had quite a surfeit of what may be called mixed, or indiscriminate, fishing. It was on that shallow, rather sluggish, and very extensive North of Ireland lake, Lough Erne, than which there are few more beautiful pieces of water to be found anywhere. A river ran through its entire length, the course of which could be clearly distinguished in very wet weather. In the rainy winter months the river received copious contributions from numerous tributaries, and swelled so rapidly that in a short time all the low-lying meadows and pasture land along "the lough side," as they call it, would be under water. I understand, however, that now the lake is drained, and that consequently winter and spring floods are things of the past.

We used to keep a keen look-out in the spring-time for the bream "to scull"\* in the shallow water lying on the meadows. One morning we would see an unusual commotion among the bulrushes, which would gradually extend inwards to the "shallower water. There is no mistaking "a scull" of bream. Immediately the nets would be out and set along the outer edges of the bulrushes. I have frequently seen the nets emptied five or six times a day; and we often amused ourselves by taking long shots at the shoal with fine shot. We seldom killed more than one or two at a shot; but it was amusement to see the shot "skite" off the water. About the same time of the year, and when the floods had subsided a good deal, the jack would frequent the long narrow drains which run up the meadows to carry off the surface water. When the bream had finished "sculling," we would stretch the nets across the mouths of some of these drains, and would be almost certain of averaging a pike for each net per day. We could see them struggling to get free quite half a mile away.

In such a muddy, shallow lake as this, eels are very plentiful and in good condition. I don't call it enjoyment to catch eels. They are uncanny things, and so greedy that you may always count upon having to cut your hook out of their insides. They have a vicious look, and it takes so long to kill them that one feels a cruel monster before they give their last wriggle. Along Lough Erne the people are very skilful in cleaning and curing fish. They split the bream open, and smoke-dry them in the chimneys, giving them a very excellent flavour. They will skin an eel in half a minute, by parting the skin at the head and pulling it off with their teeth. I have heard tales of eels being so quickly dressed that, although cut into pieces, they have jumped off the frying-pan into the fire. Eels, also, are too easily captured. When the weather was stormy and heavy, we

\* *Scull*, or *skull*, as Isaak Walton calls it, means a shoal of fish; the word does constant duty as a verb in the North of Ireland, i.e. to scull, to go in shoals.

usually made a point of setting a few eel-lines, as we called pieces of stout cord, with eel-hooks attached, that were tied to poles driven into the mud. We baited them with "slobs" (the country term for big soft earth-worms), and let them lie on the mud for a night. Six such lines would sometimes yield three or four fine eels in a single night. Then there was splendid trawling for jack—a peculiarly in-artistic, lazy, and brutal kind of fishing it is too; and we had occasional days with a big drag net, that revealed the treasures of the lake, from oak stumps to monster pike; but of these we cannot speak when we sing the rod, and the lazy sweltering in the sun.

There was a spot which afforded good mixed fishing. The lake was very narrow just there, and made a sudden bend, so that the river ran quite close to the side, and made the water suddenly deep. It had a hard gravel bottom, too; and its great characteristic was that one never knew what one was going to catch. It might be perch, or roach, or bream, or even a small jack, or an occasional eel. You could depend, too, upon always catching something. You sat down under the shade of a huge willow, threw out, and then rested your rod on a forked stick, the butt-end under a stone. Then out came the pipe, or you lay on your back, with your head on a stone, and kept a sleepy eye on the float. Bob-bob-bo-bo-bob-bob, and you had a roach. Bob bob—no mistake about that!—and you had a perch. Away went the float, racing under the water, and you had another. A gentle nibble at first, which gradually got stronger and stronger; then it stopped, then resumed again, then stopped; you pulled up—bait clean gone. And so the morning or the calm still evening went. If you wanted to fish, you fished—to sleep, you slept—to sing, you sang. Made a toil of pleasure? Oh, no! Right before you, across the water, was a great bed of bulrushes, with water-willows here and there, in which the coots built. Behind the rushes was a green belt of wood, and over the tree tops, as if resting on them, you could see the fickle, watery blue of the Irish sky. And on every side was fresh green beauty; and the water rippled at your feet, and the fish jumped on the sand at your elbow, and the sun tried vainly to scorch you through the shade of willow leaves. Ah! those were days!

A stone's throw from the spot I have just described the lake was spanned by a long, rough, wooden bridge. It was a ramshackle structure at best, yet it was picturesque, and there was good fishing to be had from it occasionally. Moored close to it was a great iron floating-dock. Sometimes a hole would appear in one of its air-chambers, and straightway the whole unwieldy hulk would slowly sink before our delighted young eyes. Then there would be the work of raising it and pump-

ing the water out. We were glad, indeed, to see it afloat again, for it had a red painted bottom, and lay above a bed of bright sand, so that the perch swarmed round it. Perch like red. I have known them to snap greedily at a spoon-bait, on which was tied a piece or two of red wool.

We used to tie our boat to the chains which held the dock in its place, and allow enough line to leave the bait just below its bottom. It was our candid opinion that by so doing the fish below had a better chance of seeing it. There was always good perch-fishing to be had there, on the proper days, and provided we kept quiet. Once someone hung a piece of horse-flesh over the side of the dock, and left it to rot away into maggots for the hungry fish waiting below. That is one way of providing ground-bait. It must have been pleasant to fish near the dock just then! I don't really know. We were quite content to scent the odour from a distance.

One day—can I ever forget it?—some time in August, two of us took our short perch rods, and plenty of red worms, and set out in a punt to have a morning's fishing at the dock. It was a terribly hot day; the water was smooth as glass, and as there had not been any rain for some time, it was tolerably clear. We gave the perch the usual amount of line, but, for a wonder, caught nothing. Neither of us had much patience, and as we only fished as an excuse to be out in the sun, we soon became restless and impatient. I tried the usual angling stratagems without success; and I remember that my companion, who was a bit of a wag in his way, rolled up his line and began to talk sham science, and to discourse of a fish's "respiratory organs." By good luck we had not got totally reckless, when I happened to lean over the side of the punt and peer down into the water. What I saw almost took my breath away. Perch! There seemed to be thousands of them, little and big—from the dark, hump-backed old veteran to the tiny year-old. They were moving lazily about in a body, about three feet below the surface, and seemed to be quite unconscious or regardless of our presence.

I pulled Tom's sleeve. "Look!" I said. Now Tom was of a practical turn, as became an amateur scientist, and as soon as he saw the shoal he set to work. Out came his penknife, off came five or six feet of his line, and slowly he lowered a tempting red worm before the nose of one of the biggest of the perch. There are no half measures about a perch; he takes a bait right royally. I saw this one just open his mouth and take in the bait. That was the beginning (with apologies to an eminent novelist for the phrase) of "a slaughter grim and great." One would think that after we had thinned the shoal by some dozens it would seek pastures new. Such, however, was not the case; nor did it move, even, when a badly-hooked fish dropped off with a mighty splash

and escaped to its comrades. We had only to let the worm down before one snap!—it was gone, and we had him in the boat. Often a single worm would suffice to catch three or four perch. I really think they would have snapped at a bare hook. We made as little noise as possible at first; but we soon found that precaution unnecessary. Noise or no noise, splash or no splash, they never denied us. Of course, we always asked the biggest to oblige, and in the end we grew quite fastidious, and selected our victim before we let down, just as a soldier might pick out the officers in a fight. I don't know how many we caught per minute, but we hauled them in just as fast as we were able to bait and throw out. I never saw fish, before or since, so determined on deliberate suicide; it was one of those rare occasions when fish bite so ravenously that they are utterly reckless and abandoned. The slaughter continued without ceasing for about an hour and a half, and then what was left of the shoal disappeared quite suddenly out into the deep water.

Now I call that fishing in earnest. It is true that we might have been happier sitting under the willow tree, or enjoying the bracing air of the Thames in the vicinity of Hampton Court. It is true, also, that we felt mean and cruel, just as soldiers might feel whilst slaughtering savages with a Gatling gun. It was almost a toil, too, there in the blazing sun, leaning over the side of an old tarred punt, our backs aching, our clothes wet and scaly from the fish. Still, fish do not give one such a chance very often; and I persist, somehow, in looking back to that day as a red-letter one—as being the day when we caught more fine perch than any two have ever done on that lake since in the same time.

We have often talked of that morning's sport since, have Tom and I. Poor fellow! he has seen sterner and hotter work lately in Australia; still I hope that some day we may have such a chance again.

SHAU FADH.

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**SUMMER NUMBER.**—These have now become almost universal with our weekly contemporaries, especially with that section of them which are illustrated. We invite attention to the Summer Number of the *Live Stock Journal*, as being probably the cheapest specimen of its class yet issued. For twopence there are two coloured engravings, one of Hitchin Conqueror (the champion horse at the recent London Exhibition of the Shire Horse Society), and the other of a group of Devon cattle. Besides these, there are a large number of really first-class illustrations in black and white, with special articles, which have been selected to give as much information as possible about the breeds in that section of England in which the Royal Agricultural Society this year held its exhibition. Whether the readers of *BAILY* have visited the Plymouth Show or not, they will find this handsome paper well worth the purchase money.



## Alfred Shaw.

It may not, perchance, be thought to be out of place to record, in the pages of BALLY, some doings of, perhaps, the greatest bowler that ever lived, viz., Alfred Shaw. During the early part of our career as a cricketer, it was our good fortune very frequently to be thrown in his society. His brother Arthur was appointed bowler to one of the clubs (near Nottingham) of which we were a member. During his severe illness Alfred came to do duty for him, and, when Arthur died, succeeded him in his official capacity. Alfred was born at Burton Joyce, on the banks of the Trent, in the year 1842. In his earlier career as a bowler, his pace was just a trifle over medium, with a break of about four inches from leg. As a slow, round-arm, twist bowler, we had acquired some renown in the Midland district, and we have several times been informed by Shaw that the off-break—which was habitual with us when bowling—was practised by him in secret for at least a couple of years before he ventured to introduce it into a public match. The leg-break was a natural one, and having fully mastered the other, his next step was to bowl a ball, and then, fully



ALFRED SHAW.

slower armed, as we have related, he began that remarkable career which has stamped him as a record bowler. Curiously enough, in the opening stages of his cricketing life he appeared to show more form as a batsman than as a bowler. We played many innings in his company at Newark, Sleaford, Boston, and in many other towns of note; and his general averages gave promise of his future excellence as a batsman. Even in later years, when his fame as a bowler was established, so many "not outs" did he get, that his batting average for one year was 30; but being obliged to go in about ninth or tenth wicket, on account of his bowling, he seems never to have had full scope for the display of his batting powers. So well did he work for our club, that representations of his ability were

made to the celebrated George Parr; but, for some reason or other, Shaw's claims for a considerable time were ignored. His first match of note was for the colts of Notts, in 1863, when he took, on the occasion of the second match, seven of the county wickets. Success of this kind naturally speedily brought him to the front rank, and he played for his county in the year 1864. No bowler has ever accomplished such feats with the ball, and we may safely assert that, as an all-round player, Alfred Shaw was one of the best. A prominent writer upon the subject of cricket says that W. G. Grace and Alfred Shaw are the two most wonderful cricketers that ever lived. Like old Lillywhite and Clarke, Shaw could find out immediately a batsman's weak points; and such was his perseverance, that he would continue to peg away until the batsman's wicket fell to his attack. Having once appeared for his county with the success before named, there was no looking back. We find him, therefore, in the same year, 1864, taking part with the Players against the M.C.C. and Ground, in which match he took thirteen wickets for 55 runs. Of these thirteen, eleven were clean bowled. On Kennington Oval, in the same year, against the county of Surrey, his score for batting was 64. The following year we still find him rising in public estimation, for he was chosen to represent the Players against the Gentlemen, for both matches in 1865. The committee of the M.C.C. recognised his merit by appointing him as one of the ground men. He remained in this position until 1867, when he relinquished it for a time, but was reinstalled in 1870. In 1865, in playing against the Knickerbockers, he hit up 30 runs, and took 13 wickets. At that time the All-England and United All-England teams were doing much good in unearthing some sterling cricketers, who otherwise would never have become known. As a member of the latter amalgamation, Shaw became prominent as an all-round player; while for the Players against the Gentlemen in 1866 he ran up the fine score of 70 runs, on the Oval. For Notts against Lancashire he scored 49 runs, at the Trent Bridge Ground; and won the return match for his county, by taking 6 wickets, when Lancashire had only 69 runs to get. One of his grandest bowling feats was in a match for M.C.C. against Thorndon Hall, when the result was as follows—18 wickets out of 20, nine in each innings, thirteen being bowled. His bowling average for the M.C.C. for that year was—775 overs, 436 maidens, 759 runs, 102 wickets. In 1871, against Cambridge University, his average was—76 overs, 51 maidens, 50 runs, 11 wickets. His average for the county was, for this year—353 overs, 171 maidens, 370 runs, 23 wickets.

In 1872 Shaw did not bowl much for his county, but he did not go back from his excellent form, as the following will show. He averaged about one run for every over, and more than half

of the overs were maidens. In 1873 Shaw was again well to the front. Against fifteen colts, he bowled eleven wickets, eight of them for nothing. Against Cambridge University: 76 overs, 68 runs, 9 wickets. Against Oxford University: 88 overs, 85 runs, 11 wickets. The M.C.C. average reads: 931 overs, 466 maidens, 998 runs, 114 wickets. For the county: 416 overs, 215 maidens, 477 runs, 43 wickets. While at Lord's, Shaw conceived the idea of turning Boniface, and it was while installed at the Princess of Wales, at Kilburn, that he exhibited to us the famous ball, with which he took all ten wickets of the North's first innings. The ball is well mounted, and bears an inscription to the above effect. His club average for the year 1874 was: 655 overs, 323 maidens, 685 runs, 110 wickets.

The year 1875 was a very successful one for the great bowler; and it was during this season that occurred the greatest bowling feat of his whole career. Its record stands as follows: 41 overs, 2 balls, 36 maidens, 7 runs, 7 wickets. It is impossible to speak too highly of the figures of the above analysis, occurring, as it did, in a first-class match. Six of the wickets were bowled; and to send back six such men as W. G. Grace, A. W. Ridley, C. F. Buller, Lord Harris, A. W. Herbert, and Clayton, has no parallel in the history of cricket. The seventh wicket was that of Mr. I. D. Walker, who was stumped by Biddulph. When the match was concluded, Shaw was handsomely complimented by his committee on his splendid achievement. His county average was for this year: 760 overs, 448 maidens, 628 runs, 82 wickets. For M.C.C.: 513 overs, 291 maidens, 425 runs, 42 wickets. Another remarkable performance, in the same year, was at Kirkby-in-Ashfield (North Notts v. South Notts), in which he took eight wickets and caught one, the first innings, and, in the second, nine wickets, and threw out the other. It is said that Shaw, in the year 1876, bowled the enormous number of 10,000 balls, nearly double as many as any other bowler. His average for this year reads: County, 1,011 overs, 625 maidens, 918 runs, 78 wickets. M.C.C.: 639 overs, 361 maidens, 635 runs, 64 wickets.

At the end of the season of 1878 (Shaw being in America in the latter part of '76, and ill during part of '77) his bowling average was as fine as ever, showing that his hand had not lost any of its cunning. County: 1,257 overs, 729 maidens, 1,101 runs, 98 wickets. M.C.C.: 682 overs, 451 maidens, 465 runs, 71 wickets.

In 1879 Shaw took his benefit match at Lord's. North v. South was therefore played at Whitsuntide; but rain came down incessantly on the first day. This ill-luck in a great measure spoilt what would otherwise have been a splendid benefit. This match was remarkable for his fine bowling: 43

overs, 30 maidens, 21 runs, 8 wickets. His average for the season was—County : 793 overs, 444 maidens, 660 runs, 63 wickets. M.C.C. : 328 overs, 183 maidens, 259 runs, 23 wickets.

The Australians, in their second tour, in 1880, visited Notts. The match was stubbornly contested, but resulted in a victory for the county by one wicket, mainly through Shaw's fine bowling. He sent back twelve batsmen for 95 runs; and he made the hit that won the match. Perhaps his greatest achievement during the year was in the Gentlemen and Players' match, when he bowled 38 overs, 31 maidens, 17 runs, 7 wickets.

In 1881 an unfortunate quarrel took place, which was the cause of a number of the players—amongst whom was Alfred—standing down for some of the matches. Nevertheless, when he did play, similar splendid results always followed.

In 1882 Shaw did some good work. In the match with Gloucester he did the "hat trick"; and in the following over three other wickets fell to his bowling. In the second innings he again did the "hat trick." This, we believe, has never been equalled in county cricket.

In 1885 we paid a visit to the great bowler; and, during the week's stay, had many opportunities of renewing our acquaintance with him, and of brightening up our recollections. We accompanied him to a "Leek and Cauliflower Show" at Sherwin's; also to a leg of mutton "swarry" at the same house, where we were much gratified by the fare, and also with Sherwin's rendering of "Dem Gowden Slippers." We also took a trip to Stoke, for a day's fishing. 'Twas here that we saw the mighty man bowled out; for we had lost all our grub, and were forced to regale ourselves upon raw turnips, to stay the pangs of hunger. At the Trent ferry we were kept waiting by the ferryman, who apologised for not coming, because, as he assured us, he had been keeping goal in a football match. "How did you get away at all?" asked we. "Oh! it's down at t'other end, and they're likely to keep it there!" Some few weeks after I received a letter to say that Shaw had slipped up on the Trent Bridge, and had injured his leg. For the following season he was not, in consequence, in great form. His last county match was against Yorkshire; it was for Selby's benefit, in 1887. The veteran is still in robust health, and stands second to none in his love for the game. We trust that his extensive intercourse with the Colonies has done much to smooth the autumn of his life; and that his commercial enterprise will enable him to husband the needful for a rainy day.

"LE BALAFRE."

## The View that Beats them All.

COME! Say what is the fairest sight—  
The sweetest view!  
Come! Tell what makes your chief delight,  
And I'll tell you.

The artist loves to prate of scenes  
That suit his brush;  
I wish not for the views *he* means,  
Nor care a rush.

The brush he wields to ply his art  
May prove his skill;  
But I know one that can impart  
A deeper thrill.

Philosophers have many "views,"  
Both new and old;  
But these are not what *I* would choose,  
Or care to hold.

The politician has a "cry"  
Which catches some;  
His views may please, but what care I,  
Though he were dumb!

The racing man enjoys the view  
When colours flash;  
And, to the front, his chosen hue  
Is seen to dash.

The keenest joy this sportsman knows—  
His proudest boast—  
Is when he views his horse's nose  
First past the post.

But there's a view (I tell you true)  
Can more enthrall;  
I know a brush, a cry, a hue,  
That beats them all.

A fox's brush alone appears  
To charm my eye;  
One "cry" alone, can please my ears—  
*The foxhound's cry.*

No colours beat the joyous hue  
Of "pink," I ween;  
And when I "view" a fox, I view  
The fairest scene:

That scene, whereof the "field" partake—  
The chosen few—  
When Reynard flags, and foxhounds break  
From scent to *view*.

G. P. WILLIAMS.

*Christchurch, N.Z.*

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## Sport in the Southern States.

BY THE HON. FRANCIS LAWLEY.

THE reader will not be required to skim many lines of this article before he perceives that the Southern States of which it treats are those belonging to the American Union. A quarter of a century has just passed since the termination of that stupendous Civil War, maintained between 1861 and 1865 by the Southern or seceding States, with an energy, self-sacrifice, and courage which make their heroic resistance one of the most stirring episodes of history. That war served at least to show what a small and homogeneous community, composed at most of six million whites and four million blacks, could achieve against an adversary outnumbering it in population, wealth, and resources in the proportion of five to two at the outset and of five to one towards the close of the fratricidal strife. Far be it from me to inquire again whether the Southerners were justified, legally and morally, in referring the question at issue between them and their Northern brethren to the dread arbitrament of arms. The time, however, has now come when few Northerners will be found to deny that most of their misguided neighbours (as they still regard them) were animated by a high sense of duty and patriotism when they joined the great Rebellion of 1861; and the valour and constancy with which they bore themselves in battle should make their compatriots proud to belong to a country which, in addition to Abraham Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Farragut, produced also Jefferson Davis, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Benjamin.

Far more to the purpose will it be if, without wasting more words, I proceed to show that a very large portion of the success achieved during the first two years of the war, by the Southern armies, was due to the almost universal love of field

sports prevailing among the sons of the South, both white and black, who lived in the country, far away from big cities. For it should never be forgotten that in the Southern States there were no big cities except New Orleans, which lies at the very southern extremity of a country far larger than the whole of Europe. When the war broke out, in 1861, the position of the two belligerents was very similar to that occupied by the Cavaliers and Roundheads, when hostilities between Charles I. and the Parliament commenced, in August, 1642. "Charles," writes Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," "had one advantage which, if he had used it well, would have more than compensated for his want of stores and money, and which, notwithstanding his mismanagement, gave him, during some months, a superiority in the war. His troops at first fought much better than their opponents. Both armies, it is true, were almost entirely composed of men who had never seen a field of battle; nevertheless, the difference between them was great. The Parliamentary ranks were filled with hirelings whom want and idleness had induced to enlist. The Royal army, on the other hand, consisted in great part of gentlemen, high-spirited, ardent, trained to consider dishonour as more terrible than death, accustomed to fencing, to the use of fire-arms, to bold riding, and to manly and perilous sport which has been well called the image of war. Such gentlemen, mounted on their favourite horses, and commanding little bands composed of their younger brothers, grooms, gamekeepers, and huntsmen, were, from the very first day on which they took the field, qualified to play their part with credit in a skirmish. The steadiness, the prompt obedience, the mechanical precision of movement these gallant volunteers never attained. But they were at first opposed to enemies as undisciplined as themselves, and far less active, athletic, and daring. For a time, therefore, the Cavaliers were successful in almost every encounter."

Nothing surprised me more, when in 1862 I joined the Confederate Army in Virginia, in the capacity of Special War Correspondent of the *London Times* (as that great journal is always called in the United States), than to perceive how splendid was the marksmanship of the Southern infantry and the equestrian skill of their cavalry. Both these qualities, so admirable if not indispensable for the successful prosecution of active hostilities, were imparted to officers and men alike, by the opportunities for gaining proficiency in them, resulting from the abundance of game in the voiceless solitudes of the South. Nothing was more common than to find young gentlemen, sometimes little more than boys, who were serving as privates—"high privates," they used to call themselves—in one of the regiments enrolled by the State to which they belonged, and carrying a musket on their shoulders, as, sometimes with shoeless and bleeding feet, they trudged

uncomplainingly along the dusty roads. I remember, just before the Battle of Fredericksburg, riding by the side of a youth not more than seventeen or eighteen years old, whose father I had met in England in 1860. Upon introducing myself to him, I heard from the gallant youngster—who, clad in the rags of a mendicant, with long, dishevelled hair, unshaven face, and naked feet, was limping painfully along the road—that he was summoned home at a moment's notice at the beginning of 1861, from the college or *lycée* in Paris, at which he was being educated, to his native state, Louisiana, where he was at once put into the ranks as a private, while a dummy musket—the State had as yet no arms with which to supply its troops—was thrust into his hand. He had gone with his regiment to the front in April, 1861, had been in every great battle in Virginia, from Bull Run to the Second Manassas, and had worn out the uniform and all the fine clothes (most of them made by Poole, the famous London tailor) which he took with him to the front. "What would my lady friends in the Champs Elysées," he asked, with a bright smile, "think of me, could they see me now?" In Paris, as I subsequently heard from Mr. Benjamin, my young friend had been the most luxurious of youths, unable to complete his toilet to his satisfaction without an abundance of *pâte d'amande* and *ess. bouquet*, and with a pronounced taste for the choicest *plats* to be obtained at Bignon's and the Café Anglais. And here he was half starved, in tattered trousers, with coat picked off the dead body of a friend, and without a shoe to his foot, doing his duty as cheerfully and unostentatiously as the humblest Georgia "cracker," or North Carolina "tar-heel," by whose side he was "marching to death with military glee." He told me, I well remember, that there was hardly a man in the company to which he belonged who could not take the head off a squirrel at the top of a high tree with a rifle bullet. I have seen something of war, both in the old world and the new, but anything more deadly than the hail poured into their adversary's ranks at the commencement of the American War, by some of the Southern regiments, I have never witnessed. As the struggle went on, many of the bravest and best men on both sides succumbed from wounds or, more commonly, from disease; but the difference between the two armies was that the Northern had any number of flowing rivers all over the world from which to draw recruits, horses, and supplies, while the Southern drew exclusively upon one limited pond.

All this skill with the rifle and in the saddle was undoubtedly due to the love of "manly and perilous sports" implanted in the breasts of Southern men of every rank and degree. Mean, indeed, was the "poor white" in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, or Arkansas, who had not at least one horse



in his possession when the war broke out. In a hot country, with illimitable distances, locomotion is almost impossible except on horseback; and the merest glance at the men composing J. E. B. Stuart's or Morgan's tatterdemalion cavalry regiments told an experienced eye that, like the Cossacks of the Don, they had been familiar with the saddle from their earliest years. In the cane-brake of Alabama, the pine-woods of Carolina, the everglades of Florida, the oak-openings of Georgia, and the Valley of Virginia, many a Southern horseman had followed the grey fox in his endless rings and windings, and had learnt to gallop through a forest with the skill and fearlessness attributed in that most stirring of Australian romances, "Robbery under Arms," to Captain Starlight and Dick and Jem Marston.

It was upon a noble amphitheatre of land and water, delightfully blended under a sapphire sky, that Jean Ribaut and the crews of his two ships looked down in the October of 1562, when weighing anchor in the magnificent estuary and harbour of Port Royal, in South Carolina, and gazing with rapture on that broad expanse of water into which, in Jean Ribaut's own words, "The greatest ships of France, yea, the argosies of Venice, might enter with safety." To-day a modern successor of the French Huguenots sent out from Rochelle in the middle of the sixteenth century, to find in South Carolina that "freedom to worship God" which, nearly sixty years later, the Puritans sought "on the stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts, might echo Jean Ribaut's words, with the addition that, even in these days of mailed monsters of the deep, all the war navies of the world might lie at anchor in the most superb natural roadstead—that of Port Royal, South Carolina—that anywhere exists. Here, before many months have flown, a harbour, fitted for the reception of the heaviest ocean-going steamers, will be established, destined at some future day to threaten the supremacy of New York as a great emporium of commerce. When Jean Ribaut and his companions first contemplated it in 1562, gigantic pines, towering above the surrounding forests, were interspersed with oaks festooned with grey Spanish moss, known to botanists as "tillandsia," or wreathed with wild yellow jessamine.

Among them the queenly magnolia, as big as an English elm, flung abroad the perfume of her white blossoms, thrown up and made clearer to the eye by the screen of glossy dark green leaves on which they reposed. Here, writes that true and loyal son of the Palmetto or Gamecock State, the late Hon. William Elliott, "herds of deer and buffalo browsed in 1562, unconscious of fear, on the luxuriant herbage, and birds of unknown plumage and matchless sweetness of note fluttered and carolled among the dense protecting foliage." The deep, too, had its attractions, as we learn from Jean Ribaut's log,

which says: "We took to our nets, and caught such a number of fish that it was wonderful." Within the sweep of their French *seines* may have come the golden bass; the drum-fish, with its mysterious and startling sound; the sting-ray, with its jagged spine; and the saw-fish; while the omnivorous shark and the bottle-nosed whale may have tempted "Johnny Crapaud" to bury his harpoon in their fat-encumbered ribs. It is probable, however, that in 1562 the devil-fish was seldom seen, as even in our own times this strange, mysterious vampire of the ocean is so shy and inaccessible, that on the smallest alarm he puts out to sea, lifting his high, flexible, bat-like wings or flaps aloft, and driving himself at full speed through the water, or vaulting with frantic bounds or leaps into the air. In front of the monster's mouth enormous feelers or horns project in semicircular form, which he employs as outstretched arms to catch the small fry that constitute his food, and to drive them into the vast vestibule through which they find their way to his capacious stomach.

It may safely be averred that, whatever may have been the experience of an English or European angler and fly-fisher, gained upon Scotch, English, Irish, on Norwegian streams and lakes, he does not know—has, in fact, no idea—what real fun means until he has caught a devil-fish in Port Royal Sound, and a tarpon or "silver king" in the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps there never yet was a keener and braver sportsman than General Wade Hampton, ex-Governor of South Carolina, and now one of the Senators sent to Washington as representative of that stormy and turbulent little State. At the Battle of Gettysburg, General Wade Hampton, who commanded a cavalry division under General J. E. B. Stuart, was carried off the field, torn and lacerated by three or four ghastly wounds, and with little expectation on the part of Dr. Darby, his medical director, that he would outlive the following night. He lived, I am glad to say, not only to recover from Gettysburg's fiery embrace, but also to surmount the terrible risks of the remaining twenty-one months, interposed between Gettysburg and Appomattox Court House. He came out of the war, riddled with shot and scarred by sabre, but in full possession of his limbs, and with undiminished vigour. Like many planters and sons of planters, he began by entering the ranks as a private; but before the close he commanded all the cavalry forces serving under Lee in Virginia, and at the eleventh hour was sent out to the West to check, with a few hundred men, the advance of General Sherman's multitudinous squadrons into the heart of Georgia. In 1878, General Hampton was sixty years old, and when hunting deer in the South Carolina woods he was badly kicked by a mule which he had hitched to a tree. His thigh-bone was completely

smashed, and it became necessary to amputate the leg above the knee to save his life. Since then he is said to have stabbed a black bear to the heart with his bowie-knife—a feat which not many young men could achieve, and which few veterans of his age—and least of all one-legged veterans—would think of attempting. In the eyes of all sporting Americans, General Wade Hampton is what the great Napoleon called Assheton Smith, "*Le premier chasseur du monde*"; and this *preux chevalier* is reported to have lately said that he would rather catch a tarpon with hook and line, than be elected President of the United States.

What tarpon-fishing is, I will endeavour presently to show; but of devil-fishing—one of South Caroline's favourite and most cherished sports—it will suffice to say that no man who ever participated in it will forget the emotions with which, aided, doubtless, by one and perhaps by half a dozen stout negroes who manned his six or eight oared boat, he pulled the struggling monster aboard by the rope which hung on to the harpoon with which "the debbil," as he is always called by the swarthy sons of Africa, was originally transfixed. The "debbil" belongs to the ray family, and has, in Dr. James Kay's words, "pectorals produced into long processes at their anterior extremities, presenting the appearance of two horns." The fish's structure indicates great muscular power, and its long, angular wings give it the appearance of a gigantic bat, whence it derives its name of "the vampire of the ocean." Such is its strength, that when harpooned it drags a boat out to sea with a rapidity which leads Mr. William Elliott to record that he once was towed twenty-five miles in three hours "by one of these gigantic stern wheelers." I have not space to dwell at greater length upon the joys and dangers—for it is a more or less hazardous sport, and often requires two or three nights to be passed on the surface of the sound or the broad bosom of the deep—of devil-fishing; but one of its most curious features is that these huge sea monsters do not in their normal state appear to dread the attack of the ferocious sharks, with which the sea islands off the South Carolina coast abound. No sooner, however, has a devil-fish been harpooned than the sharks, attracted by the scent of his blood, make signals to each other, and join in the pursuit of their prey, like a pack of foxhounds in full cry upon land. As the hooked monster turns upon his back, exposing his white and unscaled belly to attack, the shark scoops a big mouthful of luscious flesh out of the soft, yielding cushion. I have often regretted that I did not take down from Mr. Benjamin's mouth the graphic account of devil-fishing in Port Royal Sound, which he gave me not long after my first arrival at Richmond, Virginia, in 1862.

Tarpon-fishing is one of the last-invented recreations participated in by dwellers in the Gulf States; as, writing in the

*Field*, published on the 7th of last month, Mr. L. C. Henry tells us that the first tarpon that fell a victim to rod and reel was successfully bagged in 1885. They had often been caught, or rather entangled, in nets prior to 1885; but the fish's weight and enormous strength—he scales all the way from 50 to 250 pounds—enables him to burst through the stoutest net that was ever stretched out in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Imagine a herring-shaped fish, from five to seven feet in length, covered from head to tail with glittering argentine scales, which give him the semblance of having been laved in liquid silver. Each scale is usually as big as a florin-piece, and the beautiful wearers of this silver panoply occasionally leap above the surface of the sea in schools of a dozen or twenty, all visible at the same moment. The only bait that the fastidious silver king will take is red or grey mullet; and the greatest diversity of opinion prevails along the Florida Keys, and at Pine Island, as to the best kind of tackle with which the swimming giant may be held. The tarpon has no teeth, but is armed with a bony, iron-plated mouth, with flaps or shears lining either cheek. The bait must be swallowed, and the hook fixed in the silvery king's gullet, or "no capture" is the inevitable result. Meantime the bait is sure to invite the attention of any number of sharks, who haunt those warm and fish-infested waters as thickly as magpies swarm in the hedges and copses of Brittany and Normandy. The line must be shrouded at its end with a soft snood made of cotton yarn, which is easily cut by the shark's sharp teeth, so that he can escape with the hook in his mouth, and digest it as best he may. If the snood employed was made of chain-iron, the tarpon's shear-like jaws would instantly sever it, while it would hold the shark tight, and instigate him to "kick up such a bobbery" that no other fish would approach the angler's boat for the rest of the day. English fishermen who desire to land a tarpon will find comfortable—even luxurious—accommodation at the San Carlos Hotel, St. James' City, at the southern extremity of Pine Island, off the western flank of Florida. But they had better not engage in the pursuit unless blessed with a more than ordinary stock of health and patience, for it will almost certainly be their lot to sit in an open boat, under a broiling sun, for two hours a day, and to repeat the dose for perhaps a couple of months, before they get their first bite from a tarpon, although not a day will pass without two or three sharks running away with their hooks.

The mention of General Wade Hampton's name reminds me that the South Carolina Jockey Club is the oldest body of the kind existing upon the North American continent, and that it sprang into being not long after its English analogue, which is supposed—for the date has never been positively ascertained—to have been born about the year 1750. Certain it is that the first mention of a race in which the

Jockey Club is named occurs in *Pick's Racing Calendar* for 1753. On May 15th in that year there was run, at Newmarket, "A Subscription Purse of 100 guineas, for four-year-olds, the property of members of the Jockey Club; one heat, 8 stone, R.C." It was won by a bay horse belonging to Lord Gower, beating six others. But racing had been a favourite sport in South Carolina, no less than in Virginia, long before the establishment of a Jockey Club in either colony—a name which neither of them lost, to exchange it for that of "States," until the "Declaration of American Independence" in 1776. There is in existence a very interesting volume published at Charleston in 1857, in compliance with a resolution passed at a meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club, held in February, 1856, to the effect that:

"A Committee be appointed to collate such documents as may be necessary, to preserve the early history of races in this State, and that the same may be published in an appropriate and enduring form, for convenient reference in the future."

It is fortunate that such a resolution should have been passed in 1856, as four years later Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, and the greatest Civil War known to ancient or modern history burst into a flame in the spring of 1861. Like a vast tidal wave, that war deluged the Rebel States of the South, destroying all records and annals, ransacking the archives of old families and institutions, and burying everything under a red sea of blood. If the "History of the Turf in South Carolina" had not been written in 1856 and published in 1857, it would never have seen the light of day. The first chapter is devoted to a synopsis or general history of horseracing all over the world, commencing with Greece and Rome, and ending with the United States. From it many amusing stories may be culled, as, for instance, one which relates that on the Charleston race-ground a young lady once offered to bet a young gentleman that he would not be married within the year. "He thought," so the narrative continues, "that he never heard the dear thing speak in such sweet tones before, and mustered up courage to add that if he was not married within the specified time it would certainly be her fault." The suggestiveness of the lady's proffered wager recalls the sly saying of a satirical Yankee, that "if all the women in the world were set down on one side of the Mississippi, and all the men on the other, he guessed there would be a great many women drowned."

One other anecdote I must repeat, though without presuming to vouch for its accuracy. "At Bengal," writes the compiler of the volume in question, "some curious races have been established, among others, 'The Matrimonial Stakes.' The principal condition of this race is that the rider who comes in

first is allowed, as the meed of his victory, to choose from the unmarried ladies of the station one who, by the rules of the race, is obliged to marry him. She must take him for better or for worse, though he may prove much worse than she takes him for."

It is worthy of remark that for many generations a Wade Hampton has always been conspicuous among South Carolina planters as an owner of racehorses. The grandfather of the present bearer of that distinguished name served in the Revolutionary War of the American Colonies, which ended in their independence of the British Crown. He was a "rebel," like his congeners from the same colony, Marion and Sumter, and like them he rode the finest blood horses sprung from English sires and dams, and was indebted to the speed of his mount for many an escape from the pursuit of Colonel Banastre Tarleton and his red-coated troopers, who were always anxious to get possession of good and fleet horses. It is related in this volume that an American soldier named Hunter was taken prisoner in South Carolina, during the Revolutionary War, by a small body of British cavalry commanded by Colonel Coates, one of Tarleton's officers. Colonel Coates was celebrated for a remarkably swift thoroughbred English mare, called Red Doe, upon which he was mounted when Hunter was captured. The prisoner was sternly cross-questioned by his captors as regards some information of which they were in want, and which he was equally resolved to withhold. Being threatened with instant death unless he answered satisfactorily, Hunter asked Colonel Coates to dismount, so that he might whisper some communication into the Colonel's ear. "The officer complied, but no sooner was his foot clear of the stirrup than with one bound Hunter jumped into the saddle; and plunging his spurs into Red Doe's ribs, dashed into the woods, and was almost out of sight before the Britishers fired a hurried volley at the fugitive, without hitting him." On arriving at the Santee River, which was close by, Hunter swam the mare over the stream, and made the best of his way to the American camp, which was on the other side. After the war the famous mare was purchased by Colonel Thomas Porcher, of St. John's, Berkeley County.

In the palmy days of the Palmetto State the annual spring meeting on the Washington course, near Charleston, was celebrated with an *éclat* and enthusiasm such as marked the Goodwood meeting in the spacious times of Lord George Bentinck and the late Duke of Richmond. A Jockey Club dinner on Wednesday and a Jockey Club ball on Friday were given annually, during the race week, from the funds of the Club; and from time immemorial the President rose from his chair after dinner, and sang "*tant bien que mal*," "The High-mettled Racer," that celebrated lay composed by Charles

Dibdin in England at the beginning of the present century. Those festive times have passed away for a season, and on the termination of the Civil War in 1865, South Carolina, the first State to secede, was indeed made to feel that the way of the transgressor is hard. With her legislative capital, Columbia, burnt to the ground, her slaves emancipated and raised to an equality with their masters, her plantations desolate and her paddy-fields uncultivated, poverty brooded over many mansions once renowned for their hospitality and good cheer. There are, however, many signs to indicate that the old prosperity of the Southern States is reviving to such an extent that within the lifetime of many who will read these words the "New South" promises to be wealthier than any other portion of the civilised world. Already horseracing has begun to lift up its head in Virginia, and before long the Washington course near Charleston will again be thronged with gay equipages and alive with animation, as it was from 1830 to 1860. Of one thing, finally, every English gentleman may rest assured—to wit, that in every part of South Carolina he will meet with a reception and a hearty welcome proportioned to the qualities as a good sportsman and agreeable companion that he brings with him from the "old country." It becomes him, however, never to forget that in every part of the United States it is more necessary for a traveller to be a man than a gentleman, as the latter word is swallowed up by and contained in the former.

I have left myself but little space to enumerate the other sports—and they are legion—which these delightful provinces of the sun offer to all who have a mind to indulge in them. Mr. William Elliott tells us that "the animals of chase in the Southern States are the bear, the deer, the wild cat, and the fox, to which the negroes would add the raccoon or 'coon, and the opossum or 'possum." Many years have elapsed since the above words were written, and the black bear is no longer so abundant as he was when Mr. Elliott and his contemporaries hunted him in his native swamps, some thirty or forty years since. Even the deer are diminishing in numbers, although the Marquis of Hartington and a party of English friends enjoyed a very successful deer hunt in the pine-woods of Pocatigo in the winter of 1862. The grey fox is not comparable to his red brother as a quarry, or object of pursuit, as he can never be induced to run straight, but circles round and round when pressed by the hounds in endless rings. The wild cat, however, remains, and the English sportsman who has made his mark in the pursuit of big game, let us say in South Africa, or the Rocky Mountains, or the Himalayas, will find the ocelot of the Gulf States and of Virginia far more formidable than any other carnivorous animal in North America, except the grizzly, the cinnamon bear, and the panther. The last-named has almost disappeared, although still to be occasionally encountered in the wildest parts of Texas and Arkansas. But the wild cat

abounds in the Carolina swamps and in the mountains of Virginia, and works havoc among poultry, sheep, young pigs, lambs, and young deer. Mr. Elliott reports that he was once riding home to his own plantation, and came across a dead doe, which had been hunted and bitten in the flank by some dogs, from which it escaped to die of its wounds. On arriving at his house, Mr. Elliott sent a negro to bring home the carcass as food for his hounds. Presently the negro returned, saying that the dead doe had disappeared. Mr. Elliott mounted his horse, and soon discovered that the deer had been dragged away by a wild cat, which left its footprints deeply impressed in the damp soil. Following the trail, he found what remained of the carcass, which the savage brute had half eaten, burying the rest under some leaves and earth. A full-grown wild cat will sometimes beat off half a dozen big dogs, and is by no means an agreeable customer for a hunter to come in close contact with. I well remember that during the American War I passed a few days at Rockbridge Springs, in Virginia, to recuperate from the effects of the Gettysburg campaign. A farmer who lived at the mouth of a mountain-cleft, which was densely clothed with gloomy fir-trees, told me that the wood swarmed with cats, and that nobody dared enter it after dark.

Ill, however, would it become me to bring this paper to a close without a brief allusion to the 'possum and 'coon hunts, which are still the delight of "ole Virginny."

"Let 'possums and 'coons to my funeral come,  
For dey allers was my pride,"

sings one of Uncle Remus' congeners; and it is impossible to name either of these "amusin' little cusses" to a Virginia darkey without making him grin all over his face. No Englishman can have a right idea of fun until he has taken part in a 'coon or 'possum hunt at night, accompanied by two or three experienced white hunters, amply provided with trained dogs, and followed by half a dozen niggers to the manner born, who are seen at their best under these exciting circumstances. It has been my good fortune to enjoy many such a hunt in the Southern States, and I can add, with truth, that the sport must be seen to be rightly understood and adequately appreciated. Let me conclude by saying that in no part of the world will the European emigrant of the right sort find a heartier welcome and better opportunity of "making his pile," in a land flowing with milk and honey, or a greater diversity of sports by land and water, than in the magnificent States which lie to the south of the Potomac and the Ohio rivers, or, in American phraseology, "South of Mason and Dixon's line." With them—as Lord Dunraven remarked on a recent occasion—lie the best hopes of the family of man during the coming century.



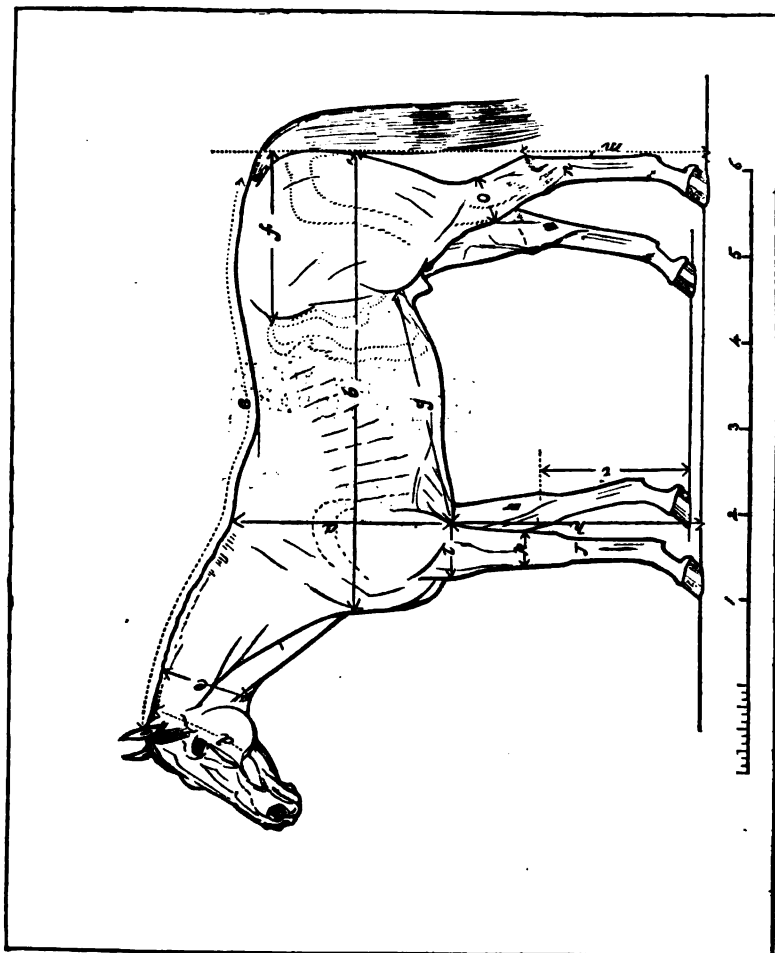
## The Broadside Measurements of Ormonde.

As several published representations of this horse are now before the public—including a very beautiful specimen of that delightful medium, mezzotint—it might appear unnecessary, and perhaps superfluous, to suggest an addition to the number. Still, from the fact that artists are frequently affected or impressed very differently by the same subject, I would fain put upon paper a few remarks in respect of the proportions of this remarkable animal.

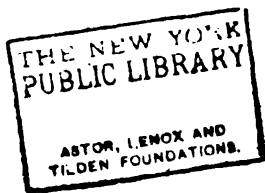
To the majority of men accustomed to looking over thoroughbreds, Ormonde, I think, would appear short in proportion to his height of sixteen hands one and a half (or five feet five and a half inches). He possesses a general squareness of outline on the broadside view, which is chiefly due to the perfect setting-on of the tail and the straightness of the so-called second thighs. His hocks, like those of his dam and the Sweetmeat line generally, when standing, are well within the vertical line, tangent with the greatest projection of quarter. He has a head indicative of great intelligence, although rather on the large side; and this is attached to a strong neck. He has also much length of leg; being, from the ground to the elbow, just three feet, or about one and a half inches in excess of the average. His entire length (of five feet four inches) corresponds with that of his sire, Bend Or, and is rather less than that of his grandsire, Doncaster, neither of whom attained to sixteen hands in height.

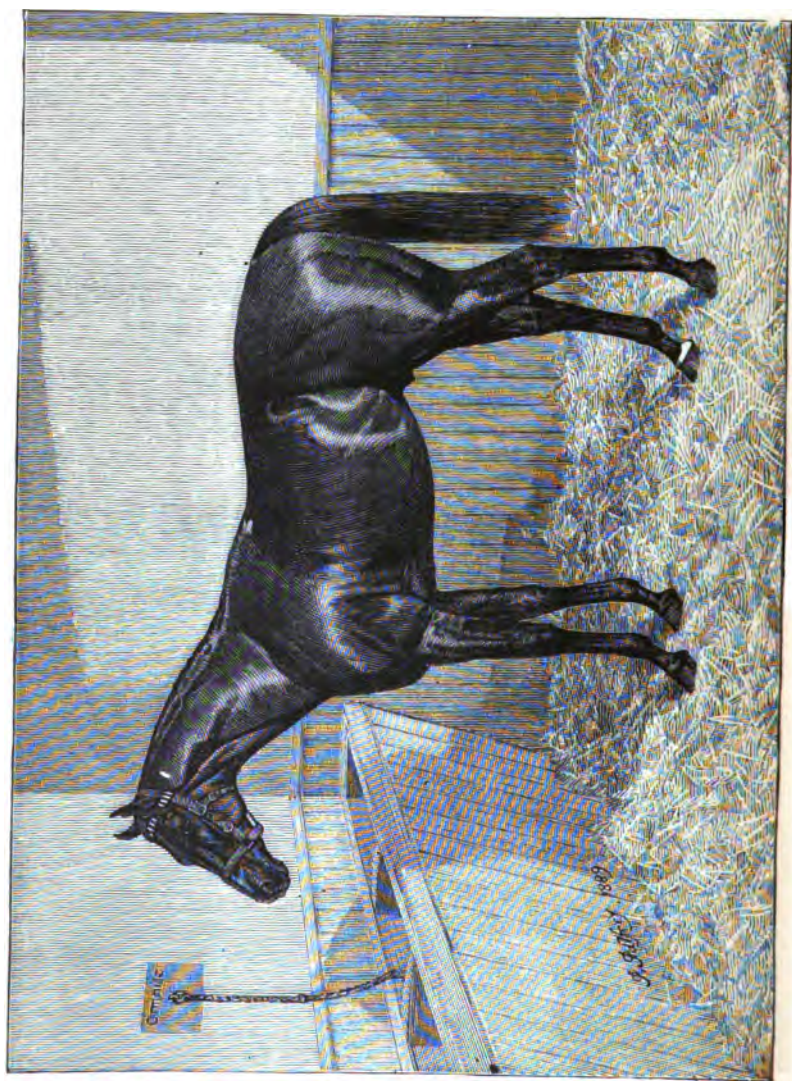
These proportions cause Ormonde to be, in breeders' phraseology, a horse with a "lot of daylight" under him—in fact, make him a direct contradiction of the beau ideal of conformation known as the "long, low" sort on short legs, or "very near the ground" animals, so much extolled and expatiated upon by the *cognoscenti*. Nevertheless, the length of limb possessed by this, "the horse of the century," doubtless contributed in no small degree to propel him to victory over all courses and against all comers, and had much to do with that prodigious stride which is never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

I have said that Ormonde has rather a large head. By comparison this is so, it being two feet one inch in length, or about an inch above the average. I long since ascertained that this is, ordinarily, two feet in the racehorse. From this fact it follows that an inch and a half added to the length of two and a half heads would be equal to his entire length of five feet four inches. I first made his acquaintance in his yearling days, at which period I saw a good deal of him. He was always a tall, forward specimen, with a very stately walk; and on the morning he left Eaton for the Kingsclere academy



OUTLINE DIAGRAM OF ORMONDE.





ORMONDE.

might well have passed for a two-year-old. He was then in company with some half-dozen compeers, several of whom were voted more comely to look upon, and more than one raised greater expectations of future achievements than did the tall son of Lily Agnes.

A week prior to his leaving this country for South America, I visited Eaton for the purpose of making a drawing of him and taking his broadside measurements. His Grace of Westminster very kindly gave me access to him for this purpose, and from the opportunities thus put within my reach I have painted a picture (a reduced version of which appears in this magazine), which represents the horse in his exact proportions. Also I have appended an outline diagram, as I thought it might be interesting to those gentlemen (and I believe I may add ladies) to whom Ormonde is "though lost to sight, to memory dear," as well as for the information of posterity, who will doubtless, when reading of the deeds done by this mighty galloper, wonder what manner of horse he was in regard to shape and proportion. This diagram shows at one view all the broadside measurements, which have been minutely worked out to scale in the portrait, and it is accompanied by a reference table descriptive of each dimension. By the way, how interesting would now be such a picture of the recently departed patriarch Hermit, of whom I noticed last week a coloured print in a window, which depicted him

#### EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM OF ORMONDE.

	Ft.	In.
<i>a</i> Height: 16 h. 1½, or ... ..	5	5½
<i>b</i> Entire length from greatest projection of chest to greatest projection of quarter ... ..	5	4
<i>c</i> Entire length from occiput (between ears) to root of tail ... ..	6	10
<i>d</i> Length of head ... ..	2	1
<i>e</i> Neck, narrowest part ... ..	1	1
<i>f</i> From the "pin" or focus of the hair growth, immediately in front of ilium to the ex- treme projection of quarter ... ..	2	0
<i>g</i> From elbow to stifle ... ..	2	9

#### *Fore Extremity.*

<i>h</i> From ground to elbow ... ..	3	0
<i>i</i> From ground to trapezium (back of knee) ... ..	1	8½
<i>j</i> Width below knee ... ..		3
<i>k</i> Width immediately above knee ... ..		4½
<i>l</i> Width of arm at elbow level ... ..		7½

#### *Hind Extremity.*

<i>m</i> From ground to point of calcis (hock) ... ..	2	2
<i>n</i> Width below hock ... ..		3½
<i>o</i> Width above hock (second thigh or gaskin) ... ..		6½

with the quarters of a dray horse attached to the forehead and head of a pony. I much doubt if anything exists in the form of a portrait of Hermit bearing any semblance of truth in regard to the proportions of this illustrious descendant of Newminster, for he came into the world about the time that Herring, sen., departed from it. Consequently Hermit was not painted by him, and the less said in praise of horse portraits published since the death of that artist, the better, a very large percentage being little else than diagrams, which may serve to register the animal's colour and white markings, when it possessed any, but no other purpose; the chief essential—correct proportion—being altogether ignored, or otherwise conspicuous by its absence, there appearing to be an assumption that anything may do duty for a horse portrait, even though it verge upon absolute caricature.

In concluding these few remarks, I desire to express my best thanks to his Grace for affording me the opportunity of placing upon record these particulars in respect of the measurements of the greatest racehorse of modern times.

P. PALFREY.

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## The Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding.

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### Progress.

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ON the 5th of May the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding issued its third Report. Such documents are usually dry reading, and horse lovers, as a rule, are not lovers of report-reading; so that it is to be feared that this will not obtain the general attention which its importance deserves. Of one thing we may be assured, however, and that is, that in the pages of old BAILY it will take a high place. The Commissioners, with a wisdom and humility which well becomes them, do not blow their own trumpet of praise for their work accomplished, knowing full well how much lies before them in the future. Let us touch shortly on what they tell us.

That the sires competing for Queen's Premiums were sounder than at the first show at Nottingham, and that their "general quality was distinctly higher." That their nominations at the regulation price of £2 2s. 6d. have filled entirely, showing the public's appreciation of their services. That the average percentage of foals has been 60 per cent. That steps are being taken to get returns of the number

of foals obtained by each premium horse, so as to exclude in the future uncertain horses from competition. That, by the aid of a small subvention from the Treasury, they have been enabled to hold sittings and take evidence from thirty-two witnesses among our most experienced veterinary surgeons, judges, breeders, and trainers, as to "many important questions affecting horse-breeding." This evidence has not only been carefully collated, but is also given *in extenso* for our benefit, and is probably the most interesting appendix that the Commissioners could possibly have given to their Report. I propose dealing with it more *in extenso* presently.

The Commissioners are thus enabled to state on the best authority that the present method of applying the royal bounty has proved far more efficacious in stimulating and encouraging the breed of horses in this country than when bestowed as Queen's Plates; that it keeps in this country sound horses which otherwise in all probability would have been sent abroad; and that it also affords an inducement to owners to keep their best mares in the country.

Then we are told of the only drawback that the Commissioners have experienced in their efforts to enlist the aid of the agricultural interest in the shape of our leading Society, who volunteered in 1888 to provide one of the seven districts with three premium sires at a cost of £600. The Royal Agricultural Society has, we regret to hear, resolved to discontinue this aid, very material in itself, considering what a trivial sum it is that is at the disposal of the Commissioners, viz., £5,100, less £700 for expenses. What was urged by your present contributor, when he advocated this scheme, was, that for every sovereign given by the State, another should be subscribed as an addition by the societies interested, and that thus a sum of at least £10,000 should be annually at the disposal of the Commissioners, which would make a very appreciable addition to their income and sphere of usefulness. It is therefore to be regretted that the example once set should be so soon withdrawn; the reason, probably, being somewhat of a selfish one, viz., the failure of the Royal Agricultural Society to obtain the show of sires under its own auspices for gate-money purposes, as well as the belief that the Commissioners are somewhat supplanting it in the matter of horse-breeding.

Out of evil, however, will probably come good; for the Commissioners instead of repining are boldly setting to work to increase the grant to £10,000 a year. And, forsooth, have they not the strongest case for this little dip into the public purse? It would fill an article to set out at due length the reasons why it is the paramount duty of Government to make horse-breeding something more than a plaything and amusement of the few and the wealthy. It needs no advocacy in your pages.

It demands throughout the width and breadth of horse-loving Great Britain the attention it deserves. It stands pre-eminently before ordinary party politics in its desirability at the hands of our county M.P.'s.

It may be noticed that £3,360 of the sum now spent comes from Her Majesty's Privy Purse. Can this have any relation, however remote, with the proceeds of the Hampton Court stud? If so, the country will feel an additional interest in the success of that stud—a success which, at all events for the year 1890, "Borderer" believes will be unparalleled.

The Commissioners wind up their Report with a very valuable suggestion, and one that we have long considered indispensable, viz., that there should be a reliable record of the number and description of horses in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Chaplin does not sign the Report, but he does more by adding his memorandum of approval to it, because, coming from him as our first Minister of Agriculture, he gives the seal of official authority to every word of it. How much we expect from Mr. Chaplin in this matter we dare not express. Pre-eminently a breeder, judge, and legislator on horses, where can the cause hope for aid and counsel more truly than from the right honourable gentleman? Nor will it look in vain.

The appendices which are appended to the report are exceedingly interesting, and in the first the reader will be struck by the miserable paucity of the gifts as applied to the country generally. Fancy three sires being allocated to Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and South Wales!—all good horse-breeding counties, and thus inadequately provided for! Then, again, *three* for a district extending from Berkshire to Cornwall, as well as Surrey, Kent, and Hampshire! Let us pass on; it is too sad to dwell upon.

We think the average of foals ought to be higher than 60 per cent.; but we are scarcely astonished at this when we come to appendix C, and find that, in addition to those at the Commissioner's fee, some horses have had as many as 71, 50, 40, and 30 mares respectively, and that the totals in some cases reach 123, 121, and 104 mares for a horse. Why not limit horses entirely to mares at the Commissioner's fees?—the premiums are sufficient for the purpose, and the crop of foals will be of a better average, and undoubtedly of higher quality. It must be utter ruin to a nice young three or four-year-old horse to be thus overdone in his first or second season. I am delighted to see that such good horses as Pedometer, Pearl Diver, Lion, Pursebearer, Knight Templar, Connaught, and Omega have not been greedy after the higher-priced service.

The last appendix gives us the copy of a letter from the Council of the Royal Veterinary College, which tries to settle



the question of what, in the opinion of horse doctors, constitutes hereditary unsoundness, and renders sires liable to disqualification for Queen's Premiums. Here they are: Roaring, whistling, sidebone, ringbone, navicular disease, curb, bone spavin, bog spavin, grease, shivering, cataract. To these the Council add, under certain circumstances: Splint, stringhalt, weak feet, contracted feet, bursal enlargements (such as thoropin and windgalls).

There will be probably little controversy in the minds of our readers over the first list; indeed, the weight of testimony against them in the evidence published by the Commission is so overwhelming that they must be conceded at once as constituting hereditary unsoundness. It is only fair, however, to say that instances crop up of great success having attended breeding where some of these unsound symptoms have existed. Luckily for the world, however, there is no rule without a healthy exception; and horseflesh is especially most fickle and uncertain in its breeding propensities.

When we come to the second list which the Veterinary Council have given us, a door is opened to controversy which is hardly likely to be closed in our generation. Are splints, stringhalt, or bursal enlargements hereditary symptoms of unsoundness? Read for yourselves the conflict of opinion on the subject, and judge for yourselves. "Borderer" thinks that—*ceteris paribus*—they are not hereditary, but in the great majority of cases are brought on by severe work, over strains, or nervous affections, not congenital. Where, however, they produce lameness in young horses, which have done little or no work, then, as a judge, and not as a veterinary surgeon, should I disqualify them. The case of weak or contracted feet lies in another category, and should, I venture to think, have been placed in the first list. For it has over and over again been proved that bad feet are hereditary, and without good understandings what is a sire worth?

We leave "grease" for the Shire Horse Society to deal with. The horse doctors might as well have omitted this from their list, seeing that those examined before the Commissioners, as well as breeders, declare that they have not seen a case of grease in a thoroughbred horse. Why, then, throw out even a suspicion of such a contamination? Their list is quite long and bad enough without it.

I hardly like to anticipate the pleasure that your readers will have in conning over the evidence of the 1889 sitting of the Commissioners. The choice of witnesses seems to have been excellent. Of veterinary surgeons, Professors Brown and Baird, Dr. Fleming, as well as Messrs. Stephenson, Fryer, Cope, and Williams, and Sir Henry Simpson, have given evidence, which must have great weight. Then come the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Portsmouth, Captain Fife,

Messrs. Dove, Martin, Cookson, Welby, Wilson, Usher, and Heygate, among the breeders; John Porter and Matthew Dawson as trainers. The Earl of Harrington; Lord Combermere, Col. Anstruther Thomson, and Mr. Hutchinson as judges; Mr. Andrew Brown as a dealer; and Generals Thornhill and Ravenhill, R.A., as representing military horse-breeding. It is impossible here to take anything more than a peep into this horsey blue-book.

Dr. Fleming goes the whole hog in stating that short distance races are the cause of a good deal of the increase in roaring, because the strain on a horse's windpipe is much more sudden in five-furlong races. He goes as far as to say that no horse should be raced until he is three years old.

John Porter thinks that the encouragement of short races would affect horses' winds to a certain extent, and that they are very bad for the horses themselves. He does not think, however, that roaring has increased. Nor does he agree with the ailments in the second list before referred to as being hereditary. He believes you cannot find a roarer that was foaled in May, and that stringhalt is no detriment to racing. He would sooner breed from a moderate, sound thoroughbred horse than from an unsound Derby winner; and would limit the mares to a horse to fifty in a season. In speaking of short races, Porter does not mince matters when he says, "The horse is spoilt, the jockey is spoilt, the interest in the race is spoilt, and the whole thing is bad." He also adds that foreigners are more particular than we are, as they will not buy an unsound sire at any price.

Matthew Dawson does not agree with his brother chip as to short races, for he says that he cannot conceive why short races should produce roaring. He thinks it is necessary to test a horse to prove his qualities before you breed from him; and he gives an interesting case of a celebrated mare, Catherine Hayes (the dam of the great racehorse, yet roarer, Belladrum), that had a club foot, and yet was sound on it. Dawson does not know what "shivering" means, as he never met with it. Nor does he endorse Porter's theory as to May foals; but he thinks that training and racing two-year-olds in moderation tends to develop them as animals and improve them.

Mr. James Martin, a Lincolnshire breeder, has a slap at the vets. when he recounts how a stallion of his knocked his box all to pieces, and ran out lame, and the vets., feeling "that they must say there is something wrong with him, passed him 'an odd foot.' This horse had been passed sound just before leaving home. Tom Cannon came into the box, and said to my servant, 'That is the best horse, and the soundest horse, I ever rode in my life, and I have ridden him most times.' Then Ryan, the trainer, came and said the same thing, and yet this horse in the examination showed lame." Of course

this witness strongly advocates a certificate showing he is unsound, and where he is unsound.

The Earl of Portsmouth gives very interesting evidence, showing that Exmoor ponies never roar; and he points out the case of Tomahawk, by King Tom, whom he rightly describes as a beautiful horse, that broke down badly in training from a broken fetlock, and that was cast by the vets., "although he is one of the best hunter getters that ever was used." The writer well remembers wishing to buy Tomahawk when he was at Mr. Fog Rowland's at Epsom; but his accident had so crippled him that he could not travel, and "Borderer" reluctantly gave him up, and took Stockinger, by Stockwell out of Lady Evelyn, instead; and he did not turn out a very bad one, although the farmers at first (until they saw his stock) said he was too small. Mr. John Earle Welby's evidence is also well worth a full perusal; and it is with regret we have to pass it by in this article.

Enough, however, has been said to show that horse-breeding as a national occupation is now in a fair way to be put on its legs. That it is recognised by a Government department; that its subsidy, though small and insignificant at present, is sure to grow and become popular; that it is appreciated by the strongest political interest in the country, viz., the agricultural interest, and that its worth to Great Britain generally can hardly be over-estimated. It is for these cogent reasons that we beg our readers to immediately add this horse-breeding blue-book of 1890 to their libraries.

BORDERER.

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## Yachting.

It is satisfactory to find that there is at last a cessation of talk of any British yacht-owners crossing the Atlantic after the America Cup. The Earl of Dunraven, with praiseworthy enthusiasm, made considerable efforts to arrange something like reasonable conditions; but it has been in vain, and our cousins are likely to remain in the same unchallenged possession of the vaunted trophy, which they enjoyed prior to 1870, when Mr. James Ashbury challenged for it. Thanks to the new conditions imposed, there is little chance of our yacht-owners troubling their heads further about the matter, and, if American yachtsmen are burning for international contests, it will be best that they come over here. In correspondence about a challenge, the New York Club party were so one-sided as to have called forth remonstrance from their own journals. The *New York Times* and *American Yachtsman* alike protest against

the action of their countrymen. We hope that no more overtures may be made from this side, and that the America Cup may be left severely alone for some seasons at least.

The cutter matches of the principal Thames clubs were rendered more than usually interesting this year by the reappearance of *Thistle*, the fine cutter which was originally built by a syndicate of Scotch yacht owners to go for the America Cup. In this quest she failed, and afterwards became the exclusive property of Mr. J. Bell. Perhaps the *début* of *Iverna*, recently built for Mr. Jameson, attracted equal attention, as she was at first fitted with a centre-board mechanism which has been only recently permitted by the Yacht Racing Association. In her case, however, it is considered to be a failure, and it was taken out after the Harwich Regatta. She went into dock, and is not likely to race before the gathering at Liverpool. *Vanduara* (the heroine of nearly ten seasons ago) came out in new guise; her present owner, Mr. T. H. Hodgens, having had her hull painted white. As, however, *Vanduara* and *Thistle* hoisted practically the same racing flag—white with blue cross—the white hull of the former will prevent the possibility of confusion. The Royal London Club had the first day; when, with a strong north easterly wind, they started over the usual course, from the Lower Hope, round the Mouse, and back to Gravesend. The London Club made two classes: the first consisted of *Thistle*, *Iverna*, *Wendur* (Mr. T. B. C. West, now rigged a pole-masted yawl), *Valkyrie* (Lord Dunraven), and *Yarana* (Mr. P. A. Ralli). *Iverna* hit the start to perfection, but *Thistle* was soon on terms, and before Thames Haven showed a nice lead; *Valkyrie* and *Iverna* making a pretty race down Sea Reach. *Yarana* here lay astern of everything, except *Wendur*. The last-named had started very badly, and was last throughout the day. Past the Maplin *Valkyrie* weathered the *débutante*, and, lower down, *Yarana*, bringing the wind with her, came on apace; so that the order round the Mouse was *Thistle*, *Valkyrie*, *Yarana*, and, five seconds later, *Iverna*. *Thistle* afterwards increased her lead, but *Iverna* went past *Yarana* directly after rounding, and off Southend headed *Valkyrie*. In Lower Hope the breeze slackened, though *Thistle* was so far ahead as to appear safe to win. The vessels astern, however, seemed to get more wind; and at the finish it was quite strong again. *Thistle*, *Iverna*, *Valkyrie*, *Yarana*, was the order home, the last saving her time by a bare twenty seconds, while *Thistle* took second prize. Meanwhile, the forties—*Deerhound* (Captain Nottage), *Creole* (Captain V. Bagot), and *Castanet* (Mr. A. D. Clarke)—made their way round the West Oaze Buoy, and home. *Deerhound* and *Creole* had the best of it through most of the journey, and the former won; but near home *Castanet* went second; still, they were all together at the

winning-post. Next day all the vessels mentioned (except Wendur) started for the Royal Thames prizes, the "forties" now going the same course as the big ships. The wind was lighter, and had shifted westerly, and Iverna again made a grand start, though the quartet were pretty close together. Down to the Chapman Iverna increased her lead of Thistle, and she in turn led the others by a quarter of a mile, Valkyrie and Yarana making a very pretty race.

Below Southend and Shoebury Thistle gained on the leader; but Iverna kept well away to the Mouse, where Valkyrie was third, just a quarter of a second ahead of Yarana. Starting home close-hauled, Thistle looked like going first; but the new boat held her own well until past Yantlett Creek; and then there was a good lot of luck in it, as a barge, getting in Iverna's course, let up Thistle, which afterwards showed the way home. Yarana finished third—well within her time allowance—so Thistle again had to be content with second prize. Of the forties, Castanet turned the tables handsomely, winning all day from Creole and Deerhound. Meanwhile a handicap was being sailed over the West Oaze course, in which Vanduara, *retinens vestigia famæ*, showed the way to some doughty opponents, amongst others to Vol-au-Vent (Mr. R. J. Clark), Mohawk (Mr. G. F. Beck), Neptune (Mr. O. K. Dibb), and Foxglove (Mr. W. B. Paget). The other prizes went to Mohawk and Neptune. On the third day the New Thames made only one match for all classes, and although the day looked very unpromising, it resulted in a good match and a regular turn-up for first prize. To begin with, Creole, Deerhound, Castanet, and Iverna were over the line too soon, and all but the last returned; but Iverna held on, though her people evidently knew all about it, as they gave up before long. In a changeable breeze Thistle led well to the Mouse. She was followed by Yarana, Valkyrie, Vanduara, Wendur, Castanet, Deerhound, and Creole. Starting back, it was a case of beating, and Valkyrie and Yarana gained on Thistle; but the feature of the day was the sailing of Creole, which, after rounding the last of the forties, beat both the others on the home journey, and eventually won by time. Altogether, the river racing was unusually attractive, and if Iverna disappointed the expectations of enthusiastic supporters, she certainly bids fair to see a better day, while the new forties, on their best form, left little to grumble at.

The Royal Thames Match—Nore to Dover—has produced many fine struggles, and this year's entry may claim to rival any of its predecessors. With a north-westerly breeze, Yarana took the lead, but the other first-class cutters from time to time disputed the position, and eventually Thistle and Iverna raced home, with very little to choose between them. The wind became so fluky towards the finish, that anything might have

altered results, and at one time Deerhound looked like getting home within her time of Thistle and Iverna. At Dover the Royal Cinque Ports' first day was remarkable for sundry casualties, Creole fouling the mark-boat, while Deerhound went too soon, so Castanet had a *pas seul*. Amongst the big ships, Yarana, with a breeze just strong enough to suit her, was again winner by time, the Iverna, Thistle, and Valkyrie were home before her, the new ship doing perhaps her best performance thus far. Another fine exhibition was that of Lethe, a yawl (Mr. Sidney Watson), which fairly smothered Vanduara. In the match to Boulogne and back, Thistle had better luck—i.e., more wind; and neither Iverna, nor any of the cracks, which included Valkyrie, Lethe, Yarana, and the once famous Oimara, had a chance with her, though Creole again showed her quality by taking second honours.

The Southend to Harwich match, under the auspices of the New Thames Club—although the entry was class enough—cannot be said to have equalled some previous anniversaries down Swin. It proved quite fluky, owing to the wind slackening about midday. Kedging had to be resorted to, while the rear division were getting on terms with the leaders. Iverna's centre-board served her from time to time, though Thistle led most part of the way, and the order at Harwich was: Thistle, Iverna, Valkyrie, Yarana, Vanduara, Creole, and Deerhound. Creole was found to be winner, Yarana taking second prize; and as by the conditions third money was to go to the same class as the winner, the other forty—Deerhound—received it. The Royal Harwich had a monster card and perfect weather for the first day, and when the four cracks fought their battle o'er again, Thistle was first home; but Yarana saved her time, the leader taking second prize. Creole was too good for Deerhound; and in a private sweepstakes, Lethe beat Wendur and Vanduara. The cutter carried away topsail yard; but this probably did not affect the result at the finish. Next day history repeated itself pretty closely. Thistle was far enough ahead of her three rivals, and owing to Deerhound's going off for alterations, Creole sailed over for half the money. A club handicap, which included Lethe, Vanduara, Samœna, and Vol-au-Vent, was another benefit for the first named; while the antagonism of Vanduara and Samœna recalled early days in the '80's, when they were the rival cracks, and ably maintained the rivalry of North and South country owners, designers, and builders.

In the forthcoming matches of the season there will be many features of interest. Iverna, minus the centre-plate, Deerhound and Yarana overhauled and improved, may change the aspect of several events during the next few weeks.

## The Road.

ABOUT fifty years ago, more or less, that censor of sporting events "Nimrod," in noticing the Four Horse Club, wrote:—"The procession of this club in Cavendish Square was perhaps objectionable as making unnecessary parade." But the period referred to was before "Nimrod" obtained his lucrative berth on the old *Sporting Magazine*; and when Mr. Buxton and his fellow-members used to meet in Cavendish Square, fours-in-hand were a good deal more common than they are now. Coaching was then at its zenith, and it is difficult to imagine that people would have attended in any great numbers to see what was then a common sight. Should we of to-day flock to Cavendish Square or anywhere else to see a meeting of cabs or omnibuses? If, however, the dry bones of Mr. Apperley could have been made to live, and could he have been taken in the flesh to the Magazine when the Coaching Club met there on the 31st of May, what would he have said about the crowd in the Park? for it was surely a "best on record." If the Cavendish Square gatherings struck him as constituting "unnecessary parade," what would he have said to our modern coaching meets? On that memorable Saturday the coaches were doubtless in the position of second fiddles. A rumour had gone abroad—it is more than probable that there was not the slightest foundation for it—that certain ladies who were known to favour the cross seat on horseback for women would appear in the Park on that day, to show that they had the courage of their opinions. But they came not, and people had to rest content with the coaches. They certainly made an imposing display; but the published accounts reminded one of the Irish farm labourer who, on being told to go and count some pigs, came back after an hour's hard work with the intelligence that he had counted twelve, but that there was one active little porker which would not stand still to be counted! According to one authority there were 17 drags assembled, another counted 19, a third fixed the number at 23, and others at 24. In some cases the colour of the steeds was equally a matter in dispute. One gentleman's horses were designated as bays; in the eyes of another they were browns; while it must surely have been colour blindness that caused two or three writers to describe Baron Deichmann's magnificent browns as chestnuts! And when the Four-in-Hand Driving Club met nearly a fortnight later there was the same divergence of opinion as to the number of coaches, and Lord Lonsdale's four bright chestnuts were in more than one quarter dubbed light bays. Compiling a history of these coaching meets will be a difficult task in the future, should any journalistic resurrectionist hereafter make the attempt.

On the whole, however, the art of driving four horses appears to be in a flourishing state, so far as the number of its votaries is concerned. Both driving clubs are about full, while one need go no further than the late Ascot Meeting to see that the two driving associations do not contain all the people who drive four-in-hand. As in duty bound, we must lament the disappearance of the old school of coachmen. No longer are sore eyes benefited by the sight of the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Macclesfield, or Lord Poltimore—masters of hounds all three—driving their teams in the Park. When they did come out the fashion of their horses sufficiently showed that they were not in sympathy with the custom of putting in high stepping chip-his-knees-with-his-front-teeth sort of horse which often finds favour with a younger generation. Nor, in the early days of the F.H.D.C., did a former Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, Sir Watkin Wynn, or "Billy" Cooper ever indulge in the luxury of "extravagant action." "If you drive a coach, drive coach horses; if you have a cart, use cart-horses; and if you want to show off in the Park, drive any flash animals you like, only stick to two of them," was the dictum of an old coachman now gone to his rest. On running over the coaching history of the last eight or nine years, however, a fair number of coachmen who drove at that time still turn out. The Duke of Fife, for instance, was present at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club on the 26th May, 1881, when the Prince of Wales sat beside him on the box. He was also out on the 11th June, 1890, with the Prince of Wales's daughter, now Duchess of Fife, beside him. Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, Lord Cheylesmore, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Mr. Villiers, Lord Hothfield, General Dickson, Major Whitmore, Lord Londesborough, and the Marquis of Londonderry (then Lord Castlereagh) were of the number of those who turned out in 1881 and 1890. In a qualified sense Count Münster may be added to the number; but whereas he drove his own well-known chestnuts nine years ago, he was only a passenger when the F.H.D.C. held its opening meet of the present season. Of the members of the C.C., Mr. Gassiot, Mr. Reade, Mr. Praed, Mr. Byass, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Albert Sandeman, Sir Thomas Peyton, Colonel Aikman, Captain Ashton, Mr. Coupland, and Lord Onslow are among those some of whom we cannot see again, some of whom, for various reasons, we do not see so often as formerly. Still the numbers are kept up, and when the senior driving club met on the 11th June it was a reminder of old times to find that Lord Henry Thynne was one of the new members, as his kinsmen, Lord Henry and Lord Edward Thynne, were two of the original members of the club on its foundation in 1856, besides belonging to a family who had for many years warmly espoused coaching in all its branches. It is, however, one of the inevitable results of the



lapse of time that a new race of coachmen should arise. In the early days of driving clubs, the members thereof were for the most part often seen on the box of stage coaches, whereas now the contrary is the case; and, if we except the Duke of Beaufort, who was associated with the Brighton road at the outset of the coaching revival; Lord Enniskillen, who, as Lord Cole, was one of the partners on the Tunbridge Wells road; Mr. Seager Hunt, erstwhile on the Boxhill road; Colonel Somerset, Lord Londesborough, Lord Abingdon, General Dickson, and Mr. Chandos Pole, there are but one or two members of the driving clubs who have seen actual service on the road.

Stage-coaching out of London still goes on, and shows no signs of dying out, though it must be confessed that a great change has come over the manner in which it is now conducted. In the early days of the revival, the only names associated with what was then termed "the latest craze" were the names of those who had no thought of making the several ventures pay. Driving was a hobby with them, and when the late Captain Haworth once set the ball rolling after the few years which had elapsed since the dissolution of Clark's Brighton "Age," they gladly joined together in starting the "Old Times" Brighton coach. The name, we believe, was suggested by the still living Mr. Charles Lawrie, who was one of the Brighton confederacy, and at whose cost the Brighton "Age" was painted and engraved for Clark's benefit. Other roads were opened out, but men like Mr. Charles Hoare, Mr. Chandos Pole, and his brother Mr. Pole-Gell, Mr. Angell, Mr. Meek, Lord Londesborough, Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, Colonel Hathorn, General Dickson, and others cared little about the pecuniary returns the coaches made. Not that the business side of the matter was quite left out of sight; for, as far as the returns went, things were carefully managed; but it was not till the late James Selby started the "Old Times," a name he adopted from the Brighton road, that anyone took up coaching with the serious idea of making it pay. Around Selby, who was also livery stable keeper, dealer, and coachbuilder, there gathered a body of subscribers who each paid so much for the privilege of driving one or more days per week; and without following up the history of subscription coaches further, it will suffice to say that this season the Windsor, Eton, Hampton Court, Hertford, Virginia Water, and Bellagio coaches are run on this plan. This, of course, brings coaching within the reach of many who could not indulge in it before. The subscribers have no concern with stable management; they pay their money, turn up on their day, drive, and have nothing else to trouble about in connection with the coach. As a means of disseminating a knowledge of the art of driving, there is nothing to be urged against this system of subscription, for at a comparatively small cost a man may obtain instruction from a competent coachman, and at the same time have an object for his drive; while he also has different teams to handle. When

there are three, four, or more subscribers the proprietor of the concern can generally manage to pay his day's expenses if the coach runs empty. The horses themselves might very well object to the subscription plan, as they every week come under five or six different pairs of hands, which are not necessarily, like a well-known article of commerce, "always good alike."

It is nevertheless a fact, however, that several influential persons, who would otherwise support the road as an institution, withhold their assistance. Coaching, they say, has to some extent "got into the wrong hands," and so they hold aloof. As we remarked before, there is doubtless a difference in social position between the patrons of the road twenty years ago and at the present day; yet, we would ask, is that of itself a reason for declining to support an institution to which, in theory, everyone wishes well? If the male leaders of society would take an active interest in some road or another there would be all the more facility for remedying any abuses which may be found to exist. So far as the amateur element is concerned, however, it is on the Brighton and Guildford roads, and to some extent on the Dorking, that old-established coaches are running. Mr. Freeman, and those associated with him, have been at work for some time. Mr. Shoolbred has never had a partner since Mr. Luxmore and Major Furnival left him, soon after he took the road in 1876. Captain Maude drives on alternate days; but Mr. Shoolbred runs the coach himself, has no subscribers, and may justly pride himself on having a coach second to none, either in the matter of appointments or in the way in which it is carried on.

There is, however, one curious fact in connection with the stage-coaching of to-day, and that is that running a coach for the avowed purpose of making a profit should not be thought quite the correct thing to do. Before stage coaches were driven off the road by the "Iron Horse," there was no business in England in which shillings and pence were more carefully looked after than the business of the coach proprietor; and the lords and gentlemen who espoused coaching were, when they had any share in a concern, just as business-like and anxious for a profit as Chaplin and Horne, Mrs. Mountain, or that remarkable woman, Mrs. Anne Nelson. It may not perhaps be very wide of the mark to suggest that if coaching is to endure for a time, it must be through the medium of what may be called professional coaches. Coaches run without subscribers do not often pay; the compensation is that anyone who likes driving four horses can get his fun more cheaply than if he drove about and took no passengers at all. Since the coaching revival commenced, coaches have been started which did not survive a second season—where is the Maidenhead coach of last year, for instance?—or if the road was occupied a second time, it has often been under an entirely new proprietary.

Compared, therefore, with the chops and changes which have overtaken so many private ventures, the subscription coaches have had fairly long lives ; though, as in the case of the " Old Times " and " Defiance," the routes have sometimes varied.

It was on the 4th November, 1878, that Sir Henry de Bathe, Major Dixon, Mr. Carleton Blyth, and Mr. H. Wormald started the " Old Times " coach, engaging as professional, James Selby, who had just come off the West Wickham. Each proprietor used to drive one day a week, but subsequently Selby became proprietor, and, reversing the former order of things, took subscriptions, and made coaching pay to the day of his death ; and, after a short interregnum, the " Old Times " was this season taken over by Selby's old friend, Mr. T. Harveyson, of Finchley, who, in conjunction with Mr. Woodruff, also runs the " Telegraph " to Hertford. It may readily be conceded that the subscribers to a coach do not carry that weight in the coaching world which well-known men would do if they ran coaches themselves ; yet at the same time it may be that, to use a hackneyed phrase, subscription coaches " supply a want." So long at any rate as they answer the purposes of the owners, they will be kept on ; whereas coaches run by individuals, for the mere fun of the thing, are liable at any moment to be given up ; and were it not for the subscription affairs, only the Brighton, the Guildford, the Dorking, the Colchester, and the Reigate coaches would be now on the road ; so, after all, these subscription or " instruction " coaches, as some people call them, may in some degree serve to keep coaching alive.

The road, as an institution, would unquestionably benefit if its patrons could be a little more welded into one. In the early days of the revival the amateurs hung together because, in the main, they were of like social position ; but as time went on, some of those who opened out new routes were unknown to the coaching world. Hatchett's, as long as it existed, formed some sort of a connecting link ; but now that it is no longer available as a coaching *rendezvous*, the coaching thread is snapped. The Guildford and the Dorking coaches, it is true, cling to Piccadilly, and start from over the way ; but all the others have migrated to Northumberland Avenue, wherein the arrangements are far from perfect, and the surroundings somewhat out of keeping with the time-honoured business of stage-coaching. Mr. Charles Lawrie, who was one of the supporters of Clark's " Age," and who had a great deal to do with the revival, recently suggested that, if a suitable site could be procured, a coaching inn should be built on the lines of the old houses, and that some attempt to keep coaching together should be made ; but so far, probably for the reasons already indicated, the proposal does not seem to have been cordially taken up. Major Furuivall founded the Road Club some time ago, as a

home for the coaching fraternity, and for a time it answered its purpose; eventually an undesirable element crept in, and coaching men deserted it in a body. Then came the Badminton, in 1875, and so long as it was in its original primitive form it was, in a sense, a coaching club; though it cannot now be deemed to have more than a nominal connection with the road. Among the wealthy the keeping of private drags is never likely to die out; yet it must be remembered that driving four horses at any pace the coachman chooses round Hyde Park, and to Hurlingham or Ranelagh, is not the same as driving a well-laden coach and keeping time. In the case of the private vehicle, although the critical eye may be offended by horses being badly put together—as in fact they often are—or by the work being unequally divided, these shortcomings are not necessarily productive of any great harm. On passenger coaches it is different. They are rated at high speed, and unless the horses are properly put together, and driven with something like skill, time, if kept at all, will only be kept at a needless expenditure of horseflesh; in fact, it is on a stage coach that the importance of dividing the work equally and harnessing the horses properly is best illustrated. In several particulars there is room for improvement in some departments of coaching; but it is on the whole a good sign that so many should be willing to enrol themselves as subscribers.

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## The Cricket Season of 1890.

PROBABLY there has never been, so early in the season, so much public cricket as this year, or—applying turf phraseology to the “noble game”—more “in and out running.” And it is gratifying to see that what were called “the minor counties” are gaining strength every year; in proof whereof Somerset beat Middlesex at Lord’s, and Derbyshire and Essex played at Leyton as good a match as anyone could wish to see, the latter losing by eight runs only. Then, again, Middlesex has beaten Nottingham, and Notts have beaten Surrey. The Australians (who have beaten Surrey and Lancashire) have been utterly defeated by Notts; add to this that Surrey have beaten Lancashire, and I think it will be hard to spot the coming winners, especially as Middlesex have achieved an extraordinary victory over Lancashire on June 16th-17th-18th, after following on 127 to the bad! and finishing their second innings by leaving the northern county with 185 runs to win. This is a wonderful feather in the Middlesex captain’s cap, as he scored 200 runs “bar one” in his two hands. E. A. Nepean and young J. Hearne bowled most admirably, and

took nine wickets between them when Middlesex were making their final attack, which resulted in a win by 73 runs.

Up to the date of 19th June the Australians have won and lost five matches and have drawn two. They beat Lord Sheffield's Eleven, Warwickshire, Oxford, Surrey, and Lancashire, and lost against Mr. Laverton's Eleven (in Wiltshire), Yorkshire, M.C.C., Notts, and South of England (at the Oval), and drew their matches against Cambridge (a very fine fight) and Middlesex—an extraordinary match, as, after the Australians had lost seven wickets for 13 runs, the four last men—Walters, Blackham, Ferris, and Trumble—made 114 runs. And having got Middlesex out for 113, the game, which was stopped by weather after the second day, was left with Australians 198 to the good, with two wickets to fall. No one can tell what will happen at cricket; but, according to ordinary calculation, anyone who resolved to bet the conventional new hat on either side would, I think, have fancied our Australian cousins in that match.

The match against the South of England at the Oval was a melancholy performance. The South of England consisted of five of Surrey, three of Gloucestershire, two of Sussex, and one Kent; and their first innings was made up of contributions by the Doctor and W. W. Read, of 49 and 90 respectively, the remaining nine noble sportsmen making 16 runs between them. So I think that some of those cricketers who keep on running down the Australians had better have the score of the first innings of the South of England hung up in their bedrooms. In the Australians' last innings, on this occasion, the wicket, owing to weather, was absolutely unplayable, and a good turnpike road in the old coaching days would have been preferable for batting; and the play was all over before luncheon.

I don't believe that anyone looked forward with any interest to that South of England match; in fact, the North and South of England elevens are often so little representative that if the match dropped out of the calendar I don't think many would cry. When Mr. Hornby and Mr. I. D. Walker made that match a specialty for a favourite player's benefit, and the real Hectors of both sides were there, it was often very good and exciting.

Allow me, "in the most gentlemanly possible way"—as Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, says in "Peter Simple"—to make a small remark, and it is this: If some captains are not ashamed of the howling—for that is the right word—at the umpires in which some of the professionals and some of the amateurs, too, indulge, I am ashamed for one. The custom savours more of the dog fight of the past than of the chivalry of cricket of the present. I have seen during this year examples of this "foul practice," for—quoting the "ancient fathers"—I choose to apply to that practice of shouting at umpires the epithet which "V. E." Walker applied to "legging" and "padding"; and I

have seen more than once a batsman "rushed out" of his innings by the vulgar howling in gate-money matches. You did not see this "foul practice," as V. E. W. called "legging" and "padding," in the interior of real cricketing counties, where amateurs have, to a great extent, to find the funds. Those who pay for their own amusement choose to spend their money in the interest of good-fellowship and fair play; and if one of the field were to "howl" at an umpire the captain would be down on him with a heavy hand. If "winning anyhow" is to become the "be-all" and "good-all" of cricket, I now prophesy that it will soon drop as low as the modern prize-ring.

By hard driving again and again we have almost entirely stamped out "legging," "padding," and "throwing," and encouraged by this success, let us all try hard to discountenance this wretched system of shouting at umpires; and let us all try to raise the status of the judges of the game. Captains may depend on it that, in the minds of right-thinking men, the stigma rests with them; when, by standing by and saying nothing, they put themselves, so to say, in the position of the receiver of stolen goods. I have known cricketers—amateurs and professionals—for over half a century, and, after taxing my memory very severely, I do not believe that a quarter of a century ago this vice was known, much less generally followed, as is now unhappily the case.

I saw the whole career of—*inter alia*—wicket-keepers of great renown, both amateurs and professionals of years past, and I will take at random a few of their names (I will put initials to the amateurs, so that those who run may read), and the names of those whom I remember are as follows: Wenman and Box, Kent and Sussex respectively; Pinder, Yorkshire; T. A. Anson, W. Nicholson, William Ridding, Hon. A. Lyttelton, all M.C.C.; H. Philipson and G. M'Gregor; and I will venture to say that not of those men would ask for a verdict against his own judgment. Nor do I say that a large majority of men of the present are not as straight as their predecessors were; but I am quite sure that there are some about who will do anything for a win; and this condition of affairs ought to be, and must be, stamped out.

As to recording all the matches during the last month, I might just as well try to count my own sins. Yet let us have a fair look round, and, as the doctors say, "ascertain the temperature of the patient;" and I think we shall find that—to accept the phraseology of that learned profession—"strength is fairly maintained." That is quite a new and artful bulletin, because, if the patient lives, the doctor scores; and if the patient dies, the doctor can say it was "because he would not eat a mutton chop when he told him to do so, and, in consequence, nature was exhausted." Now for a look round! The Australians may be reckoned as an eleven who want a lot of beating sometimes. They have learnt and

studied the grammar of the game, have some good bowling, much good fielding, and several of their batsmen may come off at any time, and when least expected; and Blackham, the wicket-keeper, is a host in himself. They have made themselves much at home, and have drawn large crowds. The only drawback to their visit is that it has put some of the newer counties rather out of court.

Notts, as usual, is in full force, and probably is the toughest county to beat in England. Surrey are much strengthened by having Sharpe (the ex-Notts colt) for a bowler, as he has performed wonderfully well this season; and Brockwell (a descendant of an old Surrey ground man) is likely to make a good mark as an all-round cricketer. Lancashire has the good fortune to fight again under their old captain, and most of the old favourites seem as fresh as ever. Yorkshire never lost a match till they met Notts on the 16th June at Trent Bridge ground, and although the eleven consists pretty much of old faces, they seem, according to records, to be much stronger than last year. Kent has lost Lord Harris and Frank Penn, and from recent accounts are likely to miss the active services of C. M. J. Fox for a while, in consequence of an injury to his shoulder-blade. Great as these losses are, the old county seems to have some good new blood. Sussex have had the good fortune to get back C. A. Smith from South Africa, and to win their match against M.C.C. and to beat Gloucester, whose vein of luck has yet to come, as they have not made much mark at present. This last-named county, later on in the season generally, has a stronger eleven than in the early part of it. The mainstays are the Grace brothers, O. G. Radcliffe, J. Cranston, and J. A. Bush, who is still a rare good wicket-keeper. A first-rate quick bowler or two is what they want. The last of the magic eight (who were once called the "major counties") is Middlesex. Unquestionably Middlesex is the favourite county, because the eleven consists almost entirely of amateurs, and "very fine amateurs too." E. A. Nepean has come out in brilliant form, and the *début* of young John Hearne has been a triumphant success. A. J. Webbe is really grand in batting. As regards the principal elevens of the other counties, who are seldom seen on metropolitan grounds, such as Somerset, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, etc., they only want the opportunity and time to take a prominent place amongst the great counties of England. As regards the Universities, at this time of writing Oxford has not yet appeared in London. The Cambridge won golden opinions, as they are strong at every point, and if Streatfeild can but bowl at Lord's against Oxford, as well as he did at the Oval in Surrey's second innings, he ought to make a great mark. McGregor's wicket-keeping is beyond praise. Oxford did not this year come to the Oval.

## “Our Van.”

Whitsuntide.

Cart and shire, thoroughbred and coach horse, the festival of St. Lubbock, the Bank Holiday dear to so many, was, we think, held in their honour. They were, at all events, very much in evidence. They were up in the Regent's Park and down at Kempton; the dozen or so road coaches that seek the four points of the compass (limited), from Northumberland Avenue and Piccadilly, were filled to the roof, while admiring crowds thronged the pavement to see them start, and indulged in criticisms, more or less to the point, on shape, make, and action. Truly the horse was the hero of the hour. Misguided people doubtless there were who went to Crystal Palaces, Zoos, Military Exhibitions, etc., and gave themselves up to eating, guzzling, and other carnal delights; but the man of mind and culture, came he from Pimlico or Peckham, Brixton or Belgravia, joined in the worship of the noble animal.

The Carthorse  
Parade.

We, ourselves, after much mental wrestling between the claims of carthorse and thoroughbred, flung over, for the nonce, the latter. The fact is, we see so much of him. Like the poor, he is always with us; and though familiarity has not bred contempt, he often, we regret to say, disgusts us very much. Then the grand animals we met in Regent's Park, neither they nor their kith and kin had ever caused us a moment's uneasiness. We could look with admiration and wonder at their grand proportions, their placid don't-be-afraid, we-wont-hurt-you sort of expression, without bothering our heads about that everlasting-and-not-to-be-endured “seven pounds” which always comes between the wind and our nobility on course or in paddock. Questions of this sort did not arise in the Regent's Park. It is true we were nearly betrayed into a wager, and it happened this way. There was a gigantic grey among the competitors in that reserved portion of the park where they assemble after going through the ordeal of judging. He was about the biggest horse we had ever cast eyes upon, a placid giant, who stood the attentions of the crowd, the poking and prodding of his admirers, like a lamb. Other horses there were more attractive by shape and make than he was; but his immense size made him the centre of observation. We mentally put him down at eighteen hands, and a contradictory friend utterly denying it, we, thinking it was Surefoot at 8st. 4lb., challenged him to back his opinion. Fortunately for us he declined. It was authoritatively announced that the grey was seventeen two under the standard, so we were not so very far out. His breeding we could not discover, but he was in the service of the City Commissioners of Sewers. As he did not, however, get one of the Shire Horse Society prizes, we presume his pedigree was faulty. The vestries made a very brave show, and the horses in their “hydrostatic vans”—they were called water-carts in the consulship of Plancus—were grand fellows. Particularly good were those which had “S.M.B.” on their harness, puzzling initials, signifying St. Marylebone. St. George, Hanover Square, and Kensington were also represented by some very noble animals, and what greatly



struck us in nearly every horse we looked at, was his wonderful condition and the polish he carried. They were all, be it remembered, on hard work, but they were well cared for; and when we talked to their drivers and custodians, we found how proud the latter were of them, a pride shown by the wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts who were riding behind them. We ascertained that the women take the greatest interest in the horses, and that a good deal of Whit Sunday night, or it may be the very early hours of the Monday morning, were spent in decking them with ribbons and rosettes, plaiting manes and tails, rubbing the brass harness until it looked like new. There were two old horses, one twenty-three the other twenty-two years, both belonging to the same owner, Mr. Berger, and they had been in his service for sixteen years. And, moreover, the twenty-two-year-old had been for fifteen years driven by the same man, James Brown by name. He should have had one of the late Miss Constable's prizes, given to deserving drivers who have seen long service with one employer, and who have been distinguished for kindness to their horses; but, unfortunately for James Brown, his record of fifteen years was beaten by a man who had been thirty-eight years with one firm, and the man who had even done thirty-five years' faithful service under one master. We trust that in the cup which they undoubtedly had, after receiving their rewards, they did not forget to drink to the memory of their benefactor; for Miss Constable's legacy touched the right point. She must have been a good woman, and as he or she

"Liveth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,"

we trust she has found her great reward.

The judges—Major-General Ravenhill, Inspector-General of Remounts, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and Professor Axe—certainly got through their laborious work admirably. They were on the ground at ten o'clock, and hard at it until close upon two o'clock. The Duke of Portland, Sir Nigel Kingscote, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. John Colam, and other gentlemen also were there from the commencement, and stayed to the close of the judging. Everyone missed and much regretted the enforced absence of Mr. Walter Gilbey, one of the founders of the Carthorse Society, who was recruiting himself at his château on the Gironde, after his rather serious illness in the early spring; but his sons and daughters were good hosts and hostesses, and their luncheon gave us all courage to return to the entrance to the Botanic, where the Baroness Burdett-Coutts distributed diplomas and badges, and was enthusiastically cheered for so doing. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, too, made a little speech; and very effective and to the purpose was it. He told us what many knew, that the Baroness was always happy when she could in the slightest way benefit the animal creation; and he scored when he added that she believed that the greater the kindness shown to them, "the more would the same qualities be brought out in the relation of human beings with one another." Mr. Burdett-Coutts's words had such a genuine ring about them, and they evoked such very hearty applause, that, as a humble constituent of Westminster, the Van Driver felt proud of his member.

Epsom.

But that stern authority, the racing man pure and simple (only he isn't), will say, "Why this trifling; what have we got to do with carthorses? The Driver must be going off his head." Let us hasten to apologise and return to our muttons; for, lo! the Derby is at hand. An uninteresting Derby (this was before the race, remember); a dull Derby; a Derby there was no occasion to go and see; a one-horse Derby, etc. Well, certainly, there was some truth in all this for three weeks or so before the race. After Surefoot's win in the Two Thousand and Le Nord's exhibition in the Newmarket Stakes, we were justified in believing that "the Derby was over," a phrase that for the future will warrant an immediate application of the happy despatch to the man who utters it. What a Derby it was! How the stars in their courses fought against Surefoot, and the rain and the mud fought against Derby mankind in general, we who were there know. We want no reminder of, in every sense, a dreadful day. Was there ever so warm a Derby favourite upset? Was there ever such a curious Derby ran? One, too, that we cannot even at this lapse of time quite understand, and are driven to explanations that may perhaps be considered far-fetched. It ought to be called the Derby of Surprises, so many were there from the moment the flag fell to the moment the winner got to the chair. It was of course provoking, in the first place, that we had to make a weary tramp through the rain to the paddock, and there not to find Surefoot; but of course we submitted to the reasons given, as it would never have done to ruffle the feelings of a favourite such as he was. Vain precautions! Mr. Merry might as well have let Surefoot run the gauntlet of the parade, the canter, the umbrellas, and the Derby dog—though, by the way, we did not see that unfortunate cur on this occasion—for he could not have been madder than he was when he tried to eat Rathbeal and Robinson, and ran, sorry as we are to say it of such a horse, a thorough rogue. What had happened since the early morning, when Jousiffe had given him, to the admiration of all lookers-on, a gallop over the last seven furlongs of the Derby course? He had come down the hill, which some nervous partisans had doubted if he could do, "like a cricket ball." He was, according to the judgment of everyone who saw him, in perfect condition, and had shown no sign of the temper about which so much had been said. For his unaccountable running in the race we are compelled to find excuses, and try to discern who, if anybody, is to blame.

How are "orders" to be interpreted? A jockey is supposed to ride to them, we know; but is he allowed no latitude in his interpretation of them? In other words, is his judgment to have no play? A jockey—we of course mean a jockey with a head on his shoulders—may find, before he has gone a couple of furlongs, that, from unforeseen circumstances, his orders are more than useless. Has he no alternative but to keep pegging away at them? It is believed that the orders given to Liddiard, the rider of Surefoot, were that he was to wait about fifth or sixth; but then neither Mr. Merry nor Jousiffe could have foreseen that the race would have been run at the wretched pace it was. That pace, as we read the Derby, ruined Surefoot, kept back as he was, and not allowed to get to the front and

make his own running as he did in the Two Thousand. Might not a jockey under these circumstances have violated his orders, and when he saw the miserable pace, have taken Surefoot to the front and allowed him his liberty? Would Tom Cannon, John Osborne, John Watts, or Fred Webb, despite of "orders," have allowed a horse to lose his chance of winning a race by too strictly adhering to them? But then it will be said, and truly, there are jockeys and jockeys. An owner might safely trust to the judgment of the men we have mentioned, but what about others? It is a difficult point, undoubtedly, but in the case which is particularly before us, we think if Liddiard had discarded orders when he found the pace such an indifferent one, and come away from the ruck with his horse, the running might have been different. Of course there might have been reasons, even if Liddiard had wished to do this, why he could not. Surefoot might have refused to be taken to the front, and his unfortunate temper might have gained the victory. We can only read the race as we saw it, and by that reading conceive that an error in judgment was committed when waiting orders were given to Surefoot's jockey.

As for surprises, there were, besides the great one of Surefoot never being in the race, one or two that were nearly as startling. The name of Orwell as the winner of the Derby was shouted by hundreds of voices barely a quarter of a mile from home, while Le Nord's flat contradiction to his running in the Newmarket Stakes and his bold bid for a win, were surprises of the very first water. Orwell really did look like winning once, and if it is true that John Porter had taken one of Sir John Willoughby's 10,000 to 100 about him, he must have felt extremely pleased with himself at that moment. Martagon, too, beaten out of sight at Newmarket, was upside with Orwell and only a head behind Surefoot! A Derby of contradictions and surprises indeed, and then the talk on it! How we did repeat dreary platitudes about what might and should have been done; what Jones said and what Brown knew, till the appearance of the weights for the Hunt Cup, the resignation of Mr. Monro, and some deeply interesting revelations at a police-court, diverged talk and gossip into other channels. We heard the Derby called an exciting race, but in our opinion that was a misnomer. It was a confusing race—a race that bewildered us as it was being run. A fine finish, doubtless, but one so opposed to all preconceived notions that we were dazed more than excited. For a real exciting race, give us the Grand Prize, the next day, when St. Serf and Tommy Loates were the principal actors. St. Serf looked beaten at the foot of the ascent, and the race was apparently left to Ornatus and Ben, when suddenly St. Serf, desperately ridden by Master Tom, began to overhaul them, and, amidst real excitement, the favourite, whose fine speed we knew, gratified us by a splendid exhibition of gameness, and just catching Ornatus on the post, won by a head. A fine race indeed!

And, as fate would have it, the Ladies' Race laboured under the imputation of being as "wrong" as was the Derby. A small field, but still one that with advantage might have been smaller. For those who had seen Signorina before the race had grave doubts as to the

The Oaks.

result, and how their doubts were confirmed we know. Signorina, to the casual observer, looked and went as of yore. But to the critical eyes of those who saw her on the Dewhurst Plate day, she was not the Signorina of that time. She was light, and lacked the muscular development of last year. Still, her worthy owner was very sanguine, and believed in her down to the ground. He told us that her illness had been much exaggerated, and that he felt sure she had retained her grand form. So Signorina came almost at a bound to even money, and 100 to 30 bar one was freely on offer. The Duke of Portland ran his two, and it was stated that he would declare to win with Semolina, as he had done in the Oaks. Of course the Duke had every right to do this, but still we are glad he did not. For Epsom is not Newmarket, and the roughs and scum of humanity that spread themselves over the downs at the former are not the orderly racing *habitués* to be found lining the course on the Rowley Mile. If by any chance Memoir had been eased to allow Semolina to win, it would have gone hard, we have little doubt, with the former's jockey. Of course the police would have protected him, but still, a mob of roughs, inflamed with drink, are capable of mischief, and glad are we that better counsels prevailed with the Duke of Portland, and he abandoned his intention, at the same time giving Watts his choice of mounts. That jockey wisely chose Memoir, and so is to be congratulated on having ridden the winner of both Derby and Oaks. For what most of us feared came to pass, and Signorina, who had been going well within herself below the distance, stopped to nothing when Memoir challenged her, and was beaten by three parts of a length; a reversal of form, indeed, from that day at Derby, when we thought that the Duke of Portland's mare had won distinction by getting within measurable distance of Signorina. And now the victor was the vanquished, and the grand mare that has been called "the second Crucifix" had to succumb to one last year her inferior. It is to be regretted that Chevalier Ginistrelli ran his mare when she evidently wanted more time, and doubly to be regretted that on the following week he ran her again at Sandown, where she suffered defeat from a horse that last year she could have galloped round. Nothing is more injurious to a horse than being raced when not in full health and vigour, and we sincerely trust that Chevalier Ginistrelli will not allow his mare to be seen again in public until she is herself again. We will not be prophets of evil, and express doubts if that day will ever come, but look forward with hope to seeing it.

Was it "a happy thought" of the Show Committee when they brought forward the opening day into the middle of the Derby week, or the reverse? Probably the committee know by this time, and the financial answer may be a satisfactory one. Still, we may venture to remind them that it is not entirely a question of £ s. d., and the alteration of date caused great disappointment to many leading Islington *habitués*, who, for the first time for many years, had to choose between Epsom and the two most interesting days at the Horse Show—those on which the judging takes place. Everyone we met at Epsom was unanimous in disapproving of the alteration;

and, speaking personally, we felt aggrieved, as we were only able, from other calls on our time, to pay one visit to Islington. We cannot help thinking that it was an error in judgment, the clashing with Epsom; and even if the committee find that the alteration has brought more grist to the mill, we venture to doubt if that is a sufficient set-off against the disappointment it caused to many who missed what to them is one of the pleasures of the London season.

This year the English Horse Show Society, instead of holding one of their own, joined forces with the Agricultural Hall, and the consequence was an addition to the entries. Whether the quality was improved thereby we are not quite sure. The weight-carrying hunters struck us as being hardly up to the Islington mark, neither did the Champion Hunter fill the eye to our thinking as a champion should. Artist has a good deal of bone, and for a big horse was a good mover; while Harvard, who last year was passed over, was now found so much improved by an additional year that he was accorded the blue rosette. A charming mare was Mr. Stokes's Lizzie, who gained third prize; but we think the "middle-weight" hunters' class, from Mikado, the first prize winner, who has known the sawdust since he was a yearling, down to the commended Danube, were, if anything, superior to the "weight-carriers." Mikado is a particularly nice horse, with a good deal of quality; and next to him we liked Mr. Hadland's Freeholder, a wiry-looking customer with good action, who got the reserve number. There was much difference of opinion as to the merits of the light-weights, and we thought Mr. Custance's Schoolboy, who was much admired, would have taken a prize, but he was not even commended. Another very nice horse was Lord Yarborough's Goodbye, who got the h.c.; and Mr. Summer's Viscount, the winner of the second prize, was quite a pattern light-weight hunter, good to follow, and moving in excellent style. The class for hunters "not exceeding four years old" was the best there, most judges thought, and here we again met Mikado and Liberia, the latter having taken h.c. among the weight-carriers. We expected Mikado to get the red ribbon, and so did some others, we fancy, but he was beaten by Liberia, a big brown horse, but not showing Mikado's quality. Mr. Hadland's General Stewart, who took third prize, appeared to us to want time. When the four winners in each class had been paraded for the Cup, Artist was declared the Champion and Liberia h.c.

The hacks were not equal to the hunters, taken as a whole. Here and there something stood out a king of the company; but there was a lot of rubbish, particularly among the weight-carriers, Mr. John Robinson and his wife had the pick of the lot. His Lady Isabel was a grand mare; and he showed in the 15.3 class Donovan, a showy bay, who also took first prize. There was a beautiful animal in the Blood Hacks and Ladies' Horses class, Mr. Vivian Gooch's Don Juan, by Lothario out of a Revenge mare, who looked a blood hack indeed, which is more than could be said of some of the competitors. Don Juan was the length of a street in front of the others, and he, without any difficulty, took also the first prize in the Novice class—a new idea this year. Old Shooting Star, who has taken more prizes than we can count, added to them by a red ribbon this time; and Lady Curzon's The Baron was a worthy recipient of

second honour, and, moreover, he is a son of Shooting Star, and Lady Curzon drives him and The Squire in her tandem. The ponies, 12.2 and under, were rather a queer lot; but there was one very smart and clever—Mr. Hanley's Merrylegs—to whom first prize was awarded, but it was found he was over height, so he had to be disqualified, and Cock Robin, a good-looking dun, took his place.

The Harness horses, single and double, were nearly all good; and on the occasion of the visit of T.R.H.'s the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, the fourth day of the show, there was a grand opportunity of seeing them. An unfortunate objection to Bydard, a very good-looking bay belonging to Lord Granville Gordon, was sustained, and Mr. Barren's Sinfrew took the first prize in the Single Harness class for horses over 15 h. Mr. Hanley's Bay Rhum, that took third prize, we think we had seen before, a very clever mover; and in the next class, 15 h. and over 14, Mrs. John Robinson got much applause for Lady Plaisanterie, a very charming mare with beautiful action; and this lady also had a very handsome pair in the Double Harness class. Primrose Belle and Primrose Day, that won the second prize, and Shooting Star, were again to the front in the class for smaller pairs. The Tandem class was very good indeed, and Mr. Lucas' pair, driven by Mr. Butcher, made the hit of the afternoon. The pair, Denmark and Queen of Action, were well matched, and their training was simply wonderful, as was the coachmanship of Mr. Butcher. In and out and round about, and in the space of a moderate-sized drawing-room, it was shown what could be done by skill and perfect training. Perhaps the circles and fancy figures indulged in were more suggestive of the circus than the show-ring; but still, it was a clever exhibition, and as such was deservedly applauded. The leaping prizes were well contested, at least those we saw; and to meet our old friend Snowdrop, looking wonderfully fresh, and jumping with his usual cleverness, was a treat. We believe he would have taken the first prize but for a blunder made on landing over the water-jump the second time. He had cleared it magnificently, but he, Tip-Top, and Good Friday, were so nearly equal that the judges ordered another, and then it was that the old grey made his mistake. However, he got the orange rosette, and was loudly cheered. He is an Islington institution.

Ascot.

Some lines, translation of a German *lieder*, come into our head as we sit down to write of Ascot.

Where we saw them, or who wrote them, we have forgotten, but thus they ran:—

"Think oft, ye brethren, think of the gladness of our youthful prime;  
It cometh not again, that glorious time."

Applicable, no doubt, to much that goes on in the gay world, but peculiarly applicable to that *villeggiatura* on the Royal Heath whereon good Queen Anne took her pastime, and on which her descendants continue to take their pleasure. Not that Ascot is what some people call Christmas, a festival entirely made for the young. We think middle age—grey hairs and hoary—find relaxation and enjoyment on that narrow space through which the New Mile cuts a green ribbon among the mingled brown and gold of the Heath, but still is Ascot a sort of paradise for "youthful prime."<sup>8</sup> Fancy a

young girl's first Ascot; a young fellow's first plunge! Is there anything to compare with it, we wonder, the surroundings taken into consideration? And then, if the girl wins a lover, be he only temporary, and the young fellow wins his money (temporary also), what a glorious time it is!

But this is not business, and the Royal Meeting, as some folks like to call it, is business of a very decided character. We will leave the young people then to their flirtations and their infantine plunges. There is more serious work in that not too spacious plot of ground wherein the lions of the ring do roar. They are roaring now, about Surefoot, Blue Green, and Alloway, three out of the five runners for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the deposed Derby favourite looking in the paddock as wicked as he could well look, being at 6 to 4 among the lions. They roared well over their prey, and we think did good business. Wicked as he looked, there was a prestige about Surefoot not to be shaken, and though his appearance in blinkers was a terror to the takers of 3 to 1 about him for the Leger, and he sweated more freely than a winner should, the 6 to 4 found plenty of customers. So had Blue Green, looking very fit and well; and Alloway, with the allowances, found also a host of friends. His win was one of the upsets of the afternoon; but a popular win nevertheless. The Ascot Tuesday is the day of the four on which one sees the cream of the racing, and this particular Tuesday was no exception to what has become a rule. We do not plume ourselves on our memory; but still venture to assert that for some past Ascots we have never seen better sport, if so good, than what we witnessed now. There had been before the race we are speaking of a grand Cannonian finish in the Biennial, in which the Master of Danebury (we like to write the words, reminding us as they do of the first-born of a Scotch baron, twenty-fourth in descent) had most signally scored. How he managed to get Simonian's head in front at the chair is a mystery known only to himself. As the second was the presumably moderate Gavotte, we too hastily, perhaps, came to the conclusion that our two-year-olds, as far as we had seen them, were moderate. We were to be corrected in that delusion before the afternoon wore out, and among the many grand finishes of that memorable day, that for the Coventry Stakes showed us two young ones of extraordinary shape and make, and, more to the purpose, of a high class. We were prepared for their appearance, which rumour had heralded with many trumpets. Captain Machell had, it was said—and we have reason to believe with truth—tried The Deemster about as highly as he has ever tried a two-year-old before—a grand-looking colt, the son of Arbitrator and the defunct good mare Rookery; rather plain about the head; when we have said that we have mentioned, as far as we can judge, his sole defect. A bay brown, full of quality, and wonderfully furnished as to bone and strength, he undoubtedly is the most powerful young one we have yet seen. His dam was a very beautiful mare, as many of us remember, and her loss is a heavy one. The other Coventry candidate who came with a high reputation from Newmarket was Siphonia, a daughter of St. Simon and Palmflower, a taking-looking filly, with very powerful quarters, but not to compare for beauty with her stable companion Melody, who was in the same race. Le

Butard, belonging to M. Blanc, and, like his Gouverneur, a son of Energy, took our fancy, though we found much difference of opinion about him. He, too, brought a high reputation with him, but though of grand shape, he certainly lacks furnishing, and is not seen at his best. He ran very well in the race, however. There were two or three other very good-looking youngsters in the paddock, but what they were was rather difficult to ascertain in such a crowd. The show was a most attractive one, and The Deemster was certainly the hero of it. His fame had, as we have intimated, preceded him, and we are half afraid to tell all the tales we heard. That he had given Ostrogoth (three stone, it was said) sounded marvellous, but that it was true appeared more than probable. There was such a rush to back him, that in this good field 9 to 4, and in some instances 2 to 1, was greedily taken. Le Butard was next in demand, with Siphonia on nearly the same mark; while Forester, despite the Epsom disappointment with him, was again well supported. He ran well for some way, but we fear staying is not his *forte*, but Le Butard and St. Cyr gave promise of that quality. It was a grand finish, and neither The Deemster nor Siphonia being quick beginners, they were not in the front rank until a quarter of a mile from home. Before that, Melody and Forester, with Le Butard and St. Cyr, the favourite colt and Lady Primrose, had each a very flattering appearance, but from the distance or thereabouts it was a match between the favourite and Siphonia, and which had the best of it was very difficult to say. If seconds had been minutes there might have been much wagering between the Spagnoletto telegraph and the chair, and we doubt if backers would have selected The Deemster even then. He appeared to us to be the first in difficulties, but he struggled with wonderful gameness, as indeed did Siphonia, for each looked like winning in turn, and it was only in the last stride that The Deemster got his head in front. Most of us, even those in the best positions for judging, expected to see "the double zeros" hoisted, while the people who looked on the finish from below the chair were utterly unable to give an opinion as to which had won. After this the victory of Tyrant in the Vase, and of Gold in the Triennial, fell rather tamely, though the performance of the latter was borne in mind by a select few to their profit in the Cup.

We feel sure that every sportsman is glad that  
**The Hunt Cup.** Lord Hartington possesses a good horse. That Morion is that, there cannot be a doubt, while there is a great probability that he may be the best three-year-old in training. We also feel sure that Lord Mayor Sexton, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Tim Healy would have been the first to warmly congratulate their great political opponent, not only on his success, but on the true spirit of a real sportsman, which he showed by his backing his horse on the morning of the race, and taking 5 to 1 or 9 to 2 about him, without mentioning that horrible word "forestalling." We *did* hear it mentioned in connection with the race for the Hunt Cup certainly, but it did not refer to Morion. There are some gentlemen who entertain commercial views on racing, and make £ s. d. the principal factor therein. We cannot wholly blame them. If we were the unhappy owner of a racing stud, we think we should like to have



a decent price about the horse whose hay and corn bill we paid for. That we should not get it, and that we should growl and grumble when we took *our* 9 to 2, is very probable. But while not magnanimous ourselves, we can admire magnanimity in others, and we think Lord Hartington is to be highly commended. It was a big field, but was an exception to the Ascot rule of fine finishes, as Morion had won some way from home. The start was one of Mr. Arthur Coventry's happiest efforts, and we may here remark that the bigger the field the more successful is the starter in getting it off. Soon we saw the straw-coloured jacket holding a clear lead, and though Cannon vigorously called on Philomel, George Barrett had only to sit still on Morion, who won without being asked to gallop. The Imp ran fast for about six furlongs, and then was done with; and the same may be said of Lady Betty and two or three others. Lord George is a slow beginner, or he might have been nearer, but Theophilus ran well, and so did Guiscard and Screech Owl, but we never saw Ostrogoth or a special fancy of our own, Queen of the Dale. Bumptious and Peter Flower, we are glad to record, kept up their high reputation in the Fern Hill and the Triennial; and so much for the Wednesday.

What a day of days it was! The Cup race may be—is, indeed—a thing of the past, but the Cup day grows with its growth, and it is alarming to think of what it will become, say, in the next decade. We know nothing about the railway traffic, we are thankful to say, but we heard that Waterloo terminus was besieged as early as ten o'clock, and Mr. Verinder's well-organised arrangements were subjected to a severe strain. It was a perfect day, as far as weather, company, and the usual Ascot characteristics were concerned, but the glory of the racing had departed. It has been ever thus for the last ten or twelve years. On the two first days we see racing such as we only see then and there. The Thursday is given up to the pleasures of society, and the *flaneur*, somewhat eclipsed on Tuesday and Wednesday by the racing men, comes to the front, and is, in some sense, master of the situation. He tells you when to lunch and where—the latter certainly an important condition to our enjoyment. He knows the coach where the cold curry is the best—the marquee where the champagne is not too severely iced. Under his guidance we tried the Guards', the Green Jackets, and the Cavalry Clubs, and could only express satisfaction with all three. The latter new institution had its marquee very tastefully fitted up, and as we had selected a little before two o'clock for our call, we found only about a dozen persons where, in the next half hour, would have been a crowd. The words of the immortal Mrs. Jarley, "Be in time," are particularly applicable to Ascot Cup day. Awarding a red rosette for cold curry to the C.C., and a "highly commended" to a coach not unconnected with a certain Bollinger, we return to the paddock and resume our studies. There is not much to study in the five cup candidates, but still enough to dispute over. We are not "mashed" on Vasistas, and utterly refuse to believe in Philomel, on the strength of her having won over three miles in Ireland. A whisper reaches us "early" that Tom Jennings is fond of Gold, and to that whisper we incline our ears. It was a good race, ran at

a good pace too, Enthusiast helping to make it, and, to the amusement of many, trying to pull Johnny Osborne out of the saddle. Enthusiast and Gold had the fun pretty much to themselves, and Mr. Douglas Baird's horse did not cry enough until nearing the enclosure. Philomel looked very well at this point, for Vasistas was in trouble; but Gold was not done with, and answering gamely to Webb's call, he came with a rush, and won a good race by half a length. Of course the Coventry had somewhat, in vulgar parlance, "taken the shine" out of the New Stakes, but there was a very good-looking colt of Mr. Houldsworth's, Orvieto, who certainly was the pick of the paddock, and, from the way in which he won, it is difficult to understand how he got beaten at Manchester. Stop! the much-expected Kingsclere horse had been beaten in his trial, but that did not deter people from taking 7 to 2 about him. He was never in the race, however, and Orvieto won in a canter. St. Serf gave us another exhibition of gameness, akin to that he showed in the Epsom Grand Prize, by collaring Martagon in the Rous Memorial, and just shooting him on the post by a head. The last day was nearly equal to the first. Baron de Rothschild showed us a handsome colt in Beauharnais, who, from the way he won the Windsor Castle Stakes, should be as good as he is handsome. Of the Wokingham we would rather not speak. It was a disastrous race, and picking the winner of the Hunt Cup was child's play compared to finding the Wokingham. We would rather pass on to what was the great race of the day, the Hardwicke, in which Sainfoin and Surefoot were again to meet, and for which Sir James Miller had bought Hayraddin to make the running for Sainfoin. Amphion was in the field, but speculation was confined to Sainfoin and Surefoot, and it says much for the reputation once enjoyed by the latter that, despite his running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, 2 to 1 was freely taken about him. He ran better than he did on Tuesday, and we should not like to say he exhibited cowardice here; but he certainly proved himself a non-stayer. He and Sainfoin—the latter with the lead—came into the straight, and up the hill it looked as if it was going to be a close finish between the pair. At the top Amphion joined issue, and the three were for a moment on the level. Very exciting was it, but it was only for the briefest space, for Amphion drew out, Surefoot gave way, and the former, ridden by Cannon, won, we might almost say without an effort, by a length. It was the culminating surprise of the week. The three-year-olds had been great trials to us all the three days, but to see Amphion, in the new rôle of a stayer, beat the winner of the Derby the way he did, crowned the edifice. What the backers of Surefoot and Sainfoin think of their Leger investments we had better not inquire. The Ascot running has made the northern event look a very open race, and one certainly to be left alone until the running at Leicester, Goodwood, Derby, and elsewhere tells us more than we now know.

Hunt Servants'  
Benefit Society.

The customary annual meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society took place on the day after the Derby, and was largely attended both by benefit members and patrons. The Duke of Beaufort occupied the chair, supported by Mr. G. Lane Fox, Lords Portman, Tredegar, Galway, and others. The progress and the

funds of the society were reported upon most satisfactorily, and the business of the morning was merely the ordinary routine, except that a motion was made notifying the wish of hunt servants to be considered eligible for retiring annuity before the age of sixty. If the pecuniary position of the society admits of some indulgence of this kind, the request is certainly well justified, for comparatively few men retain physical fitness sufficient to allow of their doing work efficiently with hounds up to that age; and a hunt servant out of place is about as capable of turning his hand to other trades as a retired soldier. The subject was referred to the executive committee, doubtless for their "favourable consideration."

**Presentation to  
Lord Durham.**

On June 23rd a meeting was held at Ashburnham House, Dover Street, Piccadilly, the Earl of Scarborough presiding, at which a testimonial was presented to the Earl of Durham, to commemorate his successful efforts to advance a reform of the Turf. The testimonial consisted of a cheque for £329 1s. 6d. (to be applied by Lord Durham in any way he might see fit to use the money) and an album which contained a list of those subscribing. Among the names in the book appeared those of the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duke of Westminster, Earl Percy, with those of numerous other individuals, besides the official signature of the York Race Committee. Lord Durham expressed the pleasure which he felt in noticing that among the subscribers were to be found not only prominent supporters of the Turf, but also several who ordinarily regard the Turf as a somewhat dangerous amusement. He expressed his conviction that there was no ground to fear that the Jockey Club would neglect its duties, and his belief that the Club, and the promoters of racing generally, wished that the sport should not only be interesting to themselves, but be favourably regarded by all classes of their countrymen. Lord Durham further announced his intention to forward the cheque to the Rous Memorial Fund at Newmarket.

In the Showyard of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Plymouth, a meeting was held of the Gilbey Testimonial Committee, which has been embodied to express the widely-felt sense of the services of Mr. Walter Gilbey to horse-breeding, by the foundation (in which he was mainly instrumental) of the Shire Horse, the Hackney, and the Hunter's Improvement Societies. Mr. Anthony Hamond reported that the amount of money which had been subscribed enabled the committee to decide that three-quarter-size portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gilbey should be painted; and that the commission for the pictures had been put into the hands of Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A.

## Roundabout County Papers.

RUGBY is to have its triennial dinner on Wednesday, July 9th, when such "Old Boys" as Lords Derby, Cross, and Brassey, Sir James Fergusson, Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, the Dean of Westminster, and Lord Justice Bowen may be expected, with others, to meet as guests the French Ambassador, the Bishop of London, etc.

### COUNTY REPRESENTATIVES.—

The gathering on Sunday, 22nd June, on the grounds of the Royal Society's Show at Plymouth, was very representative of English country life. At the church service in the tent, to horsekeepers and herdsmen, from all counties, were added the Duke of Rutland, Lords Mount-Edgcumbe, Coventry, Headfort, Emlyn, and Auckland; Sir Nigel Kingscote, Colonels Mainwaring and Hutton; whilst Essex was represented by Mr. Walter Gilbey and Mr. Blyth; Suffolk by Mr. Ransome; Hampshire by Mr. Caird; Westmoreland by Mr. C. W. Wilson; Norfolk by Mr. Garrett Taylor; and Berkshire by Mr. Percy Crutchley and Mr. Sutton.

CORNWALL.—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has granted a warrant for a Cornish Masonic Lodge, No. 2369, for the convenience of Cornishmen in London. The Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe was appointed to act as Past-Master for the first year. At the consecration of the Lodge, the Grand Master of Cornwall, the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe; and the Grand Master of Canada, Mr. Richard Walkem, Q.C., were present, and Mr. N. J. West was installed as First Master.

THE SEASON OF SHOWS.—June, 1890, has been thick with simple Horse Shows and Shows of Horses at the great Agricultural gatherings. At Rochester, the Bath and West of England Society had a few good light horses on exhibition; and the Essex Society, at Chelmsford, had more, and probably better, animals than will any other country show in the kingdom, not excepting the Royal Society's classes at Plymouth. This is a hopeful sign that the breeding and selling of nag horses, light draught, hackneys, and carriage horses, as well as breeding of Shires and thoroughbreds, will become an English enterprise.

FIGHTING COUNTIES were represented at the recent Military Tournament by Stevens of the 19th Middlesex, who, whether with foil, bayonet, or sabre, was unconquered. Other renowned men at these combats are Prater of the 3rd Middlesex; Felton of the Shropshire Yeomanry; Miles of the East Kent Yeomanry; Wilkinson and Turner of the Artists' Corps. From the Warwick Yeomanry Sergeant Green kept his supremacy against all new comers, in his feats on heads and posts, whilst at lemon-cutting, Rudge of the Montgomery Yeomanry was first with 14 points out of a possible 16. At tent-pegging, Corporal Botham, Middlesex Yeomanry, was first. As artillery drivers, the 3rd Kent Volunteers were nearly equal to the Royal Horse. The several competitions showed a spirit and skill pervading all ranks of the services.

THE BEST HORSES are those of Australia, if one may take the opinion of an Irish captain, who, when saying "the Dublin Horse Show is the finest in the world," added, "but the Australian horses are the best. They will do fifty miles with less exhaustion than an English horse will do thirty miles, and they will go a mile faster than any other horse." This assertion was made lately aboard an Australian liner; and the writer had the chance later to ask an Australian "retired-digger" about its truth. The answer was, "that whether from climate or other conditions, certainly the Australian horses were the best in the world, and would come over and win our Derbies."

RIVALRY in shows should be a good thing, and whilst combination of such societies as the four of East Anglia could not

take place without making difficult arrangements that might offend jealous susceptibilities, and indicate the existing disproportion in county shows, yet if a joint exhibition could take place, each county having a distinct section, grouped separately, the general result should be successful.

ROYAL COUNTIES'.—This Agricultural Show, taking place at Winchester early in July—8th to 11th—is to have a royal guest in Prince Christian, who is showing great interest in rural matters. Several entries from Her Majesty's and the Prince of Wales's stock are amongst the classes.

COACHING CLUBS are now formed in Paris as in London, and "La Fête des Mails" lately took place, several teams meeting at La Place de la Concorde to go to Auteuil.

## Odds and Ends.

THE following account of the anatomy of Eclipse, by the ingenious M. Veal de Saint Bel, equerry to the King of France, as published in 1789, may be worth perusing. "The principal defects of conformation," says the anatomist, "which might have been imputed to Eclipse consisted—first, in his body, which was too thick; this fault, however, was certainly less in his youth, when he was running; secondly, his shoulders were too fleshy, and consequently too heavy; but this fault was counterbalanced by the perfectly physical and mechanical conformation of his legs. His figure in general did

not please the eye of pretended connoisseurs, whose skill seldom goes beyond the surface of the skin. No one is ignorant that the most beautiful quality of a racehorse is the celerity of the gallop. Consequently the horse which gallops the fastest ought to be reckoned the most beautiful, and should serve as a model in the rules of proportion to all others. It is not the same in a menage horse, whose conformation ought to be absolutely the opposite. The principles of beauty ought then to be relative to the use to which a horse is destined. M. de Saint Bel, from his computation, pronounces, with the greatest

probability, that Eclipse, free of all weight and galloping at liberty with his greatest swiftness, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet of ground at every complete action on the gallop; and that he could run four miles or nearly in the space of six minutes and two seconds."

In 1843, at the First Spring Meeting, at Newmarket, Lord Exeter's b. f. Celia, 4 years old, 8 st., beat the Duke of Grafton's ch. h. Oakley, 5 years old, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., T.Y.C., for 500 gs.; Celia won by half a length. On the Monday of the Second October Meeting, at Newmarket, Celia, at even weights, beat Oakley by a length, T.Y.C., in a match for 200 gs. On the Friday of same week, Celia, 8 st., beat Oakley, 8 st. 7 lb., by a head, in a match for 200 gs., T.Y.C. In 1844, at the First Spring Meeting, Oakley, 8 st. 7 lb., beat Celia, 8 st. 1 lb., in a match, for 200 gs., T.Y.C. In the Houghton Meeting, Oakley, 8 st. 3 lb., beat Celia, 7 st. 12 lb., in a match for 200 gs., T.Y.C., by two lengths, Celia pulling up lame. Thus Oakley and Celia, in two years, ran five times against each other, varying very little in form.

**NORTHAMPTON RACES, 1778.** In these days of huge stakes and gate-money meetings, it is instructive to take a peep back, and see how things were managed in the eighteenth century. Here is a portion of an advertisement which will explain the great change in "the sport of kings": "Northampton Races, 1778. On Wednesday, the 23rd of September next, will be run for, on the new course in North-

ampton Field, the Gentleman's Subscription Purse of £50, by any horse, mare, or gelding that never won the value of £50 at any one time, matches excepted. Four-year-olds to carry 7 st. 8 lb.; five-year-olds, 8 st. 4 lb.; six-year-olds, 8 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; bridle and saddle included. Certificates of their age to be produced at the time of entrance; and entries to be made at the Goat Inn, on Friday, the 10th of September, between the hours of four and eight in the afternoon. A subscriber to pay one guinea entrance, and a non-subscriber three guineas, or double at the post. The winning horse to pay two guineas to the clerk of the course, for flags, etc. No less than three reputed running horses to start. To run according to such articles as shall be produced. If but one horse enters, he is to have £10, and his entrance money again; if two, to have sixteen guineas between them, and their entrance money again. The stakes to the second best horse that wins a clear heat, either before or after the plate is determined. . . The horses, etc., for each of the above prizes are to stand at such houses only, within the town of Northampton, that subscribe 10s. 6d. before the day of entrance."

ALTHOUGH the following story has been printed before, there may be readers of BAILY to whom the thought may be novel that the Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics of 1890 are not the only experts who, having defeated all rivals of their own sex, have had to play second to a woman. In 1804 the wife of Colonel Thornton was backed to ride his chestnut horse Vina-

grillio four miles, over York racecourse, for 500 guineas, against Mr. Flint's brown Thornville, ridden by his owner. The lady appeared to be winning, but the length of the course proved to be too much for her strength, and she was beaten through sheer exhaustion. Nothing daunted, she caused a challenge to be published that she would ride any man a race of two miles for 500 guineas. The challenge was accepted, and a match was made between Colonel Thornton's Louisa, 9 st. 6 lb. (to be ridden by Mrs. Thornton), and Mr. Bromford's Allegro 13 st. 6 lb. (to be ridden by the champion jockey of the day, Sam Buckle), for two miles, over York racecourse. On this occasion Mrs. Thornton proved the victor.

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A CONTEMPORARY account of the fox chase, on the 2nd day of December, 1745, by his Grace the Duke of Grafton's hounds, runs as follows, viz:—"Unkenned at half an hour past nine of the clock, Saturday, forenoon, at Sack's Carr, near the Decoy in Euston; and from thence came away, over the heath, to the Marle Pit, through Honington, and by Sapiston Carr; from thence to Bangor Bridge; came along the late Mr. Read's Carr, and crossed the road by Back Bridge. Went away for Stanton Chair over the dales; past Stanton Earth, and then through the Coarse Grounds, the backside of Hepworth Common to Scacey's Hole. Here we turned towards the Migat, and came through Walsham-le-Willows, and then for Langham Common and

thicks, down to Harlangtoft. Then across the rivers between Bagly Poole and Stow Bridge, and so to Pakenham Wood; from thence to the kiln grounds, the backside of Thurston Common, and from thence to Brighton Groves, and on to Drinkston and Hessel Groves, and near Monk's Wood, and past Drinkston Hall, and from thence to Rattlesden, between the great wood and the street, and through Hazel Grove to Wood Hall. There the hounds were at a check for two or three minutes, which was the only check during the whole chase. The huntsman took a half cast, and set it off, and came away across Buxhill - pur - Street; from thence to Norfield Wood, and by Tothill Grove in Haughley, and across the Stowmarket Road to Dogworth Hills, and through Old Newton and New Gipping Wood, and then away for Stowupland; from thence to West Creeting, over the green by Rayden Hall; when we turned on the right and came down to Combs' Wood. We crossed the rivers by Cook's water-mill, and across the road between Combs' Wood and Stowmarket wind-mills, and then through Mr. John Bagles's cherry grounds, to the sign of the Shepherd and Dog in One-house, and killed by some hop grounds, by William Wolleston's, Esq., at four of the clock in the afternoon.

N.B.—This is as brief an account as can be given; notwithstanding, there were several things and terms too tedious here to relate. We ran through twenty-eight parishes, which, in whole, upon a moderate computation, is sixty miles. Published by authority, by me, John Goodrich."

## Correspondence.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

*To the Editor of "Baily's Magazine."*

DEAR BAILY,—Though the old order has changed, and other names appear at the foot of the title page, those who, like myself, have for years subscribed to the "green leaves," must still address the magazine under the name endeared to us. *Stat nominis umbra*. As I am the "Australian friend and companion of Gordon"—referred to as Whyte-Melville's correspondent in your September number—though, permit me to say, I am English bred, born, and educated, and regard myself as an Englishman in Australia—perhaps you will give me space for a few words now, and will allow me another opportunity hereafter for personal reminiscences of one who was the nearest and most intimate friend I ever had; whose racing colours and whip, associated with his most memorable doings between the flags, are among my most valued treasures, and who still lives with me in a pile of letters which, whenever I turn them over, recall the memory of those *præteritos annos* which so many of us, equally with Horace, would fain bring back, if it were but possible.

Twenty years ago this month I saw Adam Lindsay Gordon ride his last steeplechase at the Melbourne Autumn Meeting. His horse at the last fence fell badly, and fell on him; but for this his winning was a certainty. It was my melancholy duty to do for him such nursing as I could till his wife, in answer to my letter, could come to his side. Last Sunday morning I visited the cemetery where, in which twenty years ago come June, he was laid to rest. From his grave, as is my custom when I visit it, I brought away some flowers, a few of which I enclose, hoping that you will take care they reach "F. C. P.," to whose pen we are indebted for the sketch of my old friend in your September number. I am sure he will value them. It has often been in my mind to do something to enshrine Gordon's memory in your pages, which he loved so well. Since his death, and more especially in these later years, a good deal has appeared about him, much of which has been written evidently by those who only knew him by his writings or by repute and hearsay. This has been to me, as to the few who knew him as he was, distasteful, as speculative guesswork about a life and character which none but his intimate friends could estimate correctly. From my own close association with him, based upon a common love of classical literature and a common love of the horse (*idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est*); and from a very full correspondence maintained between us, when severed by distance, I fancy I can supply some reminiscences of Adam Lindsay Gordon which will be of interest not only to his few surviving friends, but also to that larger circle who have learned to know him by his writings. Nor can I think of any place in which he would so well have liked some record of himself to appear, or in which such a record could so fitly appear, as in BAILY, circulating as it



does amongst the pleasant country homes of England, and in every station where the flag flies. If I mistake not, there are still a few survivors of the "Royal Irish" and the "Fourteenth" who can carry their memories back to his riding days. For the rest, a broken column of dark granite marks the spot in the North Brighton cemetery, near Melbourne, where his mortal part was committed to the earth, on June 24, 1870. In "The Sick Stockrider" the most truly Australian and, to an Australian reader, the most suggestive lines he ever wrote, he says :—

"Let me slumber in the hollow, where the wattle blossoms wave,  
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;  
Should the sturdy station children pull the Bush-flowers on my grave,  
I may chance to hear them romping overhead."

This wish has not been gratified; yet he would hardly have complained of his last resting-place could he have known it. There is enough to show the hand of man without robbing the place of its natural features. Sheoaks and other native trees and plants and grasses remain, and in "God's Acre" one can still realise the presence of Nature.

EDWIN GORDON BLACKMORE,  
*Clerk of the Parliaments, South Australia.*

Adelaide, South Australia.  
*Sunday, March 16th, 1890.*

## MAORI.

*To the Editor of "Baily's Magazine."*

SIR,—In your magazine for April, Maori is said to have at Chicago beaten the record for a mile, *i.e.*, in 1 min. 39 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. How about Frying Pan, at Melbourne in 1884, in 1 min. 37 sec., and Rosy Cross, in 1 min. 36 sec., at Shrewsbury in 1879?

Southsea, 21st May, 1890.

Yours,  
P.H.

## THE NEW RULES OF RACING.

*To the Editor of "Baily's Magazine."*

DEAR BAILY,—As it has been my duty to write on several occasions in your columns upon the laws of the Jockey Club, I trust you will permit me a little space for a few words on the new rules. The new state of things will be this :—

1. That half the added money at all meetings will be given to races of a mile and upwards.

2. That two races each day must be of a mile and upwards, and that one of them must be a weight for age race without selling conditions.

So that if, say, a two-day meeting gives £2,000 added money, £1,000 of it must be allocated to races of a mile and upwards, which, distributed equally (but this is not compulsory), will make £500 each

day for such races. It will be noted that there is nothing to prevent one of these races being a selling race, either as a handicap or weight for age race, and that a clerk of the course with £2,000 added money will be enabled to have a mile selling race for all ages (including two-year-olds, after the 1st September) of 400 sovs. each day, or £900 in one day, and one for 100 sovs. of the regulation weight for age, without selling conditions.

The new rules will have the effect of cutting down the value of two-year-old races, and probably also their number, and limiting the number of five and six furlong selling races. There will be two one mile and upwards races per day instead of one, as at present; but the encouragement of big long races will be scarcely more than at present, because the money now given for one big race will have to be cut up into two races, and it will require some ingenuity on the part of clerks of the course, who are desirous (as now at Kempton) to give a Jubilee Stakes one day, a £2,000 two-year-old race the next day, and a big weight for age race on the third day, to comply with the new rules.

Ascot is the only meeting whose present programme complies with the new rules; and it must not be forgotten that Ascot stands out by itself as a *one-class* meeting. All the big gate-money meetings, the power of which, if they combined, must not be overlooked by the Jockey Club, are in a different category, and I much question whether they will like dictation as to the division of their added money, while not so much objecting to the *two* one-mile races. It will probably bring us back to biennials and triennials again.

A long and interesting debate on this subject took place in the Jockey Club on Monday last. But I cannot help feeling that we have not yet got at the true solution of the question. The Jockey Club are to be congratulated upon putting a check on the present plethora of five furlong races, but what "Borderer" has all along contended for is that every description of racehorse should have a chance given him. Let speed be served quite as much as endurance, and do not let our best material be worn out as two-year-olds. Permit half-mile races up to the 1st of June for two-year-olds. Do not allow five-year-olds and upwards to run less than six furlongs, except in handicaps. Make at least one race at a two-day or upwards meeting a mile and three-quarters or more. Take a leaf out of the Frenchmen's book, and permit machinery betting on race-courses only, and under license. This will swamp ready-money and on the tape betting. Do away with the rule which voids nominations at death, the manifest injustice of which cropped up at the last meeting of the Jockey Club, and of which more anon, and we shall have racing as it was thirty and forty years ago, only enriched and endowed in a way our sportsmen of those days never dreamt of.

It is a great boon to the Turf that Jockey Club debates are now public property, and thus a note of confidence has been struck between the Club and the racing public which must bear good fruit in the near future.

I am, dear BAILY,  
Yours obediently,

June 16, 1890.

BORDERER.

# Summary of Prominent Results.

From May 27th to June 25th, 1890.

## May RACING.

28. Mr. J. O'Neill's ch.h. The Rejected, by King of Trumps—Accepted, 6 yrs., 9st. 6 lb. (inc. 3 lb. extra) (Rickaby), won the Salford Borough Handicap of 1,000 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 1 mile, at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting.
29. Mr. L de Rothschild's ch.c. Bumptious, by Brag—Headlong, 9st. 1 lb. (F. Barrett), won the Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,800 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting.
30. Lord R. Churchill's bl.f. L'Abbesse de Jouarre, by Trappist—Festive, 4 years, 8st. 6 lb. (car. 8st. 8 lb) (T. Cannon), won the Manchester Cup of 2,000 sovs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 1½ miles, at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting.
31. M. E. Blanc's b.c. Reverend, by Energy—Revenue, 9st. (Rickaby), won the Whitsuntide Plate of 3,700 sovs., for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs, at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting.

## June

3. Mr. D. S. Cooper's b.f. Melody, by Tynedale—Glee, 8st. 9 lb. (Rickaby), won the Woodcote Stakes of 1,000 sovs., by subscription of 20 sovs. each, 6 furlongs, at the Epsom Summer Meeting.
4. Sir James Miller's ch.c. Sainfoin, by Springfield—Sanda, 9st. (J. Watts), won the Derby Stakes of 5,000 sovs., 500 sovs. for the nominator of the winner, about 1½ miles, at the Epsom Summer Meeting.
5. Duke of Portland's br.c. St. Serf, by St. Simon—Feronia, 8st. 2 lb. (T. Loates), won the Epsom Grand Prize of

## June

- 1,000 sovs., the City and Suburban Course, about 1½ miles at the Epsom Summer Meeting.
6. Duke of Portland's br. Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver, 8st. 10 lb. (J. Watts), won the Oaks Stakes of 4,000 sovs. for winners, 400 sovs. for the nominator of the winner, for three-year-olds, fillies, about 1½ miles, at the Epsom Summer Meeting.
8. Lord Dudley's Royal Meath, by Ascetic—Catastrophe, 6 yrs., 11st. 6 lb. (Mr. H. Beasley), won the Grand Steeplechase de Paris (International Steeplechase) of 40 sovs. each, with 4,800 sovs. added, 4 miles and half a furlong, at the Auteuil Summer Meeting.
13. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b.c. Lactantius, by Petrarch—Koumiss, 8st. 9 lb. (F. Barrett), won the Electric Stakes, a plate of 2,000 sovs., for three-year-olds, 5 furlongs, at the Sandown Park First Summer Meeting.
15. Baron Schickler's Fitz Royal, by Atlantic—Perplexite, 8st. 11 lb. (Lane), won the Grand Prix de Paris of 40 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 1 mile 7 furlongs, at the Paris Summer Meeting.
17. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b.c. Alloway, by Springfield—Lady Morgan, 8st. 3 lb. (Warne), won the Prince of Wales' Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h.ft., with 1,000 sovs. added, for three-year-olds, about 1 mile 5 furlongs, at the Ascot Meeting.
17. Sir R. Jardine's ch.c. Lord Lorne, by Hampton—Lady Lucas, 4 years, 7st. 13 lb. (Fagan), won the Ascot Stakes (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, with 500 added, about 2 miles, at the Ascot Meeting.

## June

17. Mr. A. M. Singer's b.h. Tyrant, by Beauclerc—Queen of the Meadows, 5 years, 9 st. 4 lb. (Calder), won the Gold Vase, value 200 sovs., given by Her Majesty, 2 miles, at the Ascot Meeting.
18. Lord Hartington's b.c. Morion, by Barcaldine—Chaplet, 3 years, 7 st. 9 lb. (G. Barrett), won the Royal Hunt Cup and piece of plate value 500 sovs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, New Mile, at the Ascot Meeting.
19. Prince Solytkoff's ch.c. Gold, by Sterling—Lucetta, 4 years, 8 st. (F. Webb), won the Gold Cup, value 1,000 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h.ft., about 2½ miles, at the Ascot Meeting.
20. Mr. H. T. Fenwick's br.c. Day Dawn, by Muncaster—Reveillon, 3 years, 6 st. (Bradford) won the Wokingham Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, with 500 added, last three-quarters of New Mile, at the Ascot Meeting.
20. Gen. Byrne's ch.c. Amphion, by Speculum or Rosebery—Suicide, 4 years, 9 st. 12 lb. (T. Cannon), won the Hardwicke Stakes of 2,000 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 1½ miles, at the Ascot Meeting.
25. Mr. J. Lowther's ch.c. Houndsditch, by Peter—Clarissima, 4 years, 7 st. 11 lb. (H. Morgan), won the Northumberland Plate of 1,000 sovs. (with not less than 300 sovs. given from the fund), 2 miles, at the Newcastle and Gosforth Park Summer Meeting.

## May

## CRICKET.

27. At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Australians, former won by 7 wickets.
27. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Somerset, latter won by 78 runs.
28. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Surrey, former won by 108 runs.

## May

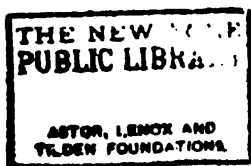
28. At Brighton, Sussex v. Gloucestershire, former won by 221 runs.
30. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Australians, latter won by an innings and 154 runs.
31. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Nottinghamshire, former won by 7 wickets.
31. At the Oval, Surrey v. Gloucester, former won by an innings and 152 runs.

## June

3. At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Australians, M.C.C. won by 7 wickets.
7. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Australians, drawn.
7. At Gravesend, Kent v. Nottinghamshire, drawn.
10. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Surrey, Surrey won by 61 runs.
10. At York, Yorkshire v. Kent, Yorkshire won by 8 wickets.
11. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Australians, drawn.
11. At Brighton, Sussex v. Nottinghamshire, Nottinghamshire won by an innings and 138 runs.
14. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Yorkshire, Yorkshire won by 166 runs.
14. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Australians, former won by innings and 26 runs.
18. At the Oval, South of England v. Australians, former won by 97 runs.
18. At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Nottinghamshire, latter won by 198 runs.
18. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Lancashire, former won by 73 runs.
21. At Lord's, Players of England v. Australians, former won by an innings and 263 runs.
21. At Brighton, Sussex v. Cambridge University, Cambridge won by 425 runs.\*
25. At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Australians, former won by 8 wickets.

\* Cambridge in their second innings score 70s for 9 wickets, a record in first-class cricket in England.

77<sup>a</sup> /





Charles Legard

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London, Ontario, 1870, New Bridge, 1st Aug. 1870

# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 366

AUGUST 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portrait of Sir CHARLES LEGARD, Bart.

Engraving of Lord George Bentinck's ch.f. MISS ELIS.

## Sir Charles Legard, Bart.

OF the Legard family in Yorkshire it may truly be said that they are "older than the oaks." Of Norman extraction, they became possessed of the Manor of Anlagbby—or Anlaby—near Hull, somewhere about the year 1100. By the marriage of the heiress of that name, Mr. Robert Legard appears to have been the first of his race to possess the manor of Anlaby, a portion of which is, we believe, still in possession of the family. The first of the Legards, however, to settle at Ganton, the pleasant seat of the present holder of the title, was John de

Ganton, a younger son of Ralph Legard of Anlaby. His great-grandson John was the first baronet. The father of the latter, however, was by no means unknown to fame, for he was a staunch Royalist, and a devoted adherent to King Charles I. in the time of the Civil Wars. His son duly inherited his father's principles; and he gave proof of his duty to Charles I. "by appearing with the first of those gentlemen who rode upon the back of General Lambert, under the command of Fairfax, and surprised York, in order to facilitate the march of General Monk out of Scotland." In other words, the loyal John Legard diverted Lambert's attention from General Monk, so that the latter might be the more free to promote the cause of the Restoration. For this signal service Mr. Legard was, in 1660, created a baronet. He died in 1678, leaving a son to worthily uphold the honour of the house.

The family crest—a greyhound or, collared sable—is sufficiently indicative of its sporting instincts; yet it is not with greyhounds that Sir Charles Legard takes his pleasure. Eleven miles from Scarborough (which place members of the Legard family, including the present baronet, have from time immemorial represented in Parliament) is Ganton Hall. As you walk up the carriage-drive, the remains of the old Hall are visible; but the present house is a modern one—built, indeed, by Sir Charles himself. Situate in a hollow under the Yorkshire Wolds, sport of several kinds lies ready to hand. The home coverts hold plenty of good foxes for Lord Middleton's hounds; and there is an abundance of rabbits for foxes and shooters. Captain Johnstone's hounds are also within reach, much of their country comprising the rough moorland between Whitby and Scarborough, and stretching some distance inland. Ganton Hall, however, is in Lord Middleton's country, and well are the foxes cared for. Up to the very doors of the smoking-room do they venture, and carry away sundry specimens of Spratts biscuits left out for their consumption—for foxes are found to be very fond of this comestible.

But Ganton has a sporting establishment of its own; and across the main road are Sir Charles Legard's kennels, wherein are the harriers and other hounds. Time was when Lord Middleton's wold country was, to a great extent, grass; though now it is nearly all under the plough; but before the stubble is broken up the wolds are capital riding, and form an excellent country for either foxhounds or harriers. Twenty couple, or thereabouts, of harriers are in kennel; a few are of pure harrier blood, but the majority are dwarf fox-hounds, and some excellent blood is represented. Sir Charles Legard's hunting neighbours (Lord Middleton and Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone) lend a helping hand when necessary. The names of Lord Middleton's Boaster, Gallant, and Gambler; Captain Johnstone's Mountebank and Workman, appear in the hound list. Mr. George



Lane Fox's kennel is also represented, as his Dancer, Sailor, and Smoker are the sires of some of the harriers, while there is blood from the Belvoir, Lord Yarborough's, Lord Portsmouth's and the Holderness kennels. What with fox and hare hunting, autumn and winter pass merrily enough; and, as soon as the "rigours of an English spring" are over and the sun shines forth, Sir Charles Legard is out with his otter-hounds; so very few idle weeks have to be filled up at Ganton. The otter hounds are a comparatively new institution, yet they have shown some excellent sport, in spite of some of their water being unfavourable. The bulk of the pack are of the true otter-hound strain, whose music cannot well be surpassed; but Sir Charles, like some other Masters, and especially Masters who are also fox-hunters, has a fondness for including some fox-hounds in his pack. As soon as he has stooped to the scent of the otter, "the dash of the fox-hound" distinguishes him in his new vocation, as in his own more proper sphere, and Sir Charles Legard regards some fox-hounds as among his best friends in otter-hunting, although, in the matter of tongue, they must, perhaps, play second fiddle to their shaggy brethren. Sir Charles Legard, by the way, joined the 43rd Light Infantry after leaving Eton; he succeeded his elder brother in 1866; was once M.P. for Scarborough, and is a kindly, and therefore popular, country gentleman, living among his own people for the best part of the year, in a neighbourhood where good sportsmen are the rule and not the exception.

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## The Roedeer.

THE roedeer, the most beautiful of the British *Cervidæ*, is found in most of the countries of Europe, from the shores of the Mediterranean in the south, to Sweden in the north; while eastwards its range extends as far as the Caucasus. Throughout the Middle Ages—and, indeed, until a comparatively modern period—the hills of Caledonia, according to Logan, "were covered with roe and red deer." Simultaneously with the destruction and decay of woods—no less than the expansion of husbandry and sheep-farming—the habitats of the roe were gradually circumscribed. Pennant, who recorded his impressions in 1771, writes of it as then non-existent south of Perthshire. Since that date, however, it has reappeared in many parts of Scotland, and England as well, from which for many years it had been an exile. The afforesting of lands, the protection of game, and the replanting of woods, have each largely contributed to this result.

Of all British game, roedeer are amongst the most erratic

in their social relations. They are not uniformly gregarious, neither are they always solitary. Season regulates their intercourse as much as any circumstance. In autumn they may be seen in companies of half a dozen, at other times they consort in pairs, or an individual may be seen inhabiting a thicket or on the hillside. Extremely fastidious in choice of food, they require a large extent of territory to provide them sustenance. Hence the surprising superiority of the roedeer of some localities. They are partial to situations where well-watered cover intersected by meadows of natural grasses and verdant fields prevail. Hilly ground, diversified by green corries and valleys—umbrageous glades where springs abound and moorlands cleared of sheep—prove irresistible attractions. Prior to parturition, which occurs in May, the maternal parent retires to a secluded spot. The offspring, which is singular (twins being exceptional), has a row of circular white marks running along either side of the spinal column, and over the ribs the hair is irregularly spotted. The fawn, in infancy, is concealed until able to follow the parent with ease; it is suckled until the beginning of winter. Then the rudimentary antlers of the young bucks sprout in the form of simple snags. In the following year the horns are larger, and bear a single tine, which projects forwards, resembling the brow antler of a stag; and in the third year a second tine shoots forth in a posterior direction near the apex. The horns are now bifurcated, and the number of tines is complete. Pennant is in error when he remarks that they are trifurcated in the fourth year; they seldom or never are. The beam and tines continue to increase in length and thickness, and the pearls to develop, until the seventh year, and in some instances till a greater age is attained. The heads of our insular animals rarely exceed eleven inches in length; but on the Continent—and particularly in Germany, where roedeer are numerous—trophies of fifteen and sixteen inches long are procured. The limit of life of roedeer is about fifteen years.

The excitement of stalking or killing driven roe can only be fully realised by those who have participated in the sport. In after-life the memory dwells with rapturous delight "on the happy days gone by, that have the charm of visionary things." The reminiscences of the angler harks back to his first salmon, so also the deer-slayer cherishes most fondly his earliest experiences. Petrarch's sonnets to Laura, Chaucer's "Assembly of Fowles," Spenser's "Faërie Queene," fade rapidly from remembrance; but the incidents of these sporting days are imperishable. I will recount. We are "far from the madding crowd," roaming over unfrequented hill-lands in the North. It is winter, and the ground is covered with snow; every place calculated to hold roe has been scanned. The day is far spent, and the western mountains are bathed in the radiance of the

declining orb. We are about to relinquish the search, when suddenly one of us discovers the slot of a pair on the confines of a hazel-wood. The canopy is "a breathless wilderness of clouds," and the scene around us is "hushed in profound repose," save for the babbling of the river—"an unruly child of mountain birth"—as it pursues its course through the valley below. We are ignorant of the position of the game. The keeper is instructed to creep stealthily through the cover to reconnoitre, and we await his return. After the lapse of half an hour he reappears, and motions an advance. On arriving near their retreat we perceive them feeding on a green plateau flanked by a belting; still approach is impracticable. There are three guns; each is posted, and the keeper makes a *détour* to get beyond the deer. His object is attained. They do not perceive him, and only hear his tread among the fallen foliage. Seized with alarm, they look about suspiciously, with ears erect, and scamper away in different directions—one bounding hillwards, the other descending towards the water. They have not been frightened, only disturbed, and neither travel far. The buck, on the upside, is headed when he comes thundering downhill towards cover, scurrying past the stripling of the party, within fifty yards. The opportunity—probably the last for some time—is not to be lost. With commendable coolness he empties his right barrel, and in a twinkling the fleet buck is bowled over. A second shot resounds from the stream-side, and then a third. We hasten thither, to find the doe dead on the off bank. Both are bled, and strapped upon the horse, and we proceed homewards; the major, a jovial Saxon, though unsuccessful, is the most hilarious of the party. We were mischievously unkind, and began to speculate. Every effect has its cause, says the sceptic Hume. An Englishman's heart always warms in presence of a good buck which he can call all his own. Roe are frequently stalked with rifle in the open, and often coursed where suitable ground exists. Only those who have seen them pursued by swift dogs, bounding over miles of table-land, climbing undulating hills, or skipping along the summit or side of a range, can form an accurate conception of their speed. Bewick relates the touching story of a buck which had been hunted out of Scotland, through Cumberland, and many parts of the North of England; on every occasion it left the best dogs far in the rear. Had it not been for an accident which it sustained in crossing an ice-covered river, it might have defied for years its canine pursuers and inhuman persecutors. Their venison is preferred by many connoisseurs to that of red and fallow deer; and it is in season when no other is, excepting "eild" hind. Pennant and many authors esteem it dry and sapless; they must have partaken of it when unseasonable. Roe are not in condition and flavour in autumn, when most

are killed. They arrive at the acme of perfection in December, before severe weather has wasted their frames; then the kidneys are covered with fat, and the flesh would captivate an epicurean accustomed to the most *recherché* dishes.

Unlike red deer, which are polygamous, roe are monogamous. Until the middle of the present century gross misconceptions were entertained regarding the periods of pairing and gestation. Bewick (Newcastle, 1807) remarks that the rutting season begins in October, continues for fifteen days, and that the doe goes with young for five months and a half. That conclusion, though antiquated and erroneous, is still received as the gospel of truth in many parts. Their retiring habits and nature—less demonstrative than that of red deer—do not admit of casual observation; they call for persistent watching. We are under obligations to Continental scientists for the knowledge we possess on the subject. Dr. Zeigler, who wrote in 1843, expressed an opinion that the pairing season varies between July and August, thus discountenancing the older creed entirely. Professor Bischoff, who in 1854 gave the result of his observations, extending over a period of years, confirmed Zeigler, and made a signal advance in elucidating the laws which regulate gestation of roe. Hitherto the *fœtus* had not been found before the month of January—a fact which lent colour to the theory prevalent anterior to his discovery. Bischoff was at pains to demonstrate that the *ovum* generated in July or August continues stationary and microscopically minute for four months and a half; after which quiescence it increases in size, rapidly developing till its maturity in May, the period from sexual intercourse to birth being about forty weeks.

Many distinguished naturalists have described the roe as untameable. "To err is human," and we must arrogate to ourselves divinity enough to forgive them. Not only is it tameable, it is even domesticable. I might enlarge and tell entertaining tales of its behaviour and companionship in association with higher intelligence, but one or two instances must suffice for the present. In the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural History* for 1836 it is told that a young buck, captured in spring in a forest, became the devoted companion of a young lady, from whose society he refused to be severed. She had to leave home, and her young playmate pined and refused to be comforted. On the first day after her departure it would not rise, on the second it improved and partook of food, and on the third its fair friend visited it, when it reciprocated "with ardour all the caresses she bestowed"; but, sad to relate, when she bade it adieu it "lay down and rose no more." An English gentleman, writes Mr. Colquhoun, in the *Moor and the Loch*, wished to have a pair of wild ones. Those in the islands on Lochlomond were in the habit of swimming from

isle to isle, and could be induced to take to the water, when their capture could be easily effected. A couple were secured and sent to their destination. "In a short time they became quite domesticated, and would eat from the hand of their keeper." The same distinguished sportsman and his brothers, when youths, tamed another roe. It also would feed in the same fashion, and evinced a preference for the leaves of the mountain ash—a memo. for those who are planters of cover. Blackgame are also partial to the fruit; thus the tree is useful as well as ornamental.

D. A. M.

## Lion Hunting at the Cape Sixty Years Ago.

THE following record of personal adventures, compiled either at the actual time of occurrence, or very shortly afterwards was found among the papers of the late General Henry Eyre. This officer passed the earlier part of his service in the 98th Regiment, when he was a brother officer of, and an intimate associate with, Lord Clyde, Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, General H. Teesdale, R.A., and many other distinguished old soldiers whose names were, a few years ago, "familiar in our mouths as household words." Later, he commanded the Chatham district, and was especially associated with numerous important committees for remodelling the administration of various departments in the army. He died in April, 1889.

The paper is thus headed in the original :

"FORSITAN HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

A copy of a Norfolk schoolboy's attempt, more than half a century ago, to keep a record of his adventures just after joining his regiment in South Africa, which in those days was a fairyland of wild sports.

In March, 1830, having made all our arrangements for the lion hunt, we assembled at Fort Beaufort, an outpost on the Kaffir frontier, and thence we proceeded to a part of the country called the "Bontebuck Flats." Our party consisted of Cox, Aitchison, Warden—all of the Cape Mounted Rifles—McKenzie, and myself. We were accompanied by about twenty persons (wagon-drivers, servants, etc.). Three wagons contained our tents, provisions, and corn for our thirty horses. Having started from Beaufort, we slept the first night at old Tromp's—formerly a sergeant in the Cape Corps—a Hottentot of the Kat River Settlement. Here we provided ourselves with a cow, some sheep, vegetables, etc.

Continuing our route next day, we were followed by several Boers and Hottentots, some with their wagons and others with pack-horses, for the purpose of carrying home the flesh of the bucks that we were likely to kill. These people took this opportunity of visiting the Bontebuck Flat, considering themselves to be protected by us from the lions, by the fear of which they were prevented going to shoot some of the astonishing number of different antelope to be found there. We encamped the second night at the Klip Plat River. The first game we met with was a herd of gnus, and following these we soon fell in with immense herds of bontebucks, hartebeasts, quaggas, and springbucks. We were soon scattered in different directions riding after the game, when one of the quick-eyed Hottentots was seen on an eminence, with his hat held up on the end of his gun. This we had arranged was to be the signal to the rest of the party should anyone descry lions. We were soon all at the spot, when the man pointed out to us a lion about a quarter of a mile off, close to some springbucks, on which he was stealing like a cat. This we could perceive with the assistance of a glass. We galloped towards him, and when he found we were approaching he raised himself, and stood looking steadily at us for a short time; then he turned away, and went off at a tolerably quick pace, followed by a lioness which we had not before seen. They stopped occasionally to look at us, then again retreated; and we had to gallop at a good rate to overtake them. At length, after our pursuing them about a mile and a half, they changed their pace to a very slow and independent walk. When we were about a hundred yards from them, the lion suddenly faced about and saluted us with a roar. He then very deliberately crouched, his tail in constant movement, his eyes glaring on us, an attitude such as to enable him to spring. On his facing us, we had dismounted with haste; and we advanced to within forty yards of him, ready as we approached to fire in a moment. Nothing could exceed his ferocious appearance while we were advancing towards him. This was the first lion I had ever fallen in with, and the few moments of our approach to him were the most exciting I had ever experienced. Seeing that he was about to spring at us, some of the party fired, but they were in too great a hurry; for although wounded, the lion seemed little disabled. He turned, however, and made his way across a small dry river bed, and was attempting to climb a bank when a shot brought him down, and after a moment's pause he again came right gallantly at us. In this attack we shot him dead. We now went in search of his female companion, but she refused to leave her place of concealment among some reeds. We fired a few shots into the place on the chance of driving her out, but not succeeding we ventured in, and we then found that one

of these chance shots had killed her. We skinned the two and drew lots for the skins. The whole time I had been in Africa—which was three years prior to this—I had been devoted to sporting, and I had been very fortunate; but my shooting having till now been in the south, not more than a hundred and fifty-six miles from Cape Town, I had met with nothing more formidable than the wolf and the jackal. As may be supposed, I was delighted with this day's shooting. We saw no more lions, but in the course of the day passed through immense herds of large game of all sorts, especially bontebucks and gnus. They were, however, very wild. We reached the place of rendezvous some time before the wagons. We off-saddled and turned our horses out to graze. A large herd of bontebucks came rushing down the hill under which we were lying, as if pursued. Seeing our horses, they mistook them for wild animals, and joined them; but they quickly found out their mistake, and galloped away. In consequence of the vast quantity of game that we found in this neighbourhood, we determined to stay there a day or two; for it naturally follows that where there is most game the greater is the chance of there being lions also. Next morning after breakfast we set out, and, after riding about the greater part of the day without seeing any lions, we at length began to pursue the antelope, at which we got occasional random shots. Some of the party having observed a wounded bontebuck separate from the herd, they endeavoured to ride it down. They lost sight of the animal for some time, but, proceeding in the direction it had taken, they saw a lion and two lionesses tearing it to pieces. These retreated on the near approach of the party. The lion, followed by the two lionesses, ran a short distance, when he faced his pursuers and crouched. The lionesses did the same, about fifty yards behind him, as if in his support. Having dismounted, the party advanced to about forty paces from the lion. They fired, but he seemed unhurt, and rushed upon his foes. Fortunately the second barrels were discharged with more effect. He was a magnificent animal. The lionesses had retreated during this engagement, and we were unable to find them again. I was not with the party when they shot this last lion, and when I joined them he was dead. I had been following the herds of bontebucks so eagerly that I lost the party altogether, and I had no notion in which direction to look for them. I had shot a quagga and a springbuck, and went to some high ground to look round me. No one who has not actually seen the sight can believe what a vast quantity of vultures abound in this part of South Africa. When an animal is shot, although the eye may search the heavens, not one of these birds is to be seen. I have frequently remarked this when I have shot an animal; but no sooner have I got fifty paces from it than it became

literally covered with these birds, which descend from every direction. On this occasion I observed the vultures converging in great numbers to a place some distance from me. I knew that something must recently be dead there; and concluded that my party had been killing game. I was thus led to where I found the bontebuck, from which our party had driven the lion.

The next day we directed the wagons to a spot at the foot of the Winvogleberg, well suited for an encampment, and having made a long day's search for lions without success, we proceeded campwards, meeting a vast quantity of game on our way, as well as several wolves and a pack of wild dogs in pursuit of a herd of bontebucks.

Winvogleberg is a very large mountain named after a famous bushman chief, who with his followers made this mountain his stronghold, and infested this wild country. A few Bushmen still remain there, it is said; but we met with none, though we saw traces of them. While pitching our tents under the shade of some mimosa trees, we were greatly surprised to see several wild geese fly out of them, and we found huge nests in the trees, some having eggs in them. This is the only spot in this part of the country where the smallest bush or tree is to be found. The oxen and horses were secured near our tents; but the lions never attacked them, though we occasionally heard them roar at no great distance. Wolves, as is always the case in this country, came close to our encampment.

The next day we went out as usual, and the quantity of game we saw during the morning astonished us. Bontebucks and springbucks were the most numerous. Gnus also were in immense herds, as well as quaggas. Hartebeasts were less plentiful. The quantity of game which we saw on this expedition was extraordinary. I have been on two expeditions to the same country since, but have never met with the same numbers, although always a great quantity. Notwithstanding the large numbers of these various animals that surrounded us, it was not without much difficulty, and very hard riding, that we could shoot any. In the course of the afternoon, with the assistance of a glass, we discovered at a great distance a fine lion, comfortably regaling himself upon the body of a fine gnu, which he had killed, and of which little remained but the head. On our near approach he decamped, but leisurely, perhaps from being gorged, and we had not pursued him far when he faced us. We instantly left our horses and advanced to him. When we were within about fifty paces of him he rose, but seemed undecided whether to come on or to retire. Two of the party fired, when he turned from us, and for a moment appeared unhurt; but he had only gone a few paces when he fell dead, a ball having passed through his lungs.



One of our party, Captain Aitchison, accompanied by his servant, had lost us ; but on rejoining us he informed us that he had seen three lions, and had left his man to observe them while he made search for us. We soon reached the place, and had a full view of a very fine lion and two females ; we at once gave chase, whereupon one of the females deserted her two companions and took a different direction. We pursued the two into a sort of river bed or succession of pools of water, round which grew reeds very high and thick. When we reached the place into which they had betaken themselves we dismounted, and went nearly to the edge of the reeds, shouting and hallooing with a view to drive them out ; but in this we failed, till one of us taking up a large bone which was lying at our feet, threw it into the middle of the rushes. It seemed to have fallen on the lion, for he instantly gave a loud roar, at the same time rushing furiously towards us. He was an immense animal, with a very shaggy black mane, and his noble head scarcely appeared outside the reeds when he received seven balls and fell dead at our feet. We now made search for the lioness, and presently found her crouching in a pool of water, with her eyes fixed on our party, and apparently watching her opportunity to spring ; but she was considerably below us, and our shots killed her on the spot. We off-saddled and skinned the two. Proceeding along the river, we expected to meet with more lions every instant, from the terror in which our horses appeared to be. However, we saw none. I reached Beaufort late that night, and was at Graham's Town at twelve next day, having ridden my poor horse much too hard. In consequence he was near departing this life ; however, he recovered, and never did horse better service to his master than he did for two years afterwards.

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## General Peel.

BY THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS LAWLEY.

It has often been a matter of surprise to the many surviving friends of General Peel, that none of his sons has undertaken the filial duty of publishing a biography of the distinguished and universally-respected man whose name they bear. With the exception of the first and second Sir Robert Peel, the General is undoubtedly the most illustrious member of a family which owes its origin, or at any rate its wealth, to the first baronet ; and seeing that the subject of this article has been in his grave for more than eleven years, it is to be feared that no memoir, giving the history of his life, and exhibiting his spotless

character, will ever see the light. Yet it is certain that the racing, social, and political career of Jonathan Peel would afford ample material for one of the most instructive and engaging of narratives, if the hand that traced it were competent to the task. There have been many patrons and supporters of the British Turf during the last two centuries, against whose integrity and scrupulous sense of honour in every transaction not a whisper could be breathed. Such men are to be found in every sphere of life; and if I now go out of my way to mention one of them—William Davies, "the Leviathan"—by name, it is because I have myself heard General Peel speak of him as the most remarkable man he had ever encountered in his long experience. But although there are now, and have always been, many men connected with the Turf who were and are utterly incapable of a dishonourable thought, I know none who in chivalrous delicacy of feeling could compare with Jonathan Peel. One writer who could undoubtedly have done justice to his friend's life, and who wielded a singularly forcible and graceful pen—the late Earl of Strafford—has passed away, leaving behind him only a few letters expressive of his warm appreciation and admiration of his former confederate. In one of these letters he pleads that "seventy-six reasons protest against his attempting to compose a book," although his handwriting was firm and his memory unshaken to the last, when his seventy-six reasons had grown into eighty. But in the absence of a "Life of General Peel" from Lord Strafford's hand, it is but too probable that none will ever be written now.

Mr. Charles Greville, who well knew the second Sir Robert Peel, and Jonathan Peel, his brother, has slightly exaggerated the magnitude of the fortune left behind him by the first baronet on his death, in 1830. "Charles Grant" (afterwards Lord Glenelg), writes Mr. Greville, in 1831, "gave me a curious account of old Sir Robert Peel. He was the younger son of a merchant, and his fortune (very small) was left to him in the house out of which he was forbidden to take it. He gave up the fortune and started in business without a shilling, but as the active partner of two other men—Yates (whose daughter he afterwards married) and another—who made up £6,000 between them. From this small beginning he left £22,000 a year in land and £450,000 in the Funds to his eldest son, £250,000 a-piece to his five younger sons, and £60,000 each to his three daughters. In his lifetime he gave his eldest son £12,000 a year, and £3,000 a year to each of the others, spending about £3,000 on himself. He was always giving them money, and for objects some of which it might have been thought that he would have undervalued. He paid for the house at Drayton, near Tamworth, when he built it."

The exact sum left by the first Sir Robert Peel to each of his five younger sons was, I believe, rather more than £200,000, out of which the General derived an income of £9,000 a year. It may be presumed that one of the objects spoken of by Mr. Greville, which it might have been thought that the first Sir Robert would undervalue, was horse-racing, of which his third and fifth sons, Edmund and Jonathan, were ardent votaries from their earliest years. Edmund was born in 1791, and Jonathan in 1799, and when the latter was called as a witness before Lord Rosebery's Horse Committee, on June 16, 1873, his evidence disclosed that his connection with the Turf began in 1820, when he was just of age. In answer to the Duke of Richmond's question—"I believe you have had considerable experience in the breeding of horses?" General Peel replied: "I have had more than fifty years' experience. The first animal I ever bred was in the year 1821. I was then a confederate with my brother, Mr. Edmund Peel, and in 1823—just fifty years since—we won three two-year-old races with the filly in question; and in the following year she ran for the Oaks, and finished second to Lord Jersey's Cobweb."

The "filly in question" was, in colour, a grey, and was called Fille de Joie, being a daughter of Filho da Puta. She started but thrice as a two-year-old, in little races at Lichfield, Walsall, and Stafford, all of which she won, and she continued to run in public until 1828, when she was seven years old. She was trained at Hednesford, and was one of the first brood mares ever owned by Colonel Peel, in whose possession she remained till she died, in 1841. Her judicious owner, always a firm believer in fashionable blood, mated her with Bedlamite, Emilius, Sultan, Camel, Velocipede, Touchstone, and Slane, but without remunerative results, although I believe he sold some of her progeny for good prices to the foreigners. It is in association with this mare that Colonel Peel's name first appears in the "Stud Book"; and the entry shows that he was a Colonel when not yet thirty years old. In those stormy days boys entered the army when they had not yet abjured jackets, and we find that Jonathan Peel, having been born in October, 1799,\* was gazetted Ensign in the Rifle Brigade on June 15, 1815, one day before Quatre Bras and three days before Waterloo. As in the not dissimilar case of the great Duke of Wellington, some mysterious influence "behind the throne," as Lord Chatham would have phrased it, or *dessous les cartes*, as we should now say, presided over and assisted the rapid promotion of both.

On March 7, 1787, the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, then in his eighteenth year, received his first commission as an Ensign in the 73rd Foot, and in the same year was gazetted as Lieutenant to the 76th Foot. Within eighteen months he was transferred, still as a subaltern, to the 41st Foot, and then to the 12th Light

Dragoons. On June 30, 1791, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the 58th Foot, from which he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons in 1792. In the April of 1793 he obtained his Majority in the 33rd Foot, a regiment which has since been honoured with the proud title of "The Duke of Wellington's Own," and in which he proceeded to his Lieutenant-Colonelcy and Colonelcy. "These rapid exchanges," writes one of the great Duke's many biographers, "bespeak the operation of unusual interest in pushing the young soldier forward, for in those days an officer ordinarily continued in the corps to which he was first gazetted, and to which his hopes, prospects, and connections were mainly confined."

The Duke of Wellington was born in 1769, and became a Colonel in 1796, when he was twenty-seven years old. Jonathan Peel was born in 1799, and became a Colonel in 1826, when twenty-eight years old, as the following record will show :—

He was gazetted Ensign in the Rifle Brigade in 1815, before he had reached his fifteenth birthday; was transferred as Lieutenant in 1818 to the 90th Foot, in which he only remained three weeks; and his next move, after a few months of half-pay, was to the 71st Foot, which he joined in February, 1819. In 1821 he was gazetted a Captain in the 2nd West India Regiment, which he never joined, but passed on in 1822 to the 1st Foot Guards (now the Grenadiers), in which he served until he became a Major in 1825. In 1826 he joined the 69th Foot; and in 1827 became Lieutenant-Colonel in the 53rd Foot, gaining his full Colonelcy in 1841, becoming Major-General in 1854, and Lieutenant-General in 1859. In August, 1863, he withdrew from active service by selling his commission. Thus it will be seen that for nearly fifty years he was in the army, although it was never his good fortune to hear a bullet whistle in anger. This circumstance was ungenerously thrown in his teeth when he was Secretary for War; and at an earlier date, when he was making a speech on military matters just after the Crimean War, Sir De Lacy Evans reproached him with not having been present at the Alma and Inkerman. "It was not my fault," urged General Peel, in reply; and with perfect truth, seeing that he left no stone unturned to induce the War Office to send him to the front in 1854. Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, was his senior by eleven years; Sir John Burgoyne by seventeen; Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) by eight; Sir De Lacy Evans by twelve; Lord Cardigan by two; and Sir James Simpson (the successor to Lord Raglan) by seven years. In 1854 General Peel, then in his fifty-fifth year, was made of adamant or granite. He passed through life until he was eighty years old, without experiencing a single serious illness; and men who were young enough to be his grandsons often wondered at the vigour and insensi-

bility to "skiey influences" which he displayed when sitting upon his horse, watching the issue of a great race at Newmarket, with no great coat to protect him from the bitter cold of a November day. He had about him every qualification that goes to the creation of a good soldier: masterful courage, great presence of mind, the perfection of good sense, extreme unselfishness, abundant sympathy with others, and the rarely given attribute of attaching and getting the best out of all with whom he came into contact, whether high or low. Among the many mistakes made during the Crimean War, none was more to be regretted than the refusal of the War Office to allow General Peel to take part in it. The war came at a moment when he was desirous of suspending his active connection with the Turf, as he feared that his example might be disadvantageous to his sons, then budding into manhood. But it was his misfortune to have been born just too late to serve in the Napoleonic Wars, and he was voted to be "*inutile lignum*" by men who had not half his energy and little of his general capacity.

Long before the advent of 1854, General Peel had established his reputation as the best matchmaker in England, in an age when there were sometimes as many as eleven races of that kind at Newmarket on the same day. "Nimrod," *alias* Mr. C. J. Apperley, writes in his celebrated *Quarterly Review* article of 1833, "With the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the Turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Among them is Archibald (by Paulowitz), the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas in 1832, and also of the Newmarket St. Leger, in which he beat Margrave and Beiram. The Colonel is a heavy speculator, and loses with a philosophic indifference worthy of a better cause. His brother, Mr. Edmund Peel, has a large stud at Hednesford, in Staffordshire, where he has erected excellent buildings for their accommodation."

It is not true that, "with the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Peels had a taste for the Turf." Of the first Sir Robert's six sons, only two—Edmund and Jonathan—were fond of racing, and Edmund's success at the game was in the inverse ratio to that of his younger brother. One of the best horses ever owned by Mr. Edmund Peel was Dr. Faustus, the sire of The Chandler, the stoutest steeplechaser and finest fencer that ever won the Liverpool Grand National. Dr. Faustus was bred at Hooton by Sir Thomas Massey Stanley; but in a letter from the pen of Captain William Peel (son of Mr. Edmund Peel), which appears in the *Sportsman* of January 16, 1877, that fine steeplechase rider speaks of The Chandler as having been bred by Sir Edward Scott, of Great

Barr, near Birmingham, and having been got by Dr. Faustus, "who belonged to Mr. Edmund Peel, of Bonehill House."

Here let me step aside for a moment to trace, briefly, General Peel's political career. He was elected as Conservative member for Norwich in 1826, and returned in 1831 for Huntingdon, which he continued to represent until he retired from Parliament in 1868. From 1841 to 1846 he held office under his brother, Sir Robert Peel, as Surveyor-General of the Ordnance; from the January of 1858 until the June of 1859 he sat in Lord Derby's Cabinet as Secretary of State for War; and in Lord Derby's third Administration he was again at the head of the War Department from June, 1866, to March, 1867. For these reasons the evidence given by him before Lord Rosebery's Horse Committee in 1873 is the more deserving of attention, because he spoke as one of the most successful breeders and owners of racehorses recorded in the "Book Calendar," and secondly, as a member of Parliament of nearly fifty years' standing, and as a statesman to whom the conduct of one of the most important departments had been confided.

"Your experience," asked Lord Rosebery, "is chiefly in breeding thoroughbred stock, is it not?"

General Peel: "Yes, so far as my own breeding is concerned; but I have had many opportunities of judging of the breed produced by a cross between thoroughbred horses and half-bred mares."

Lord Rosebery: "Would you say that the number of horses of that class has increased or diminished in the last fifty years?"

General Peel: "The number of thoroughbreds must have increased very much, as I see by the last 'Stud Book' that there are now nearly 3,000 brood-mares."

Duke of Richmond: "In point of quality, without going into racing, would you say that the thoroughbred of the present day is a better or a worse animal than he used to be?"

General Peel: "I should say that there are quite as good horses now as there were at any former period, but that there are more bad horses bred in proportion to the good ones than was formerly the case; and for this reason—the whole system of breeding is altered. Formerly, the proprietors of racehorses were the breeders of them; they had, each of them, their own brood-mares and their own paddocks; they generally selected the sire which in their opinion would suit their mares best, and engaged the produce in foal stakes, yearling stakes, and so on. They kept and bred young stock entirely for the purpose of their own racing. At that time it would have been very difficult indeed to purchase yearlings; now nine-tenths of the horses foaled are bred for sale. The result is that a great many more horses are bred now than was formerly the case; and, in my opinion, there are a great many more bad

ones in proportion to the good ones. I am borne out in this by the fact that, although there are now very few private breeders as compared with public breeders, almost all the great stakes are won by animals bred by the former, and not by animals that were purchased."

Seventeen years have passed since these words were spoken, and within that period the production of thoroughbred yearlings for sale has increased at such a rate that it is difficult to imagine what General Peel would have thought had he been present last June at Hampton Court—where his own horse Orlando once stood—to see a filly knocked down for nearly £6,000. With what feelings, again, would he contemplate two July Meetings at Newmarket, at the first of which twenty-three yearlings were sold for four figures apiece; while, at the second, Mr. Broderick Cloete's nine averaged nearly £1,150.

Mr. J. B. Muir's recently published work, "*Raciana*; or *Riders' Colours from 1762 to 1883*," is replete with interest to Turf antiquarians, and has involved an amount of labour and skilled research in connection with its compilation of which ordinary and inexperienced readers can form little conception. If, however, the painstaking author of "*Raciana*" would enlighten those who are spared to read his second, or perhaps his third, edition, with information as to the breeders of every Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winner for the last 110 years or thereabouts, he would confer an additional benefit upon all who love to delve among the mines of the forgotten past. One thing is abundantly certain—to wit, that many more Derby winners have been purchased as yearlings in the last fifty-five celebrations of the "blue ribbon of the Turf" than in the first fifty-five. Between 1780 and 1835 we come across a Sir Thomas, who was bred by Mr. Dawson, and won the Derby of 1788 for the Prince of Wales; a Mameluke, bred by Mr. Elwes, who won the Derby of 1827 for Lord Jersey; or a Spaniel, who, bred by Lord Egremont, won the Derby of 1831 for Lord Lowther. Between 1836 and 1890, however, winners who were purchased become much more numerous. Among them may be noticed—I do not pretend to give an exhaustive list—Little Wonder (1840); Attila (1842); Pyrrhus the First (1846); Cossack (1847); The Flying Dutchman (1849); Voltigeur (1850); Teddington (1851); Andover (1854); Musjid (1859); Thormanby (1860); Macaroni (1863); Lord Lyon (1866); Hermit (1867); Pretender (1869); Doncaster (1873); Galopin (1875); Sir Beyys (1879); Iroquois (1881); St. Gatien and Harvester (1884); Merry Hampton (1887), and Sainfoin (1890), none of which were bred by the owners whose colours they carried on the Derby Day. Hence the inordinate eagerness with which promising yearlings are now purchased at phenomenal prices in the sale ring, and hence the revolution in breeding statistics, which General Peel noticed in 1873 as having happened in his time.

That time began, as we have seen, in 1823, but was at its climax between 1830 and 1850, to be resumed in the General's declining years. It is impossible—nor indeed would it be desirable—within the space at my command to attempt to recapitulate all the horses which carried General Peel's colours between 1830 and 1879. Those colours—purple jacket and orange cap—were registered in 1824, and remained unchanged until their owner died. But it may be noticed, parenthetically, that from 1831—when the name of Elnathan Flatman, commonly called Nat, first appears in the *Racing Calendar*, in which, by the way, it was on one or two occasions spelt “Knatt”—until 1850, the matches lost by Colonel Peel were few indeed. Two matches are worthy of special mention here. In 1836 Lord Chesterfield “the magnificent”—himself no mean matchmaker—had such an opinion of his four-year-old colt, Hornsea, who had run second to Queen of Trumps for the St. Leger of 1835, and had won the Goodwood Cup in 1836, that he matched him “to give” Colonel Peel's chestnut three-year-old colt, Slane, six pounds more than weight for age, over the Ditch Mile, in the Second October Meeting. The betting was 11 to 8 on Hornsea, but Slane went in first by three lengths. Again, in 1837, Lord George Bentinck, whose horses still ran in the name of Mr. Bowe (a tavern-keeper at Doncaster), had the audacity to pit his two-year-old colt, Grey Momus, over the T.Y.C. at Newmarket, against Colonel Peel's Vulture (afterwards the dam of Orlando), when she was four years old, and perhaps the speediest animal in England. The match came off on the first day of the Houghton Meeting, 1837, and Colonel Peel's Vulture, 10st. 3lb. (Pavis), made short work of Mr. J. Bowe's Grey Momus, 7 st., in a 1,000 sov. match. “Who can the idiot be,” inquired the fourth Duke of Portland, “who has ventured to match his two-year-old for a thousand against such a mare as Vulture?” Some weeks were yet to expire before his grace discovered that the idiot in question was his own son. As for the good horses bred by Colonel Peel between 1830 and 1850, I can enumerate but a few of them: Archibald, Bolivar, Non Compos, Lochinvar, Dey of Algiers, Ion, Paganini, Slane, Chatham, Cameleon, Vulture, Gibraltar, Castaway, Orlando, Ionian, Mr. Waggs, Iodine, Tadmor, Hardinge, Kingston, Malibran, Zenobia, Dacia, Taffrail, Murat, Sesostrius, Longinus, Lola Montes. The list might be made as long as that of Banquo's kings, which Macbeth feared would “stretch out to the crack of doom.”

It is not, however, so much with a view to tracing General Peel's racing career as to revealing his characteristics and idiosyncrasies that these fugitive pages have now been written. Three of his peculiar attributes remain yet to be disclosed; first, his intense appreciation of fun and love of anecdote; secondly, his extraordinary power of describing a race,



however large the field might have been ; and, thirdly, his chivalrous and romantic delicacy of feeling, which made him unwilling to take the slightest advantage of anybody, especially in pecuniary matters.

His intense appreciation of fun and love of anecdote were never more forcibly displayed than when he was in the company of Captain Gardner, of the 2nd Life Guards (better known as Tommy Gardner), who was one of the most humorous men of his day. Captain Gardner's horses were trained in Colonel Peel's stable, and he was always eager to avail himself of the Colonel's unerring judgment in the supervision of trials. Perhaps the two friends were seen at their best on the top of the late Sir Watkin Wynn's drag, as that popular heavy-weight drove them down to Gorhambury Park Races. Between 1838 and 1850 Gorhambury filled the place now occupied by Sandown and Kempton, except that it was even more fashionable and exclusive than its modern successors. Established in 1838 by the Earl of Verulam in his own park at Gorhambury, near St. Albans, the races were approached solely by road, and remained in great favour until they were destroyed by railroads about fifteen years later. They were greatly patronised by the Household Brigade, Foot Guards, and high life in general, and seldom came round without seeing officers in these regiments largely represented by horses that started for the Gorhambury Stakes or the Household Brigade Sweepstakes. The races took place each year just before the Derby, and occupied a position analogous to that of Bath Races, when railroads had made that hill-city as accessible to the metropolis as Gorhambury had been by road.

There are few now living who were present at Gorhambury Races when Tommy Gardner was in his prime, but among them may be included the present Duke of Richmond and Sir William Gregory. The latter well remembers going to the races in company with the late Earl of Eglinton, Colonel Peel, and Captain Gardner ; and the endless floods of anecdote which enlivened the journey down have not yet faded out of his memory. Writing upon June 7, 1885, Sir William Gregory exhibits Colonel Peel in another light :

"In my early days at Newmarket, Tommy Gardner, Jonathan Peel, Tom Crommelin, Nat (the jockey), and I formed ourselves into a band of devoted rat-hunters. In the October meetings Nat used to take us, after the races, accompanied by terriers and ferrets, to some oat-stacks scattered here and there about the precincts of the little town, for it was but a little town then. He would ride up to Peel on the Heath, with a knowing look, and touching his cap, would remark, 'I think we shall have a find to-day, Colonel' ; and so we had. Hardly had the ferrets been put into the stack before out tumbled the rats, and men and dogs were engaged in hot pursuit. One

afternoon Tommy Gardner was standing underneath the rick with his mouth wide open, when out jumped a huge rat and fell right upon the gaping orifice. 'God bless me, Captain!' exclaimed Nat, 'I thought it was old Squire Thornhill that was jumping down your throat.' We used to recount the details of our sport in the evening, after dinner, to the old Duke of Rutland, who was ground landlord of half Newmarket and its *entourage*, and took great interest in our proceedings. 'I am so much obliged to you, gentlemen,' he would exclaim, 'and to Flatman, for extirpating the rats, which were destroying the ricks.' He would not have been so gratified if he had known that I asked Nat one day how he found out the stacks which were infested with rats. 'Well, sir,' he replied, 'between you and me, there is not much difficulty. After the Second Spring Meeting I stock a rick or two here and there, and by the 1st of October they are ready for sport, and sometimes by the July Meeting.' On these occasions Colonel Peel was invariably the life and soul of the party."

General Peel's extraordinary keenness of eye when watching a great race, and the unerring rapidity of his glance, which nothing could escape, were well known to his contemporaries who dined with him at the Jockey Club Room after a Newmarket Handicap (which forty years since was one of the most important races in the *Calendar*), a Cesarewitch, or a Cambridgeshire. As he described the start, and then proceeded to recount every incident of the race—if within reach of his glass—no one ever ventured to interrupt him; but every listener received what he said with deferential attention. I remember staying with General (he was then Colonel) Peel at Livermere, a country house, distant about sixteen miles from Newmarket, in 1847, when I was an Oxford boy. Bob Peel (the Colonel's eldest son, now no more) was my contemporary and intimate friend at Balliol College; and I accompanied him to Livermere to spend part of the Easter vacation. On several days we drove in the Colonel's carriage to Newmarket, to attend the Craven Meeting, and to see his horses. I remember that one morning he got into the carriage with the "Sheet Calendar" in his hand, which he contemplated long and earnestly. It contained the just published weights for the Newmarket Handicap, in which there were about a hundred entries. As his eye approached the bottom of the list, he made a slight scratch with his nail against the name of a horse, exclaiming, *sotto voce*, "That will win!" Neither his son nor I dared to ask him which horse he meant, for he had the greatest aversion to betting among boys. When, however, he had laid down the "Sheet Calendar," I contrived to get hold of it, and clearly discerned the imprint of his nail against "Mr. W. H. Gregory's ch.c.

Clermont, 3 years, 4 st. 10 lb." On returning to Oxford, Bob Peel and I repaired to Bickerton's billiard rooms, in the High Street, the proprietor of which was the great University bookmaker, to whom sporting undergraduates invariably resorted. We asked him what price he would lay against an outsider for the Newmarket Handicap, and when we indicated the horse—a bad three-year-old with 4 st. 10 lb. on his back—he gladly laid us £200 to £5 apiece. Clermont had been bought as a yearling by his owner for £15, and ran twice or thrice badly as a two-year-old, having been amiss the whole year. In the autumn and winter he improved rapidly, and Sir W. Gregory conceived the idea of making a clean sweep with him of the five great handicaps: the Northamptonshire, the Newmarket, the Somersetshire, the Metropolitan, and the Chester Cup. Two of them (the Newmarket Handicap and the Metropolitan) he won, and was just beaten for the Northamptonshire and Somersetshire Stakes. If the ground had been dry it is by no means improbable that Clermont would have won four out of the five handicaps for which his able trainer—Treen, of Beckhampton—designed him; but the spring of 1847 was unusually wet, and Clermont's twisted ankles stopped him in the heavy ground. The good thing had been kept dark to an extent which, in 1890, appears incredible; but as a nameless two-year-old by Euclid, Clermont had caught Colonel Peel's attention at Goodwood in 1846; as well as that of John Kent, who tried to buy him from Treen.

If I had the whole of this article to write over again, the space which it occupies might easily be filled with anecdotes revealing the extraordinary chivalry, unselfishness, and sweetness of General Peel's disposition. As matters stand, I must content myself with two or three. It will be remembered that on the death of Lord Glasgow he was found to have bequeathed the whole of his stud to General Peel and Mr. George Payne. In 1874 or 1875 (I forget which) the yearlings belonging to the Glasgow stud brought a good average, and General Peel immediately sent a still living friend to Messrs. Tattersall requesting them to pay the whole amount to Mr. George Payne's account, and that he would settle with Mr. Payne afterwards. Sir Robert Morris, who married General Peel's second daughter, relates that his father-in-law once sold a filly to a lady who desired to lay the foundation of a thoroughbred stud. The price was eighty guineas, and the General was under the impression that his filly was four instead of three years old. Upon discovering his mistake he immediately sent a cheque for twenty guineas to the lady, insisting upon her taking it, on the ground that he had unintentionally deceived her. When he resolved to sell his

London house—8, Park Place, St. James's—many applicants coveted it with a view to converting it into a club. The price named by the General to the first customer was £10,000, and from this he would not budge, although the second eagerly offered him £15,000, and would have given more. To traffic and bargain about anything he had to sell seemed to him not becoming to a gentleman. It was notorious that just before his death he directed his wife to allow Joseph Dawson (his last trainer) to have Peter by Hermit for £3,000, although he had already refused 7,000 guineas for him from Mr. Padwick. The British Turf will doubtless continue to flourish as long as do these islands; but never will it number among its supporters a finer judge of racing, or a nobler patron than Jonathan Peel.

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## In the Gulf of Arta.

It was on a bright morning, early in December ten years ago, that a yacht of about forty tons (on whose deck I stood with a companion) forged slowly past the Citadel point at Corfu, on a light breeze. Friends standing on the pier beneath the grim old fort waved us sarcastic adieus. "Mind the brigands," said one; "Hope you'll come back safe," said another, for, contrary to the advice of the wise in such matters, we were bound on a sporting expedition to the Gulf of Arta.

At that period the southern shore of this gulf (Acarnania) bore an evil repute amongst the English gathered at Corfu. Robbers—brigands as they were euphemistically called—were wont to seize upon the unwary traveller, and, bearing him off to some distant fastness, detain him until ransom purchased deliverance.

My friend and I heeded little the gibes of the facetious group. We were more intent on following the course of our consort, a cutter that had weighed anchor some twenty minutes previously. She was now stretching, close-hauled, down the narrow strait between Corfu and Albania, upon a wind nearly due south. There was no small difference between the two craft. Our partner of thirty tons, brand new and fresh from England, sped lightly away under her clean, well-cut canvas; our vessel, an old, nearly circular cutter, though an excellent sea boat, lurched heavily along, making perhaps one knot to our swifter colleague's two. Jones, in his new ship, sailed *solus*, Thompson and I occupied the laggard.

Once clear of the Citadel, we felt the breeze, and the *Phæbe* bent down to her course and did her best. We were old *habitues* of the Ionian Sea; still we could not help dwelling on the scene. Behind us the sun glinted on the battlements and bastions, the roofs and spires of the town of Corfu. The island, a mass of dark olive trees and terraced vineyards, bore away south, and before us rose the coast of Epirus, its ragged mountains bathed in broad light and shadow, crowned with snow. Life even in the Mediterranean is not, however, all calm. Ominous clouds began to pile up to the southward, the wind freshened, and a drizzling misty rain set in; the dreaded Sirocco was upon us. "Der no use goin' on wid dis, Sah," cried Pasquali, our Sicilian skipper, as the afternoon drew on, and we made slight progress, tacking with a long leg and a short one down the channel. "Der no use in dis. We can't get into Prevesa vid dis wind. I see wat Mr. Jones goin' to do, his people takin de *Pelican* into San Giovanni, on de Albanian coast. We not able to do dat. 'Spose we anchor at Paxo?" Now Thompson and I were good sailors, still we did not care to go "bucketting about," beating southward all night, drenching our ship with green seas. "Make for Paxo," I said, and at dark we dropped anchor in the little land-locked port of Gaio, Paxo's capital. There was no need to tarry at this diminutive rock, an island, nevertheless, that produces the finest olives of the Ionian group. And our dogs having landed evening and morning for a run, we set sail at daylight to join our comrade. The weather had improved to a certain extent, though it was a misty, murky morning; but the *Phæbe* gallantly held her way through the cross sea, and we anchored beside the *Pelican* at midday. Jones was absent. Resolutely he had taken gun, dogs, and beater, and started for some neighbouring marshes. We would have followed, but hoped he might return and utilise the remainder of the day in prosecuting our voyage. Not a bit of it. Dusk was at hand ere the sportsman appeared. His bag consisted of a few snipe, a teal, and a mallard, but his expletives were numerous, when he referred to the depth and tenacity of the morasses around our port. There was nothing for it but a night in the somewhat exposed harbour. The swell raised by the Sirocco came sweeping in unhindered; yet the tossing had little effect upon our slumbers. Next morning we bid good-bye to San Giovanni, beating down the channel through scud and mist. As the two captains did not deem it wise to attempt the Straits of Prevesa, we underwent another night of expectation, and anchored at Santa Maura, chafing at delay. The following day rewarded our patience, the sun shone out brightly, the sea had gone down, and with a favouring wind we glided through the Straits.

Prevesa appeared a ruinous, poverty-stricken place; and the adjacent sea-coast scene as we approached was flat, sandy, and

uninteresting, though rugged ranges of mountains closed the horizon.

"Now," said Jones, whose previous knowledge of the locality entitled him to the post of leader, "we will not delay long here. As a matter of form, we must pay a visit to the Consul; as a matter of necessity, we must buy mutton, fowls, and vegetables. I know some lakes," he continued, "three or four hours' sail hence, which swarm with duck. Then to the woodcock ground, near the mouth of the river Arta, and afterwards across to Acarnania—good shooting, I can tell you!"

Duly we presented ourselves before the Consul, and explained the object of our visit to the Gulf. To shooting on Turkish territory he could not object; but when he heard we were bound for the neighbourhood of Vonizza, and that we proposed landing on Grecian ground, his attitude changed.

"Very wrong," he said; "you should not do so—the whole place swarms with robbers. Mind, I have warned you; I will not be responsible for your safety!"

We soothed the good man, suggested we could take care of ourselves, and that we would only shoot upon the coast line near our vessels. Then, returning on board, we weighed anchor. Our sporting expedition, under the auspices of Jones, had commenced.

With the *Pelican* leading, we stood out from Prevesa; and, skirting the coast, took an easterly course for a high promontory topped by a castellated fort some twenty-five miles distant. At the base of this height appeared a small curved bay, into which our friend's yacht ran, and we followed suit. One delay after another, however, had followed us; the wind was light and our progress slow. It was late in the afternoon before we reached our anchorage.

"Get ready quickly," roared Jones from the deck of the *Pelican*, "and we will have a turn at the ducks before dark."

In an instant all was preparation; and while below seeking our guns and donning boots and gaiters, we heard a strange commotion on deck. Cable-chains clanked—hawser were dragged to and fro—our captain and crew seemed mad! I heard much chaff and peals of laughter from our sister yacht. "What is it?" I asked, when I came on deck, and found two anchors out and a hawser made fast on shore; "what is the matter, Pasquali?" "What de debbel dese fellas laugh at me for? I know what I 'bout. Dis very old ship, Sah, very old gear; not like dat new boat. Dat's what comin', Sah." As he spoke drops of rain pattered on the deck, and I saw that the sky had clouded over, and a vicious squall was upon us from the westward. On it came, lashing the sea into foam; and for half an hour a hurricane tore through our rigging, and deluged our decks with hail, while we rolled and pitched sufficiently to have broken from our moorings,

save for the skipper's forethought. Then suddenly the sun came out, and the evening became calm. We landed on a sandy beach, backed by a thick fringe of oak-scrub; while, to our right a small river of singularly clear water found its way into the sea. This was no doubt the stream emptying the lakes to which we were bound. Now, Jones possessed a canoe, and knowing his ground, he ordered a Sicilian lad from his yacht to paddle up the river, as we pushed our way along the bank. For a time all went well; then the boy's progress was arrested by a fish-trap, built of reeds, thrown across the river, for the capture of branchinæ—a species of bass or perch found at the mouths of all the Albanian rivers, and seeming to delight in brackish waters. A "portage" here ensued. We launched the little craft again, and pursued our way through the scrub to our goal. While working through the bush, Thompson put up several woodcock; but we refrained from firing, as our quarries for the afternoon were duck and teal, which Jones assured us we should see in numbers. The river widened, and soon we came out upon the lake, and a picturesque scene met our gaze. A fine sheet of water—about two miles long and half as broad—lay at our feet, and we stood at the end where the lake brimmed over into the streamlet leading to the sea. The side from which we looked was the level plain, through which we had advanced, covered with shrubs, interspersed here and there with fine trees. From the opposite shore rose a sloping grassy hill, well treed along the water's edge, and dotted with broken copses of thorn. To our eyes the most engaging sight of all were innumerable fleets of wildfowl, chiefly duck, which lay in great bunches on the surface of the water, or oared their way, feeding along the banks. We drew the canoe to shore, "dissembled" in the bushes, and held council. "It is too near dark," said one, "to make a good thing of it by posting guns round the lake. Now, I propose Philipppo rows the boat cautiously under the bushes, until he gets beyond some of those knots of fowl, that he then paddles out smartly, and possibly they will fly over our heads." The plan was approved, Jones remaining by the stream to direct the course of the *voyageur*, while Thompson and I, making a circuit amongst the trees, concealed ourselves close to the water's edge—a quarter and half a mile respectively—from our mentor's post by the stream. No sooner had I taken up my position than I lay down, and watched the movements of our aquatic beater. He was keeping close under the bank at the end of the lake, and was making good progress beneath the overhanging bushes. Now and again I could see the flash of the paddle, as he rounded some rock or projecting obstacle. How wary are the duck tribe! The birds seemed aware that some uncanny object was stealing along the shore, and quickly the scattered groups united in a dark mass. Then

came a shrill whistle, and the canoe shot forth, the boy paddling with all his might. A few strokes, and the whole cluster of fowl rose into the air with a roar, beating the water beneath them into foam, and sped away down the lake. But duck invariably turn. Swinging round in a circle at a fair height, they darted up along the shore of the lake past me. I picked out a mallard and a teal, then I heard Thompson's barrels reverberate, and lastly Jones fired two shots as the cloud of birds sheered over his head down the course of the river. The fun was not over yet. Many clumps of ducks yet remained upon the water; uneasy at the sight of the canoe, which now slowly crept towards them; scared by the report of the guns, the birds—in couples, threes and fours—rose from amongst the schools, and flew hither and thither. Some circled out of reach, some came within range; shot after shot echoed around, until darkness fell upon us swiftly, and closed our sport. When our retrievers had brought us the victims that had fallen upon the water, we retraced our steps, guided by the twinkling lights of the yachts in the miniature harbour. On the beach we met our beater, Paulo, exercising the dogs we had not taken with us. He was a powerful Italian, six foot high, a keen sportsman, and an excellent shot, and having been eagerly listening to the fusillade, he was delighted with our trophies—some twenty birds. That night it was determined we should remain at our present anchorage, and should try to make as big a bag as possible of wildfowl next day, and with this project in view we “turned in.”

December's daylight comes laggardly, even in the Mediterranean, yet by a little after eight we had breakfasted and were on shore. This time Paulo accompanied us to make a fourth gun, and the canoe once more voyaged up the river. We arrived at the lake, and found the birds had recovered from their scare of the preceding evening; they swarmed upon the water. Our tactics to-day were to be more developed than yesterday. Jones occupied his old post, where the river left the lake. Thompson took up a position in the scrub, half way between the tarn and the sea. Paulo walked off two miles to the head of the pool; and my route lay round the lake to the opposite side beneath the hill, where I concealed myself amongst the bushes. This arrangement gave us a gun at each end and each side of the water. A delay now ensued to permit our stalwart beater to reach his post; then the drive commenced. The boy (Philipppo) repeating his manoeuvre of yesterday, slipped quietly along the bank, then darted out upon the nearest squadrons of the ducks. Up they got, scattering into knots hither and thither, some of the wedge-shaped lines always coming within range of the posted guns; the reports were frequent; our quarries either fell with a heavy thud in the bushes or with a splash into the water. Dig The prettiest inci-



dents of "the shoot" happened when the canoe reached the centre of the lake. Then invariably the flights made straight for the head of the water, where Paulo was stationed. A terrible roar would break forth from his heavy double barrels, and the birds, turning, would divide, one division shooting along the left bank of the water to me, the other travelling seawards, over Thompson or Jones. It was remarkable how the birds clung to the fresh water. The sea was calm, the day warm and bright, yet the ducks held to their inland haunt, and enabled us to continue operations. Three or four hours had thus passed, and we had cleared the broad of its feathered occupants. They had been frightened past circling round and returning; and the glittering lake was as solitary as the Dead Sea. We had foreseen this in laying out our plans; every man now joined Paulo on his distant post, and we set forward upon a quest for woodcock. Scattering ourselves over the sloping hillsides, our little Clumber spaniels and certain nondescript dogs (the property of our beaters) soon found a supply of cock, and shot after shot proclaimed that we were fairly making up a bag of brown, long-billed victims. Human nature is never satisfied. "Not half as many woodcock as there ought to be on an Albanian shooting ground," grumbled Jones as we lunched; "we must wait till to-morrow really to enjoy this kind of work. Let us push on now well into the country; perhaps we shall find thicker cover and more birds." We assented, coupled up the dogs, and stepped off briskly for the interior, intending to shoot the ground we traversed on our return. In an hour we had gained a likely-looking district—a flat plain, partially under cultivation, though only the stubble of the maize remained; thick woods here and there, and again scattered copses of the almost impenetrable "wait-a-bit." We plunged into the thickets; Paulo and Jones' beater worked the dogs, and we soon had our hands full. There were plenty of cock, and a hare or two fell to our skill. Then we shot the small coverts, the guns being posted round, while the men and spaniels drove the long-bills out to us. It was splendid sport; the hills echoed back the cry of "Hi, cock! hi, cock!" report after report rang out incessantly, and wondering natives—inmates of straggling farms seen in the distance—wandered up, and stared at us in astonishment. It was mid-winter, however; the shadows lengthened and warned us to retire. In crossing the beat we had neglected in the morning, we knocked over some snipe; a duck or two that rose from reedy ditches; and at dusk we found ourselves once more at the lake, the scene of our earlier battue. One final drive was unsuccessfully attempted in the gloom, and then we regained our floating homes, where great store of duck, teal, woodcock, and snipe soon graced the shrouds.

Orders were issued that night to sail at daylight for the neigh-

bourhood of the River Arta, and early next morning I was aroused by the crew bringing in the network of hawser, with which our little craft had been encompassed, until she resembled a spider in a web. A glorious view met my gaze when I thrust my head through the companion-hatch. We were sailing nearly due east, on calm water, with a favouring breeze, the rising sun painting the unbroken snow upon the mountain ranges with resplendent shades of lake and crimson. The cloudless sky, the keen air, proclaimed a shooting day; we anticipated "a real good time." By nine we were on shore, at the mouth of a small river that trickled through the sand. Paulo again was officiating as beater, with Jones' man and a satellite selected from the crews of the yachts to assist. We were soon on the ground we sought. A rolling country, watered by the stream flowing into the Gulf where we landed, lay before us. Grassy plains, dotted with thickets of thorn, oak scrub, and noble timber here and there, presented excellent shooting-ground, through which we advanced, dogs and beaters cheerfully doing their best. But the woodcock were few. In vain the beaters, hallooing in strange chorus, harried the coverts. In vain the Clumbers bustled to and fro amidst the scrub. We got shots only at long intervals, and evidently that day our quarries did not harbour in this district in any numbers. Next we came out upon more cultivated ground, where a ruinous shanty, doing duty for a farm, stood upon a knoll amidst a few acres of bare maize fields. Here we found a quail or two, and one hare fell to Thompson's gun as he beat a thicket adjoining the river, the course of which we were still following. Jones was very sad when we halted for our mid-day rest. "I'll tell you what," he said, "the winds of the last few days have not brought the cock to these grounds. I bet they are upon the opposite side of the Gulf. *Pace* the Consul and the brigands, let us sail across this afternoon, and be ready for a shoot there to-morrow." We agreed. The fun here had not been fast and furious, and we started on the return to our ships by a circuitous route to avoid passing over the same ground, and hoping to pick up a few more birds. Our path thus lay through thick woods, and the cause of the absence of birds was soon apparent. Footsteps of cattle abounded, the undergrowth had been trampled down, lanes and paths cut in all directions, and here and there we saw deserted huts built of branches. It was clear large herds had recently pastured in the district; the woods had afforded shelter from the summer heat and autumn storms; now cattle and peasants had departed, having effectually destroyed the covert and scared all game away. The sky now clouded over, and wind came moaning through the trees. Then it changed to a violent gale, driving a thick white mist before it. We were drenched before we reached the

shore, to find the yachts obscured by the scud, and a heavy surf rolling on the beach. We roared and shouted for the boats, yet it was a space before the crews heard us, and sent the dingies dancing over the waves to be shot in at our feet by the breakers like corks. Embarking and toiling heavily back to our ships, which lay at some distance out, was a service of danger, and we felt relieved when the last cargo—the burly Paulo and the dogs—climbed on the deck of the pitching *Phæbe*. Their voyage from land, as they rose and fell on the surging waves, had caused us no little anxiety. Then, through the driving sleet, we hoisted our reefed canvas to the squall, and stood away for the promised land of good sport and robbers. In an hour the sea was a lake, the sun shone brightly, and we were beating down merrily to the entrance of the Bay of Vonizza. Sunset came, and at dark we crept into an excellent harbour, a haven that seemed designed by nature for such craft and such an expedition as ours.

This snug, still cove lay east and west, in the shape of a horseshoe, and about a mile in length. On the southern side, the rocky hills of Acarnania rose to a considerable height, sparsely dotted with thorn and stunted oak. The toe of the shoe was occupied with a dense mass of tall reeds, which terminated in a swampy plain. A strip of sand, stretching down from the morass, curved round, enclosing the reeds and anchorage, and separating us from the waters of the gulf on the north. The width of our little harbour was uniformly about four hundred yards.

That evening all the details for the morrow were arranged. The forces were to be divided. Thompson and I, accompanied by our beater, were to harry the marsh and the thickets that encompassed it and clothed the feet of the surrounding hills. Jones and his gillie were to proceed some miles away, to a flat country which stretched along the edge of the sea, covered with wood and copse, and said to abound with woodcock. Our shooting, Jones declared, would produce a mixed bag; his day would be devoted entirely to the brown quarries he delighted to follow.

Full of anticipation, we rose to find a brilliant morning. We all landed together on the sandy spit, a motley crew of men and dogs; then Jones and his companion marched off upon their four-mile tramp. Our party delayed awhile, for we were to commence our sport simultaneously. After Jones had preceded us some twenty minutes, Thompson and I walked along the spit, and concealing ourselves, some distance apart, on the borders of the rushes, we gave a preconcerted signal. Immediately two of our boats entered the bed of reeds at two different points, and pushing their way as well as they could in the shallow water, endeavoured to frighten the birds out to sea over our heads. Right well the beaters did their duty. Up sprang

duck, plump mallard, and teal, taking wing seaward, and giving us splendid shots. A spurt of fire from my comrade's gun, and a heavy thud or splash would tell of his success; then a line of birds, scared from a distant corner of their harbour, would dart across me; both my barrels taking toll, and frightening the game within range of Thompson. For half an hour we kept the "ball rolling," then the ducks became wary. Circling high, when compelled to leave the reeds, they either flew over or round the hills that flanked our port, or else passed off to sea high above our heads. The "game was up," until we returned at dusk. Paulo now joined us with the dogs, and, after collecting the cripples, and sending a goodly bag of wild-fowl back to the yachts, we left the narrow peninsula of sand, and moved out upon the plain. This level stretch seemed to extend miles in front of us, as we stood with our backs to the sea. It was alternately sandy and swampy, intersected with pools, stubble-fields, and dense thickets of thorn. To our right lay the green hills, washed by the waters of our creek; on the left, a curving line of tall trees marked the serpentine windings of a small river; in the far distance, all around us, rose the Acarnanian mountains, flecked here and there with patches of snow.

Separating one from another, some eighty to a hundred yards, and giving Paulo permission to use the gun he bore, we loosed the dogs and proceeded to beat the ground. Snipe rose freely, woodcock we knew we should find in the copses before us; several plover fell to our guns, and we looked keenly forward to the day of mixed shooting we had commenced.

Now as we worked up the marsh, I thought I perceived that Paulo kept casting anxious glances again and again to our right, towards the heights immediately surrounding the little bay in which our fleet lay. The gillies' place was that of the centre gun, between Thompson and myself, and once or twice he halted, and, shading his eyes with his hand, scanned the green slopes eagerly. I looked too. A flock of sheep was grazing on a declivity, and I thought I detected, indistinctly, the form of a shepherd, wrapped in his capote, sitting beneath a boulder. We moved on until our straggling line of three came abreast of the point where the hills, commanding the end of the harbour and the reeds, sank into the plain. A few hundred yards more to our front and this particular view would be shut out—we should have advanced too far. Here, then, Paulo stopped, and surveyed the hill-side once more. Then he beckoned to me to halt, and ran quickly towards me. He could not speak English; I did not understand a word of Italian. As he neared me he nodded towards the hills. Two men were standing on the sky line, then they moved slowly down the slope and joined the shepherd we had noted reclining on the hill-side, and he rose to his feet; all three seemed to be looking

steadfastly down into the cove where the yachts were at anchor. How I longed for a field glass, for I recollected Pasquali's words as we left our ship: "You look out, Sah. Dey very bad peoples here," and it struck me these seeming peaceful loafers might mean mischief. Again forms topped the ridge—one, two, three; soon there were eight in all, bearing, as we thought, long shepherds' staves. They seemed to crouch, and then, one by one, slid down the hill towards the cover of the reeds beneath, until ten men were stealing lower and lower, leaving but one—the first man we had seen—standing alone upon the height, as if to watch our movements. At that moment Thompson's gun echoed over the swamp some distance ahead. "Come here," I roared. "Come and talk to Paulo," for my comrade had a slight smattering of Italian. "He thinks they may be brigands," said Thompson, after exchanging a few words with our guide, "and declares it would be wiser to fall back within hail of the boats." That was also my idea. These fellows, if robbers they were, were following an old game in strategy. Aided by the reeds, they were endeavouring to creep round us, and by gaining the peninsular of shingle first, to cut us off from our base the yachts. If they succeeded, bondage until ransomed would be our fate.

I hesitated; we were three armed men; I was loathe to lose the day's sport. The fellows might be herdsmen after all; but Thompson interrupted my musings. "By Jove, they have guns!" he cried. True! as four or five of the figures moved in bright sunshine the light glinted as on arms; the shepherds' crooks were weapons. This put another aspect on the affair. "No hurrying," I said. "Let us extend as before, and appear to be shooting our way back to the beach; when we near the spit, make a rush for it, then hail the ships." No sooner said than done. We separated, Paulo was next me. I saw him slip out the two cartridges from his gun, and replace them with others. They were ball; and the "gleam of fight" lit up his face. He was a refugee, banished from Italy for some wild revolutionary work, and evidently not the man to flinch from combat. Coolly, but with long strides, moving in line, we covered the ground we had lately traversed; our enemies—upon whom I kept my eye—crawled down the hill, and one by one were lost to view within the rushes. Only a couple of hundred yards now intervened between us and the shore; with a rush we stood upon the arm of sand, then stopped to listen. Yes, clearly advancing, cautiously through the reeds and shallow water, we heard the sound of splashing feet, and shouting in chorus to the yachts, half a mile away, an answering cry came back. The would-be brigands were robbed of their prey.

In a few moments a boat shot from the harbour, and rowed along the shore to join us. Like skilful generals, we had now secured a new base, and had also effectually provided for the

retreat of our companion from his distant shooting-ground. "Pasquali say he tink you see people you no like when he hear you call, so he send dese," explained one of the crew of the boat, as he pointed to a couple of rusty, smooth-bore carbines, which formed part of our ship's armament. "We shall not want them now," I said; "the cowards will not attack five men; we may return to our sport." The sea lay calm as a mill-pond. We ordered the boat to coast along the beach, keeping level with, or in rear of us, according to our movements. Leaving the dangerous proximity of the hills, we crossed the plain, and shot upon the banks of the winding river. Here we found snipe and a few duck, then we stumbled on a country studded with thorn-brakes which was well stocked with woodcock, and gave excellent sport. The coverts were small, standing in scattered groups. Thompson and I stationed ourselves at selected points. Paulo beat with the dogs, and the birds came flashing forth, to be brought down or flit away unscathed to other copses. In turn all these isolated patches of wood were shot, and before the short December afternoon began to wane we had an excellent mixed bag.

But I had not altogether been intent on the shooting. Pasquali had wisely sent my field-glasses in the boat, and I had slung them over my shoulder. From time to time, as opportunity afforded, I had scanned the hills. So far as we knew, the robbers had not left their hiding-place amidst the rushes. Hour after hour passed, then, as we rested on the river's bank, we saw something moving upon the distant slopes. Climbing upwards, this time without any apparent attempt at concealment, the whole body of men crossed the hills and disappeared over the ridge. The shepherd collected his flock and followed. For the present the project of our seizure was abandoned.

As the sun sank we regained our boat, and at the same time there came a cheery shout from Jones returning from the chase, himself and gillie laden with woodcocks. "By George!" cried the impetuous man, when we had related our adventure of the morning; "these fellows shall not drive us from our sport. It is worth having, I can tell you. With a boat upon the gulf we can defy them. Had they possessed an ounce of pluck, we might all have slept amongst the hills to-night."

Back to the yachts we went, beating the reeds *en route*. The tall covert now held few birds—it had been occupied by other tenants during the day.

We started next morning to shoot, the beats reversed. Jones took our ground of yesterday; our party tramped off to the distant coverts, a boat paddling along the shore to ensure our retreat in case of necessity. The solitary shepherd occupied his post, and his flock grazed around him; but no crouching, stealing figures appeared—the peaceful man had the prospect to himself. An excellent time we had. The birds were plentiful,

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The illustration represents LORD GEORGE BARRINGTON'S ch.f. MISS ELLIS, winner of the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, 1848; the jockey is William Abdale; John Kent is holding the mare's head, whilst his father is upon the grey.



the dogs willing, our guns echoed incessantly; and when we all met on board the yachts that night, we agreed we would "stick to" the sport in the Gulf of Arta.

But it was not to be! At an early hour next morning I heard the splash of oars. A boat ran alongside, and strange voices boarded our vessel. Messengers had come from the Commandant, or Governor, of Vonizza, requesting us to leave. The Greek authorities would not be answerable for our safety if we continued to shoot on the shores of Acarnania. Briton-like, we at first demurred; but wiser counsels prevailed. We might compromise the shooting fraternity of Englishmen assembled at Corfu if we defied authority. Unwillingly we weighed and left the gulf, shooting our way up the better governed territory of the Sultan—the Albanian coast—and spent our Christmas at Corfu.

L. S.-G.

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## Further Reminiscences of Goodwood Races.

THE original racecourse at Goodwood—the only one in England, it is believed, which is entirely private property—was formed upon the elastic natural turf of the delightful South-down hills. It dates back, as has previously been stated in this magazine, to 1802; but the chief developments and artificial additions which render the present course to be one of the most perfect in the kingdom, were brought about by the late Duke of Richmond. He, having been by a severe wound received in battle prevented from hunting, devoted his entire leisure when he left the army to the sport of racing. Previous to his time all proceedings were somewhat of an amateur character; the officials, clerk of the course, starter, judge were all purely honorary appointments. In 1824 Mr. Charles Greville was judge, and by him acting in this capacity the following singular mistake was made. The Duke, in the previous year, had purchased Dandezette, after she had run second for the Oaks. She was in 1824 engaged in the Goodwood Stakes, among her opponents being Lord Verulam's Vitellina and a horse called Ghost. The "judge's box" was raised too high above the level of the course, and Mr. Greville's attention being fixed upon the struggle between Vitellina and Ghost—in which the latter, hanging upon the former, had driven her almost upon the rails on the opposite side of the course—he did not see Dandezette, who, creeping up on the same side of the course as the box, and immediately under it, passed the post a length or two in advance of either of the others. Mr. Greville gave his verdict: "Vitellina, etc." The error had been, however, so apparent to everybody

that Lord Verulam offered to give up the stakes to the owner of Dandezette, saying that he was not entitled to the money, being quite convinced that she had won easily enough. The Duke thanked Lord Verulam for his honourable proposal, but declined to receive the stakes, stating that whatever his private opinion might be as to which horse first passed the winning-post, "What did the judge say? And his decision must be final." The Earl of Burlington, who was present, said to the Duke: "So you have won the race; yet it has been given against you, by a judge who is a Newmarket man above all things."

At this meeting the late Lord George Bentinck (being then twenty-two years old) rode Mr. Poyntz's Olive for the Cocked Hat Stakes, three-quarters of a mile. He had run two dead heats with Lord George Lennox's Swindon, ridden by Captain Berkeley. In the third heat, Lord George Bentinck rode without spurs, and won, much to his delight, as the Captain was quite a Chifney among gentlemen-jockeys. Captain Berkeley (afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge) was brother-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, having married his sister Lady Charlotte. He generally rode in all races for amateur jockeys the horses belonging to the members of the family. It was once said of him, "It is two to one on the Captain. He will be sure to bring it to a win, a tie, or a wrangle."

From this year onwards Goodwood Races increased their importance and attraction. Lord George Bentinck, as a personal friend, took great delight in associating himself in superintending the various additions, with his Grace, to improvements of the course. In 1829 this was extended from the then winning-post (which was near where the "half-mile-post" now stands) through the plantation, an alteration which was carried out by a great expenditure in labour. A sort of embankment was formed for a quarter of a mile, and a deep cutting made beyond the winning-post, to form the King's Plate course. The present stand was erected at this period; and the addition, with other buildings and works, rendered necessary a large outlay of money.

Although Lord George Bentinck at this time was keeping racehorses with Lord Orford and the Earl of Lichfield, he also had some at Goodwood. These ran in the Duke of Richmond's colours, and were constantly pulled out, for the various stakes at Goodwood, in order to make sport. In the published memoir of his Grace it is said (and I can fully confirm the statement from my own knowledge)—"The Duke of Richmond supported the Turf in a manner befitting a true English nobleman, not for gambling, or the expectation of gain, but for the purpose of encouraging the breed of horses, from which the country at large could not fail to derive a profit." With this object in view he was, to a large extent, instrumental in

inducing the Sovereign (King William IV.) to extend—on his succession to the throne—his patronage to racing. In 1833 His Majesty gave to the Jockey Club his first grand dinner, an institution which afterwards became annual. He regarded the Duke of Richmond as one who had no personal ambition to gratify, and who had no object in view beyond the good of his country, and showed him many marks of his personal favour in consequence.

Before the construction of railways, one of the great obstacles—in the way of those desirous of attending Goodwood Races—arose from the frequent difficulty in obtaining post-horses. The King's Arms, at Godalming, was one of the great headquarters for baiting and refreshment. It was kept by one Mr. J. Moon, who, with a brother resident at Kingston, would often have, and fit for use, more than a hundred pairs of post-horses and coach-horses. Mine Host, as a sporting man, was known as the "Full Moon," whilst his brother was dubbed "Half Moon." Many are the stories of detentions at the King's Arms for want of horses to get further. One of these led to the following *jeu d'esprit*. In 1828 the Duke of Richmond's Miss Craven beat Lord Mountcharles's Rasselas for the Cup, after a very closely-contested race. It was said at the time that the defeat of Rasselas was owing to his jockey, F. Buckle, riding 3 lb. overweight. These surplus 3 lbs. were further attributed to an excellent dinner of roast duck and green peas which young Buckle indulged in just before mounting. General Grosvenor, who had been compelled to leave Goodwood prior to the race for the Cup, was detained at "Full Moon's" by the inability to get post-horses. He heard, whilst at Godalming, of the defeat of Rasselas, and of the reason assigned for it; and the Chichester coach stopping in the evening at the hotel to change horses, he sent back to Goodwood the following rhyming comment on the event of the day:—

"My dear Lord Mountcharles, as the coach has come in,  
 Whilst I, like Charles Greville, am lengthening my chin;  
 You know well his manner when things 'run amuck,'  
 He'd have killed little Buckle for eating that duck.  
 Good heavens! one cannot help laughing to think  
 How the weight of a duck made a jockey's scale sink!  
 How a Gold Cup was lost for so trifling a matter;  
 I shall faint when I next see a duck on a platter.  
 This gorgeous young rascal, the doctor declares,  
 A duck, sage and onions, devoured upstairs;  
 Whilst below stairs Joe Farrell, with muzzle in hand,  
 For to clap on his jaws, had just taken his stand,  
 Well knowing that this was a family failing—  
 Old Buckle would gorge too, in spite of all railing.  
 'A length and a half!' Lord John Fitzroy would say;  
 And Stradbroke, so cautious, would nod, 'So it may.'  
 Pray take my advice, for I wish you good luck,  
 Keep Buckle, next time, a whole mile from a duck."

These lines reached Goodwood at night, and were read aloud, after dinner, by the Duke of Richmond to his guests.

Goodwood Races, supported as they were, not only made their way into the very front rank of race meetings, but, at them, many improvements were initiated which are now part of the ordinary arrangements everywhere. Lord George Bentinck removed all his horses from Danebury to Goodwood, and it was "his study" to devise reforms for the advance of his favourite sport. One of his early improvements was to have a space enclosed round the stand, a suggestion which the Duke of Richmond carried out. Although at first it was very unpopular, the convenience of the plan was so obvious that it has been widely adopted. At Goodwood the boundaries have been repeatedly removed further and further, until at last they enclosed those delightful trees, under whose shade luncheons are now so much enjoyed. Another improvement was the causing the horses to be saddled in front of the Grand Stand, before which they walk and canter. This plan was first adopted at Goodwood, and so was the having numbers on the raised signal-boards, corresponding with numbers on the cards, so as to indicate to the public what were the starters. At first it was thought too great a difficulty to give the names of the jockeys riding the various horses; but the obstacles were overcome, and now, like the numbers on the cards, the Goodwood innovation has become a general practice. At this period great delays frequently occurred in the endeavour to start the horses fairly. Some jockeys, especially in the two-year-old races, would take great advantages, until, from the repeated false starts, some of the animals would get so worried that they would be beaten before the actual start was effected. At that time the flag system had not been attempted. This, again, was first adopted at Goodwood by Lord George himself, who, with great courage and firmness, started the horses. So effectual was the method found to be that it has come into general use. Before it got established, horses used to be started by word of mouth. "Go" or "No." Unfortunately an honorary starter at Goodwood, at this period, was, when excited, apt to be troubled with a considerable impediment in his speech, a defect which raised increased difficulties in the way of getting the field fairly off. On one occasion so many false starts occurred that old Will Arnall, the most important jockey riding in the race, was summoned before the Stewards to give some explanation of the cause, and to say whether the jockeys were in fault. "Bill" replied that the starter was like an old firelock which fizzles at the pan ever so long before it goes off, and that, when he did get the word out, there was no telling whether he meant to say "Go" or "No."

Some few years after the extension of the course, it was found that where the embankment was formed, much of the

coating of mould placed over the broken chalk had gradually worked down through it, so that there was very little mould left directly under the turf; this became hard, non-elastic, and so hurtful to the horses. In order to obviate this objection, upon the top of the turf then in place another layer of mould was formed. On this, fresh turfs—cut elsewhere—were placed grass downward; on these a second layer of mould was put, and this was finished off with turf in its natural position. As nearly half a mile of the course was so treated, it will be understood that the expense was very heavy. But the plan proved effective, the layers of turf preventing the mould from being carried down into the sub-strata of broken chalk. In a very wet season, like 1888, the course may sometimes prove “deep and heavy”; still, as Goodwood races take place in the last week in July, a very prolonged rain is not a frequent cause of embarrassment.

“Glorious Goodwood” has been the model from which many improvements in race meetings have been copied. Until quite recently, it was the one at which the largest sum of money added to a race by *one person* had been contended for. The Waterloo shield, value £1,000, was given by Lord George Bentinck in 1837. This was a most magnificent piece of plate, representing a scene from the Battle of Waterloo. Although this shield was declared to be only of the value of £1,000, it really cost the donor between £1,200 and £1,300; for after it was brought to Goodwood, several additions occurred to Lord George as being improvements on the original design, and they were made at his expense. The race for the Waterloo Shield, it is believed, still holds the palm for having had the largest sum ever added to a race by one person. For this race there were forty subscribers of £25 each (15 sovs. forfeit), and eighteen runners. His Lordship objecting, as a rule, to short courses for horses above two years old, the race was run over the King’s Plate course—three miles and five furlongs.

Many great victories have been achieved in this delightful place; but perhaps the greatest triumphs were when Mus won the Orleans Cup, in 1841, for the Duke, when the enthusiasm of His Grace’s dependents and of those connected with the family was beyond all description. Hardly less excitement followed when Lord George Bentinck, in 1845, won the Cup with Miss Elis, beating Weatherbit, Valerian, Discord, etc. This was one of the most severe and desperate races ever run. The betting was very heavy, Miss Elis having won the Stakes the day before, beating a field of twenty-two horses. Lord George backed his mare freely. Miss Elis and Weatherbit were favourites for the Cup, turn and turn about, at two to one and seven to four. As Weatherbit was deemed by his own party to be invincible, there was no difficulty in executing

a commission on Miss Elis, and books stood very high. At starting the odds were two to one against either Miss Elis or Weatherbit, and six to one against Valerian. "Discord made play at a great pace, Miss Elis being next. She passed him at the turn round the hill, and was never afterwards headed, winning by two lengths. Weatherbit got up to Miss Elis about the beginning of the rails, and ran with her for a short time. But she increased her lead, and he could never approach her afterwards." "My old hack" was a bad third (*vide Racing Calendar*). Lord George won over Miss Elis's victories, in the Stakes and Cup, about £26,000. Mr. H. Hill executed the commission to back the mare, and, on the Monday following, the settling day at Tattersall's, Mr. Hill met Lord George, and filled his pockets with bank-notes, saying, "Get back to Harcourt House as soon as you can!" A cab was called, and the advice promptly followed. It is rather a coincidence that 13, Grosvenor Place should be not far from where the scene was enacted.

To commemorate this event Lord George Bentinck caused a portrait to be painted of Miss Elis, by Abraham Cooper, R.A., the cost of which was 120 gs. He presented the picture to my father; but it now is, and has for some years been, an ornament on the walls of the house of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Newmarket. An engraving from it is given this month in the pages of BAILY'S MAGAZINE, together with the copy of a letter written by Lord George Bentinck on the occasion.

[Copy.]

"HARCOURT HOUSE,  
"Aug. 6, 1845.

"KENT,—As a token of my sense of the ability and skill with which you and John trained Miss Elis for the Goodwood Stakes and Goodwood Cup, and as a memorial of the fidelity with which, on this occasion in particular, my secrets were kept, by which I was enabled to win, and without which I could not have won the large stake I did win, it is my intention to make you a present of a picture, in which I propose that your portrait and John's, as well as hers, should be comprehended.

"In presenting you with this memorial of your joint triumph with your son, I must add the wish that the picture I give you should descend as an heirloom in your family. The way I propose to group the picture, is that Abdale should be mounted upon her, John leading her in his left hand—dressed in his Gordon tartan waistcoat—whilst you must be on the old grey mare, in your Cluny Macpherson waistcoat. The scene should be the front of the Goodwood stand; a picture of the Goodwood Cup should be introduced, and, if it can be managed, Kitchener walking away in the distance, loaded with a leathern purse, with 'Goodwood Stakes' inscribed upon it.

"I mean to employ Mr. Cooper to paint this picture for me. He has promised to go down on Saturday next. I am anxious to have the picture speedily taken for many reasons: First—I wish it to be

taken whilst she continues in her present blooming condition, fearing if I put off the day, I may never have her in the same condition, which happened to me when Elis was painted, who, in consequence, appears with 'A POT BELLY,' which, if he had it when he ran for the St. Leger, he never would have won it.

"Secondly—I am anxious to have her painted during the bright summer weather, which makes such a difference in the colours and bloom of a horse's coat.

"Thirdly—Whilst the weather continues warm, there will be little fear of the mare catching cold whilst she is stripped.

"Fourthly—The printsellers are anxious to have the picture done as quickly as possible, in order that the engravings may be made whilst her victories at Goodwood are still fresh in the publick mind.

"Under the circumstances, if there is no objection, I will engage Mr. Cooper to go to Goodwood on Saturday next.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"G. BENTINCK.

"To Mr. Kent, trainer."

Still further to recognise the service done him, Lord George made handsome presents to everyone employed in the Goodwood stables. And to all his labourers upon the gallops and course (altogether there were eighty of these), together with others employed on the Goodwood estate, he also desired a dinner to be prepared for the whole party; but, inasmuch as it was harvest time, this part of the rejoicing was delayed until the corn was carried. Then all upon the estate were regaled with a most sumptuous banquet in the tennis court, to which about two hundred persons sat down. After dinner there was a general expression of hope that another Miss Elis might be found the next year; and the only division of opinion was as to the colours which the next Miss Elis should carry. Some hoped it might be "yellow, scarlet cap, and gold tassel," others inclined to wish to see "blue, and white cap." At last it was carried unanimously that it was expedient that the two colours be amalgamated, as upon the present occasion. What was left of the feast was given to the wives and families of the labourers of the owner of Miss Elis.

If enabled to witness the coming races, it will make (with one exception) the sixty-fifth successive year that I have been present at "Glorious Goodwood." I have, therefore, had full opportunities of knowing to what vast and unceasing efforts of the noble family, to whom the racecourse belongs, this meeting has been brought to its present greatness. I firmly believe that its prestige will ever increase as a model racecourse. Although, perhaps, no Mus or Miss Elis may come to the front this year, it cannot be doubted that other horses will win whose victories will be as interesting, and the recollection of which will be as pleasurable to the visitors of 1890 as those of Mus and Miss Elis continue to be to

## Turf Jottings.

THE meridian of our racing season has passed without our experiencing anything approaching a tropical heat, ideally or metaphorically; and we are about to don our holiday clothes, following the fortunes of our pet sport, pleasantly associated with sea breezes as they can be made, preparatory to a longer and still more sportsmanlike flight to the North, where sterner realities await us in the great autumn campaign of the Turf. How truly racing is the slave of fashion is abundantly shown by its ever-shifting *locale*. In the spring it hovers round the hunting men in the Midlands, then whisks us to headquarters at Newmarket, preparatory to following the butterflies of fashion to London. There, in the home circuit, it revels at Epsom, Ascot, Sandown, and Kempton, only to break away for one short week into sweet Hampshire, at Stockbridge, and take another short breathing under the long plantation and Ditch side at Newmarket, ere its wings are set, by the fitting fashion of faded London society mongers, towards the sea breezes of Sussex, just as an adjunct to the yachting season. With nerves and sinews thus strengthened, it then flies North in the track of the gunners, throwing in its delights as a diversion to grouse slaughter. Drawn gradually homewards at Doncaster, as the September days begin swiftly to shorten, only to be fitly and honourably brought to its close at faithful old Newmarket. Nay, its dying embers are still unquenched amid shivering winds and misty morns, at Leicester, Derby, and Manchester.

Poor prophéts! like those of Baal, their name is multitude, but how great has been their discomfiture of late. In January, how copious was to be the field for the Derby! How many good three-year-olds had we not to choose from! In March, how they had dwindled! In the Two Thousand Guineas what could beat *Le Nord*? In May, what could dare to oppose *Surefoot* for the Derby? In racing parlance, it was "a one horse race." In June, like the cuckoo, their tune was changed. Their old favourites were gone—two-year-old form knocked to the winds. A despised, undiscovered, and unentered colt is proclaimed the best of his year, and the Derby winner goes down before the handicap form among four-year-olds! Then at last comes a glimpse of consistency; the Two Thousand Guineas form is vindicated—*Surefoot* is at least a great champion among milers.

Let us calmly review this disastrous business, as taken by the light of keen inspection from a horse-lover's point of view. Looking at the animals themselves, and thus judging of their capabilities over courses most suited to them, the tangle of the



maze seems to be no longer difficult to understand. Take Surefoot to begin with. He is a horse built on a decidedly grand scale—nearer seventeen than sixteen hands high, massive in his quarters and forehead, with the neck of a stallion and the head of a pony. The most ungainly animal we ever saw in his walk or trot, going wide and waddling behind, and short and pudding in front, with a calfish, spoilt-boy sort of temper that can only be dealt with by resolute and determined handling. His immense power and fine action when extended are bound to bring him home at any distance up to a mile, where there is no fighting for the rails to be done, but that a horse constituted as Surefoot is, to exhibit true staying powers, is difficult to imagine. Sainfoin, on the contrary, is in a thoroughly different mould—medium sized, level, true in his slow paces as in his fast, fine tempered, and willing to do his best; not a smasher, but a wearer down of such as Surefoot, and his very looks tell you so as surely as a knowledge of horseflesh is your heritage. Le Nord is the same fine type of horse that we thought him as a two-year-old, but he is narrow, especially in front, and he has been trained and tried to death; his best day has gone, at all events, for this season. Heaume, like Sainfoin, is a horse that, as you look at him, you naturally say, "Why should not he stay?" He is better looking than Sainfoin; but the latter is the fresher horse. Bella, the dam of Heaume, has not bred stayers, nor has Springfield; how can we judge between them? Except in this that Kingsclere is a finer ground than Newmarket on which to train a St. Leger horse. Then there are the fillies, the hopes in which are centred now in Memoir. A great love of ours is Memoir, and yet we fear that she will strike her flag to a colt ere that mile and three-quarters at Doncaster has been traversed, although to such as Surefoot she may show her heels. Blue Green is a very nice horse, hard to pick a hole in; and yet he lacks the dash of speed we want in a high-class horse. He is Blue Gown over again in a better year. Oddfellow is not worthy, according to our judgment, to rank among the favourites—where his brother, Freemason, now is, Oddfellow will, I fear, eventually have to try his luck, despite high trials—unless indeed he proves our only stayer. Alloway may struggle on longer than some of them; but he is a second rater, we fear.

Rightaway, as a brother to Veracity, will find a place for himself alongside of Blue Green, but scarcely in front of such as Sainfoin, Memoir, or Heaume, if all goes well with them. At all events, dear readers, the discomfiture of the prophets will bring about an interesting Autumn Campaign, and Doncaster will hold its head high through it all. One word about Morion. As he strode round the paddock at Ascot, so deep and level in form, so true and good of limb, so muscular, so business-like, so lamb-like, "Borderer" there and then recanted mentally, as he now does publicly, certain hard reflec-

tions that he once made on his father Barcaldine. Never again shall his straight shoulders or awkward temper be made mention of, for truly it is not Barcaldine's fault that the Blue Riband of 1890 does not adorn his son's brow.

Of the two-year-olds it is too early days to speak with any confidence, but in Peter Flower we have seen a horse after our own heart—a second Bard, only bigger, and that he will revenge his defeat by Orvieto is more than likely. The latter is a horse of wonderful speed, and he met the worst New Stakes field at Ascot we ever saw, but, barring his fine shoulders and racing-like reach, he is a three-cornered horse to look at, so was Ormonde at his age, but not so shelly. Bumptious is a big powerful colt, like his father Brag, but savours of coarseness. Beauharnais is an awkward sort of horse for Englishmen to tackle, if he is not overdone, and in the Dewhurst Plate will perhaps make Orvieto gallop. The Deemster and Siphonia seem sworn antagonists, and "Borderer" thinks the colt will wear the filly down and proclaim his decided superiority before the close of the season, but he does not run his races like the flyer he was proclaimed, when three stone in front of Battle Axe was the record of his private form. Tyrant probably has been the most sensational horse, in the way of elders, that the spring and summer has introduced to us. Like Adventurer, he bursts upon us in his true colours under a light weight in a handicap, and then stalks through a succession of larger events, making light of his penalties, taking six races in succession, including the Chester Cup and a good weight-for-age race, the Queen's Vase at Ascot, only to be robbed of the fruits of his seventh successive victory at Carlisle, under 9 st. 4 lb., by the cruel fiasco of its failing to be declared a legitimate race. The starter's flag still waved aloft while the devoted Tyrant was gallantly striving to subdue his field. That he should have essayed a second time to face that starter is, we think, a pity for his own and his owner's sake.

There is a moral to be drawn from the history of Tyrant, which gives us a little food for reflection. Dropping, as Tyrant did, from the clouds as it were, unsung by touts or tipsters, little heeded by the public, let off as common by the handicapper, and passed over by the prophets, he had nevertheless been, as "Borderer" well knows, the cynosure and careful study of one of the quietest and honestest of trainers for well nigh two years. At Pimperne, in Dorsetshire, William Walters is a trainer to the manner born. He studies his subject; and with him to bring a horse fit to the post it is often a matter of many months, sometimes of years. Last year Tyrant was due to run at Manchester, and proudly Walters dispatched him there. Alas! on arrival he was lame—hurt on the journey, it

was thought. Nursing and care brought him round ; patience in owner and trainer was rewarded. "A bottled-up crock," said the world. There are plenty of such at Newmarket that are touted every day. "Borderer" is often asked his opinion upon the choice of a trainer. His reply is, "If you can afford to do the thing expensively, and wish to cut a dash—do it publicly and *pro bono publico*—go to Newmarket, the Rotten Row of training, where you will soon be as wise (or think you are) about other people's horses as they are about your own. If, on the other hand, you wish to race simply for its own sake, and to run your horses when and where you like, giving your trainer plenty of time and full notice of your intentions, going yourself occasionally to see their progress (your presence unannounced in the sporting papers)—your horses' form will be unsung by touts—go to such a man as Walters. No better stableman or judge of condition exists in England." "Borderer" has known him almost from his cradle, and considering the number of horses under his care, he can show a splendid record. In old days, for Sir Charles Rushout, how he cleared the board. Then for the late Mr. Herbert Wood and others, he did well. To bring out such as Dog Rose, Upstart, Gallinule, Goldseeker, and Tyrant is not a bad record. I may now turn to another subject.

The yearling season has set in with unusual severity, as we quite anticipated it would. 8,360 guineas for four fillies in the Royal sale was an astonishing fact to outsiders, although not to "Borderer." That sister to Memoir is such a gem that he believes she will prove worth quite the 5,500 guineas, which she cost Baron Hirsch. At Newmarket no less than seventeen yearlings made upwards of 1,000 guineas each, their actual cost being 30,260 guineas, or an average of more than 1,750 guineas each ! Barcaldine was the hero of the week, and next to him came St. Simon, the defunct Hermit, Galopin, Sterling, and St. Honorat. It is not difficult to foresee that racing is likely to take a high place in the ambition of our young aristocracy, when Lord Dudley spends £12,000 in a morning on yearlings, among which we heartily trust he has at least one gem that may turn out worth all the money.

The Jockey Club have been debating whether they will continue to worry executors of deceased nominators for their forfeits by publishing their names as defaulters, or not. What, in fairness and commonsense, is the use of taking away, on the one hand, the chance of winning, or even of transferring the liability, and with the other demanding the money, for which no return is offered. "Borderer" has long declaimed against the cruelty and anomaly of avoiding nominations through death, and is satisfied that it cannot much longer hold its ground in racing law. The representative of a deceased owner should at

all events have the opportunity given him of guaranteeing the entries, which are made in respect of horses that devolve upon him as a valuable property, and to endeavour to make him liable, even morally, for forfeits, which he can by no possibility derive any benefit from, is, to our thinking, as unjust as anything can possibly be. What does Sir Henry Hawkins say about it? The racing public would like to read his speech when the subject comes up again for discussion.

BORDEREE.

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## Peterborough Hound Show.

IN no month is foxhunting so far off as in July. To keep it in memory, the festival of Peterborough has been invented, and thither flock as many as can to whom a foxhound is dear, for his own sake and not as a mere motor for a ride. A pleasant gathering, and instructive, it was in that council tent, if such denomination may be applied to the wooden weather-awning under which the three arbitrators—viz., Mr. Parrington the veteran, Mr. Chandos Pole the stalwart, and Captain Carnegie the evergreen made their awards before a critical audience. To look round upon that audience was almost as interesting as watching the competition itself. It filled up the intervals, and left no moment dull or unoccupied, while memory, association, or repute put a context to each figure in the picture. Prominent in the front row was the venerable Master of the Bramham Moor, himself the keenest of critics and a most successful breeder of foxhounds. (Why will he never let us see them at Peterborough?) Near him sat a contemporary, and the companion of many and many a kennel visit, Lord Macclesfield, to wit; while, hard by, Colonel Anstruther Thomson eagerly focussed each mottled competitor with the magnifying glass that alone enables that once keen and ever kindly eye to do its work. Three such Nestors of the chase and road, three such honoured examples in all matters of courtesy and of sport, we are seldom privileged to see. The Marquis of Huntly, to whom the Peterborough Hound Show owes its conception, took in with well-pleased countenance the healthy growth of his offspring, in its thirteenth year, and from every side were Masters of Hounds, both present and past, gazing in rapt attention. An unusual number of ladies, too, sat out the judging with unwearied interest. For instance, Lady Margaret Gore was with her brother, Lord Huntly; Mrs. Ames had accompanied her husband, and Mrs. and Miss Oakeley had come with the Master of the Atherstone.

The Marquis of Worcester was, almost of course, a spectator; Lord Willoughby de Broke a spectator and chief exhibitor, and Lord Chesham was showing for the first time. Mr. Merthyr Guest was there from the Blackmore Vale, Mr. W. Baird and Mr. Fernie from High Leicestershire, Mr. Rawn-sley, Mr. Jarvis, and Mr. Richardson from Lincolnshire, Captain Park Yates from Cheshire, Sir Watkin Wynne from North Wales, Mr. Wright from Yorkshire, Mr. B. Miller from the Vale of White Horse, Mr. Selby-Lowndes from the Whaddon Chase, and Mr. Walker from the Croome. Besides these were Mr. Wicksted (himself the most talented of judges), who for many years so successfully hunted the Ludlow; Mr. Ashton, whose kennel is quickly working up to Peterborough form; Mr. Austin Mackenzie, whose neat pack was only by accident prevented from competing to-day; and Messrs. Egerton, Egerton, Swindell, etc.

No light sinecure on such occasions is the office of judge, even though the responsibility be divided to rest equally upon three pair of sturdy shoulders. It is not that skilled men will differ so much as to individual hounds; but it by no means follows that the type each of the trio carries in his mind's eye is identical, any more than with regard to what style of horse he may fancy for his own riding. Some like a thick-set hound, some a more airy one; some put their faiths in backs and loins, others swear by necks and shoulders, while feet and legs are held by many to constitute the chief cardinal virtue of a foxhound upon the flags.

The creed—all unwritten, but widely agreed upon and accepted—is, perhaps, in the main as follows:—The last-named points are insistant, as involving a preliminary conformation that alone will qualify hounds for a second look. Next, only backs, loins, quarters and ribs befit them for the toil of a day and of a season. Thirdly, necks and shoulders (the points of all others upon which the eye naturally rests inquiringly or admiringly), are needed for the rapid far-reaching work of a galloping foxhound. Take this summary for what it is worth.

To satisfy every looker-on (and most of them are wont to consider that they see most of the game, a view of matters as freely held from the saddle as from the bench) would clearly be as impossible an achievement as attaining a long life without old age. But the arbitrators at the House of Peterborough have, at all events, the advantage of going into the committee without fear of interruption, cavilling, or obstruction. Decisions are accepted without a murmur, and the verdict is neither appealed against at the time nor inveighed against afterwards. How they arrive at their conclusions so quietly, apparently unanimously, and so generally satisfactorily, is a matter that, like the inner proceedings of a court-martial, could only be divulged by breach of trust on the part of one or other of the members themselves. Is

the vote of the majority taken? or is there usually one Lord Chief Justice in the learned conclave, to whose dictum the minor judges must bow, or at least simulate a cordial and diplomatic concurrence? Let this be how it may, their decisions not only came promptly and smoothly but were mainly in close concordance with the views of the ring, their audience. Management and secretary (the latter in the person of Mr. Smart) had taken several moves in the right direction, not the least of these being to put competitors and spectators alike under shelter. Is it possible that they were in some measure prompted to such extra forethought and precaution by the half-hatched rumour of an opposition show to be held in London or at Rugby? That such an idea may not take practical shape we sincerely hope, for whatever apparent advantages of accessibility the other localities may possess, they entirely pass into insignificance when weighed against the debt of gratitude that Masters of Hounds and others are under to Peterborough for having established an Annual Hound Show under high auspices, and thus given to hound-breeding a stimulus and, as it were, a school of instruction. Besides, Peterborough is by no means so far afield, either from where men linger during the summer months, or from where most good hounds are bred. By the way, we hear (is it a fact, and, if so, why?) that in the south and west countries it has been found very difficult to rear puppies during the last few summers.

We do not propose to go through the whole programme in detail, but rather to confine ourselves to outline. The competing packs, then, were the Atherstone, Bicester, Cleveland, South Cheshire, Eridge, Mr. Jarvis's Lanark and Renfrewshire, Oakley, Quorn, Tynedale, and Warwickshire. (It is fair to suggest that, if the Peterborough Show be of value to Masters of Hounds, freely should they support it by contributing to the competition.) The Quorn brought two very handsome puppies to win the prize for unentered dog hounds. These were Sampson and Coronet, both by Belvoir sires, the former being by Gambler, the latter by Gordon. And Sampson carried off the champion puppy cup.

But the Warwickshire took both the prize for two couple and the President's (Mr. Albert Brassey) cup for three couple of entered doghounds—showing Student (by Stentor), Hermit and Hotspur (by Harper); and Wildboy (by Pytchley Prompter), and adding Harper himself, with the young hound Trader (by Furley) for the cup.

The Quorn then made their chief triumph, with Dreamer, who is probably the best-looking of all Rufford-Galliard's stock—not even excepting Quorn Arrogant, their second-string. Dreamer was adjudged winner of the Stallion Prize, and also of Mr. Wickham's Cup; the Atherstone Trimmer being placed second to him for the former, and

Warwickshire Hermit for the latter. Indeed the duel between Dreamer and Hermit was the most interesting event of the Show; and so evenly divided was opinion round the ring, that the verdict would have been equally well received either way. Hermit is all quality, yet with good strength everywhere, unless, perhaps, behind the saddle; even in this particular he improves daily, and he is, remember, only now about to enter on his second season. The Stallion hounds, taking them as a class, can scarcely be said to have been the strong feature of the Show. Harper, of Warwickshire, is, of course, a beautiful little dog, and is almost a phenomenal success at the stud. But a little dog he is, when competing in such a class. Dreamer was undoubtedly the Count of the party, and had he the advantage of Galliard's rich Belvoir colouring, instead of being a pink pie, or rather a creamy white, it would be quite possible to prefer him even to his sire.

After luncheon, a speech by the Marquis of Huntly, one by Mr. Albert Brassey, and another by Mr. Tom Parrington, with a cheer from the table of hunt-servants in their bright and pleasant uniform, the judging went forward almost immediately. And the first class after lunch introduced us to Royalty, the Queen of the Show. She came from the Warwickshire, and is the offspring of Milton Richmond, from Fractious. With her came Traitor, by Furley, and to these was awarded the premier ribbon, with the second prize going to a pair of short-legged damsels from South Cheshire. Most of us have our ideal of what a foxhound bitch should be. And if Royalty did not entirely fill the requirements of all and everyone of us, she fell short in the minds of very few; and certainly she was ahead of everything exhibited. An elegant and shapely lady, all life and pinwire, she was rightly proclaimed not only the best bitch of her age, but, finally, of all the Show. Lord Willoughby de Broke went on by winning the two-couple and three-couple prizes, with Starlight (by Milton Solomon), Hero and Homespun (both by Harper), and Purity (by Prizeman), with, in the latter case, the aid of the two young bitches aforesaid. The cup for the three-couples being his own gift, he surrendered it to the South Cheshire.

Strength carried the palm in the special class for matrons, and the Lanark and Renfrewshire Constance (by Prompter out of Careful), took first honours, one of Mr. Jarvis Lavender's daughters, Liberty, gaining second.

Among the young hounds were more than one of the undecorated deserve mention, especially Lord Chesham's Lictor (by Belvoir Guardman), and the Oakley Beautiful (by Belvoir Nominal), the latter a magnificent bitch. From what we have said, and, still more, by reference to catalogue and pedigree, it will readily be recognised that Belvoir may still claim to be almost the fountainhead of hound blood.

## Henley Regatta, 1890.

WE believe that our readers take much interest in the rowing at Henley Regatta as apart from the holiday or picnic proceedings, and therefore we think it well to refer in a brief article to the doings of the crews, notwithstanding that very much has already been written thereon.

The Regatta of this year will long be remembered for close racing and vile weather. Tuesday, with its threatening clouds and cold wind, was about as much as anyone could put up with, but Wednesday was worse. A downpour commenced early in the morning, and never ceased till late in the afternoon. Under such circumstances it was astonishing to see so many people afloat in skiffs and canoes, under the impression that they were enjoying themselves. The third day was fine, and consequently the crowd was as great as in former years. The course was admirably kept on all three days, and great credit is due to Lieutenant Bell and his fellow officials. A line of house-boats extended from some distance above the winning-post to the top of Temple Island, and were as gorgeous as ever.

But a few words may be said with respect to the College barges of Brasenose, New, and Christ Church, which were moored some distance above the winning-post; an arrangement which, needless to say, caused just complaint. Perhaps it is not generally known that there exists an unwritten rule to the effect that the best positions are allotted to the highest subscribers to the Regatta Fund. The Conservancy officials apparently overlooked the fact that the Oxford University Boat Club has always subscribed liberally to the fund, and although the "Varsity" barge is not sent down to the Regatta, yet the Boat Club is represented by the college barges. In addition to the annual subscription, the entrance fees of the Oxford crews this year amounted to some considerable sum of money. But enough of this. The racing on the opening day proved remarkably close and interesting; in fact, we never remember to have seen such fine contests in the initial stages of the Regatta. The second day's racing was equally exciting, and the finals on the last day were stubbornly contested.

Surprises were plentiful, but perhaps the greatest of all was the poor show made by the Thames Rowing Club in the Grand Challenge. It will be remembered that this club won the big race both in 1888 and 1889. With the exception that Landale, of Trinity Hall fame, took the place of Hutchinson at No. 6, the crew was exactly the same as that which represented the club in the two previous years; but the rowing was very different. The smart "beginning," hard leg drive, and clean finish had



all vanished. As a contemporary fitly remarked—"That pitcher has gone to the well too often." The crew paddled to perfection, but when it came to racing at top speed the men faltered. What a pity it is that such an admirable stroke as Drake Smith did not abide by the resolution he made last year, which was never to race again! He had stroked his men to victory on two occasions, and ought to have been satisfied. We think that more than one man, since last summer, has developed a decided "bucket" forward, and now shows a disinclination to finish the stroke out. To our minds Broughton was the best man in the boat.

The London Rowing Club must have surprised even the keenest judges of rowing by their unexpected pace. Great credit is due both to their captain, Mr. James, and to Mr. Stilwell, for the care and trouble they bestowed upon the crew. The latter gentleman not only acted as coach, but himself drew out the lines for and superintended the building of the ship, which was constructed by Phelps, of Putney. The boat was a perfect specimen in every way, with sufficient floor to ensure steadiness on the swing forward, plenty of length to enable her to hold her way between the strokes; and fitted with clogs instead of the ordinary stretchers, she was 20 lb. lighter than any other eight-oared craft at the Regatta.

It is astonishing that such a good crew should have been turned out this year when we remember the somewhat feeble performances of the London Rowing Club last summer. The men were powerful, and knew how to make the best use of their strength.

To improve such a crew we could only suggest a longer swing forward. Brasenose were the second best eight at the Regatta. In the first heat of the Grand they defeated Trinity Hall, the head boat at Cambridge, with considerable ease, and in the final rowed well against London. Kent, at stroke, in spite of his awkward finish and "screw," rowed long and most pluckily. The men in the middle of the boat did well, considering they were mere novices. Mr. Lehmann was most energetic coaching the Oxonians, who perhaps might have gone a trifle faster had they placed their men differently. Nevertheless, they did uncommonly well. New College were unlucky in having to row a practically untrained man in G. C. Bourne. However, he performed very well on a week's rowing, and we doubt if they could have done better with their proper crew.

Kingston, with a scratch crew, were nearly as good as Trinity Hall, and only suffered defeat by half a length. The latter were never together, and Rowlatt, although a powerful oarsman, had no idea of stroking, otherwise he would hardly have rowed forty strokes a minute opposite the Isthmian Enclosure, when leading Christ Church by a clear length in a trial heat for the Ladies' Plate.

Balliol rowed pluckily, and deserved their success in the Ladies' Plate. They were a very light crew, but were well together, and Rogers at stroke showed great judgment.

Eton disappointed us sadly, after the great things we had heard of them. Strength and weight were not wanting, nor was good coaching, for no man understands how to manage a boys' crew better than Mr. Donaldson. The rowing was short and snatchy, and the time of the blades was very faulty. Radley, on the other hand, were far above their average, and raced uncommonly well. They were unfortunate in meeting the ultimate winners of the Ladies' Plate in the second round, otherwise they might have got into the final. Bedford were poor, and not up to public school form.

University College, once so great on the river, improved during their stay at Henley, but were hardly class enough. It is reported that they never considered themselves capable of winning either the Ladies' Plate or Thames Cup, for which they had entered, but they desired to show the general public that such a place as University College did still exist. They deserve great credit for their plucky rowing.

Christ Church lost their No. 7 through illness, on the eve of the Regatta: a real stroke of bad luck, for they would have stood an excellent chance of retaining the Cups they won last year. As it was, they won three heats on the opening day with a new man at No. 3, but the effort was too much for them, and on the second day their rowing lacked the accustomed life and decision, but they might have beaten Molesey had their stroke shown better judgment.

Emmanuel, just as at Cambridge, did not race well. In practice they showed great promise, rowing with more life and dash than one is accustomed to see from a Cambridge College eight.

The Thames Rowing Club second eight won the Thames Cup, beating Molesey in the final. They were a strong but rough crew. Molesey raced uncommonly well, and might have defeated Thames had not No. 5 broke his stretcher. Everyone was glad to see this club do so well on making its reappearance at Henley.

Coopers Hill were distinctly below class.

Now let us take a glance at the Fours. The Stewards' Cup, although receiving but four entries, produced perhaps the best racing at the Regatta. The first heat between Leander and Brasenose was one of the closest races ever witnessed. Neither boat led at any period by more than a third of a length. At the Isthmian Club the boats were dead level, but Brasenose, spurring grandly, managed to win by two feet. In the second heat Thames easily accounted for London. The final was an extraordinary race. At the start Thames led out and continued to increase their lead, until at Fawley they were nearly a length

clear. Looker, apparently under the impression that Brasenose, after their hard race in the morning against London in the final of the Grand Challenge, were dead beat, slowed down to 33. But he was much mistaken, for the Oxonians had plenty of life left in them, and spurting to 40 strokes a minute quickly overhauled their opponents, who made no attempt to quicken, and thus the race was snatched out of the fire by three-quarters of a length. Time 8.37, the fastest on record for the Stewards' Cup. Later in the day Brasenose won the Visitors' Cup from Pembroke College, Cambridge—an excellent performance.

The Wyfold Cup fell to Kingston, who defeated Thames in the final. The winners were a good four, and deserved their victory. Thompson, the winner of the Sculls at Oxford, rowed stroke, and was backed up at No. 3 by Fison, the Colquhoun Champion.

Thames Rowing Club ought to have done better with such men as Broughton and Falconer in the boat, but they were not together, and did not understand the art of four-oar rowing.

The London Rowing Club second four were neat, but lacked strength.

The Diamonds naturally caused any amount of interest, as it was known that Gardner had undergone a most careful preparation with the hope of being able to defeat his old opponent, Guy Nickalls. Unfortunately they were drawn together in the second round, and consequently sculled on the second day. The race was a grand one, and the sculling of both men excellent. Nickalls, by sheer strength, won by half a length. The two styles were quite dissimilar. The winner, to our mind, would make his boat travel even faster than he does, if he did not get such a "beginning." This may seem a peculiar theory, so we will endeavour to explain it. The swivel rowlocks now used on sculling boats allow of a much longer reach forward than the old-fashioned fixed wooden thowls, and the long slides of eighteen or twenty inches also tend to increase the length of the body swing; consequently, when a man is full forward and ready to commence his stroke in the water, his hands of course being wide apart, the blades of the sculls drop into the water some distance behind the rigger. If, then, the first part of the stroke is commenced with something approaching a jerk, the boat is being pinched or lifted a little, and will not be travelling straight through the water until the blades of the sculls are nearly opposite the riggers. Therefore a great deal of energy has been expended where much less exertion would have proved more valuable. Gardner has the happy knack of knowing how to oil his boat along with apparent ease, although of course he sculls with great power.

Psotto's sportsmanlike action in allowing Kennedy to start again after capsizing, has earned for him the admiration, not only of rowing men, but of every true sportsman.

Kennedy has improved vastly since last year, but he has not the strength to contend against either Nickalls or Gardner.

In the Goblets, Nickalls and Amptill defeated Muttlebury and Francklyn. The dark blues won with something to spare, but they were hardly an ideal pair; however, their blades were together, and the ship carried them capitally. Muttlebury was too strong for his partner; but it is only fair to say that Francklyn was evidently stale. It was only last year that he was a member of the Eton crew, and since then he has done too much training. If he takes the advice of his numerous friends he will not join the army of pot-hunters at the countless regattas which are about to take place. A much-needed rest will bring back the good form he displayed last winter, both at Cambridge and at Putney.

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## The Cricket Season of 1890.

"STRADFASSTLY purposing to lead a new life," if I remember right, is a maxim in the Church Catechism; but I fear that practically it becomes one of those good intentions which Dr. Johnson assayed and found to be base coin. I constantly propose to keep up a cricket diary every evening; but that diary most resembles a long-promised diary which a nephew of mine, when the smallest "middy" in the Service, undertook, when he went round the world in the *Galatea*, very many years ago, and the result was a short and somewhat improbable story, written in a grand volume which was given to him before sailing, and which in later years he admitted to be a joint contribution by the midshipmen's mess, written within forty-eight hours of the ship's arrival in old England. So perhaps after all a short *précis* of important events will be better than a categorical list of events.

There are a large number of cricketers who like to see the Australians, and also the so-called "minor counties," play against the so-called "major counties," because such matches are a test of what men can do against strange bowling; and if an excuse is made when a "major" and a "minor" meet, that A, B, or C was absent on the side of the "major," it is no excuse really, and the inference is that A, B, or C, if amateurs, don't care about being bowled by a "yokel," and if professionals, prefer going to play against the Australians for larger pay, and to leave their county in the lurch. The possibility of being

bowled by a yokel, as regards the amateurs, is a certified fact, as the M.C.C. have thrown their doors open, and have extended their patronage to many professionals of the "minor" counties, and have engaged at Lord's men from the "minor" counties, who are imported into the first elevens of the M.C.C. Club and Ground; and, moreover, who have acquired great excellence, by getting into what professionals call "the best company."

No one likes to hit anyone when down, but at this writing in the middle of July, Sussex has won one match, Gloucestershire has a blank record, and classification is a myth. All these questions about "first" and "second" will be dealt with by some of the first amateurs in England, who, had they been born in a different sphere, might have been at the top of the tree of the professionals. As regards the Australians, in spite of much "running down," which all real cricketers regret, whenever they play they show, whether under defeat or victory, that there is "life in the old dog"; and having met with many reverses, they must be given the credit of having frequently been robbed of a fair chance of victory.

Oxford and Cambridge, and Winchester and Eton, and Eton and Harrow have all tried conclusions since last month's BAILY. The tests previously to the University match at Lord's left Cambridge the favourites, and with good reason—as Cambridge were undoubtedly the best eleven. M'Gregor is, as many think at present, *nulli secundus* as wicket-keeper; and I am sure that all the best professional wicket-keepers would not take a word of praise off his acknowledged brilliant performances. Added to this, Cambridge had the benefit of S. M. J. Woods', our Australian cousin's, bowling, and also of E. C. Streatfield's; and those two, to most critics, seemed by far the best bowlers on the two sides. The University match was ruined by weather. Cambridge had previously made a good show against Surrey; and Oxford against M.C.C. turned, what appeared to be, an inevitably lost match into a respectable one towards the finish, as the batting of W. D. Llewellyn in the first innings, and L. C. H. Palaret in the second, was much admired. Oxford were very deficient in bowling.

As regards the Winchester and Eton, and Harrow and Eton matches, both were drowned by bad weather. In the Winchester match, Eton in "following on," which they had to do, wanted 38 runs to save the single innings defeat, with three wickets down, when stumps were drawn. It is fair to say that as the wicket had become easy, A. R. Hoare, who is a good all-rounder, and R. C. Norman, were hitting hard for Eton, and might have made a better finish than it looked on paper.

At Lord's the weather again ruined the Eton and Harrow match, and only one innings each and a second innings up to

the fall of three Eton wickets was played. The foregone conclusion of a "walk over" for Harrow in consequence of the Eton Eleven being all fresh, and in the absence of their captain, who was ill, did not come off. The bowling on neither side savoured much of future honours to any player as bowler in Gentlemen and Players. Harrow have one slow bowler, Peebles, who at one time of the first innings of Eton, was crafty, and on the spot; but there was very little "devil" in any bowler, except the fast overhand Eton bowler, who "slung" the ball, but was very little on the wicket. If he had been straight the bowling would have proved "nasty," as every now and then came a fatal yorker. Only two double figures were made in Harrow's first innings; one of these double figures, 76 by M'Laren, was a grand performance, and H. M. Butler, brother of the captain of 1885, helped him with a useful 22 innings. For Eton, in their first innings, Brewis, a real good bat, made an excellent 44. R. A. Studd, the last of the many brothers, scored a careful 12; and Dickinson, the wicket-keeper, added 22 runs. Harrow had a fair wicket-keeper, and the Harrow field was admirably managed. Eton in their second innings wanting 25 to catch Harrow up, got 120 by fine hard hitting, and left a good draw (the scales being pretty evenly balanced); no one can tell in whose favour, as school cricket is a funny thing, for in 1844 W. D. Shipley, the last wicket of Winchester, put on 99 with his partner, at Lord's. Seeing that Winchester in their Eton match had five double figures in their only innings, running from 15 to 84, and totalling 175 runs, and made Eton follow on with a deficit of 103 to get, of which they yet wanted 38 with three wickets down, it is certain that they were by no means the worst of the three elevens, particularly as they have an excellent bowler, Boger, who bowled when Winchester got eight Eton wickets for 12 runs last year at Eton, and won the match out of the fire; in fact, some whisper pretty confidently that this year Winchester, under the auspices of Mr. E. H. Buckland, who is a master, has the strongest eleven.

It is worth while looking up the doings of some of these "minor" counties. Hants beat Staffordshire, which is a very strong county, by 19 runs, at Stoke; Baldwin, a new professional, scoring 113 not out, and bowling eight wickets for Hants. Warwickshire beat Yorkshire at Halifax by 46 runs; Somerset beat Hants at Southampton by two runs; at Leyton, Essex were left in their match against Yorkshire, with 22 runs only to get, and the whole side to go in. At Birmingham, Warwickshire again defeated Yorkshire by eight wickets. At Derby, Derbyshire beat Yorkshire by an innings and 25 runs. These are some of the peculiarities of the second-class counties; and the farce of classification, as it now exists, or purports to exist, must be knocked on the head. One of the greatest curiosities ever known was the Lancashire and Sussex match

at Manchester, in which the Lancashire captain, who won the toss, "declared the closure" when his side had scored 246 for two wickets! and Sussex put on 35 and 24 in their two innings, leaving Lancashire the winners by 187 runs and an innings. Mr. Mallock, I think, was the gentleman who wrote the book, "Is life worth living?" An analogous question arises, "Was such a match worth looking at?" Of course Frank Penn, in last month's cricket, should have been Frank Hearne.

F. G.

## Amongst the Grouse.

By CAPTAIN CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.S.S., F.Z.S., etc.



AMONGST the grouse!  
Dear, bonnie brown  
birds, how I love your  
very name! And what  
memories of those happy  
August days—alas! long  
gone by—does the very  
thought of the glories of  
the immortal Twelfth  
conjure up before my  
mind's eye! And, hurrah!

for the grouse, for the sporting month of August is with us once more; once again guns are "sorted," cartridges galore ordered; our four-footed friends carefully looked after; the very latest reports from the moors—and our own in particular—anxiously scanned; and once again we are keen as ever, as in the good old days of yore, we foregather with our special "chums" on the familiar platform at Euston or St. Pancras.

Yes, for again it is August; again I am free  
As the swallow that skims o'er the waves of the sea.  
Then, welcome the season to sportsmen so dear—  
To me it is ever the pride of the year.  
Oh, gay is my heart as I happily dream  
Of the joys of the land of the mountain and stream;  
And happier still when I'm safe in the train,  
And bound for the heather of Scotland again!

The glorious Twelfth! Ay, indeed, it ever was so to our eyes, and ever will be a red letter day; and, what's more to the purpose, it is so to-day. Long, long, may it be so! And I really do believe I'm as keen this year to be up and "awa' to the heel!" and after those bonnie brown grouse, as I was in those long ago happy days—

"When a youngster from Eton  
I proudly went forth,  
With my 'single,' and killed  
My first grouse in the North!"

As our train speeds on its way to the land of the purple heather, how happy are our thoughts as the express slowly but surely puffs its way up the steep ascent of old "Shapfell," and on either side of the line the grand mountains of Westmoreland, or mayhap Cumberland, first burst upon our view. And, by all that's sporting, see there sits an old cock grouse upon yonder grey stone dyke, and I doubt not but that his wife and a good big brood, let us hope, are hidden in that patch of crimson heather over yonder!

And now the ancient city of "merrie Carlisle" is passed, and the "fair Eden river" left behind, and we are crossing the "Esk river, where ford there is none," only we do so by means of a good substantial iron bridge, and not like the gallant of dear old Sir Walter's ballad, the sprightly young Lord Lochinvar. Edinburgh is at length reached, and "Auld Reekie" in due course gives place to grey Stirling, or mayhap Perth, and we are deposited at the familiar little wayside station, and are soon safely in our "machine," and a few hours later amongst our own native glens and rugged hills once more.

The sweet little lodge—how lovely it looks this fair evening of August, nestled so snugly amongst its embosoming mountains! And yonder, down the little glen, flows merrily along that bonnie Highland stream, whence we have taken many a noble salmon and spotted sea-trout, and where we feel we shall now very soon again prove that our hand has not yet lost its cunning with rod and fly.

And I am sure you—at least, I can speak for myself, at any rate—long before you do anything else, on reaching your "happy hunting-grounds," will at once make your way to your kennels, and take a peep at your favourite four-footed friends. Dear old doggies, how happy you are to see me again, and how well you look! How sleek your glossy coat, my Juno and Angus and little Nell; I never did see you look so fit. "Let them out, Donald. Down, down, my doggies!" but no, they are so delighted to see their old master again that they all seem to have been suddenly bereft of sense, and scamper round and round in glee, like, for all the world, a bevy of happy children suddenly given a half-holiday.

And now to the keeper's lodge, where old Alick McAlister is closely questioned as to the past nesting season and the probable number of the broods, the state of the river as regards "fush"; and, most important of all, the eccentricities of that uncertain factor in Scottish sport—the weather.

Well, Alick does not think much of the prospects of the "partrick," and, owing to the unusually wet summer we have just gone through, he opines many of the wild-bred pheasants are "drowned"; but as for the grouse, our special prey just now, at all events: "Weel, laird, a' never did see such a gran' show



o' birds on the hull!" Good news, glorious tidings, Alick! And this is the eleventh, and to-morrow the—Twelfth!

As to the prospects for the present season of 1890, there is probably not a very great divergence in opinion, as it seems to be fully admitted on all hands that, in most districts of Scotland and also of the North of England, birds bred early and hatched out well. Of course, here and there come to hand rumours of that dreaded and still mysterious grouse disease; but from all we have gathered from reports coming from various moors throughout Scotland, the bulk of the shootings promise very well, so far as grouse and also black-game are concerned. The heavy rains that have fallen to our share during the past very wretched period calling itself "summer," though most disastrous to both partridges and wild-bred pheasants, came too late to very greatly affect the young grouse. In many districts these birds were very early out of the shell, and within a couple of miles of my own shootings in Galloway this year, young grouse were actually on the wing (though of course only able to fly a few yards) on the first day of May. On the whole, therefore, grouse prospects are encouraging; and so long as we are favoured with good August weather, and a moor where the bonnie heather grows luxuriantly, and is not allowed to be burnt by ignorant farmers till the country-side looks like a parched-up field in the "black country," we may look forward to good sport and heavy bags, as we once more "table the hill" with chosen comrades and our favourite dogs; and may many a "big doing" this August be in store for us all!

## "Our Van."

"THE warmth of its July" has been a sad misnomer in the past month. Summer has slipped away from us, and left reminiscences of washed-out fêtes, saturated racecourses, bedraggled toilets, and general misery. At least such were the opening days. We looked at the mockery of our bedizened grates, and envied our servants the kitchen fire. Truly, "the time of roses" was a bad time.

The yearling it was who had the good time. He was very much in evidence, commencing with the Yearling Sales. Hampton Court sale, and going on through the two Julys at Newmarket. Racing played a second fiddle to him, save at Kempton and Leicester, and millionaires fought with the lords of broad acres and rich mines for the possession of such very risky property. Of course the Royal yearlings excited unwonted interest, chiefly from the presence among them of sisters to Memoir and

Sainfoin, and reports, not perhaps too highly coloured, that they were an exceptionally good lot. There is no doubt that, thanks to the untiring efforts of Colonel, now Sir George Maude, the Royal Stud has moved with the times. It does not require a long memory to recall the days when the sale ring in the paddocks, and the paddocks themselves, were melancholy sights. The yearlings of those days, undersized and badly nourished, had earned for themselves, as Mr. Tattersall reminded us at the late sale, the contemptuous appellation of "the Queen's rats." They looked starved, and the surroundings were not worthy of a Royal *haras*. But all that has been changed. Advice and suggestions have been listened to by those in authority; money has been spent, and new blood been introduced. For the last few years a freer hand has been granted to Sir George Maude, and with results which reached their culmination at the sale last month. An average of over 700 guineas is the highest the Royal young ones have reached, but as this is a record-breaking age, there will be nothing surprising in its being beaten in the future. It was a goodly gathering on that last Saturday in June, and all that was noble and much that was fair (the weather excepted) were grouped round the sale-ring. The Heir Apparent came down on Baron Hirsch's coach, which Lady Curzon, first and foremost of coachwomen, drove into the paddock, to the confounding of Mrs. Grundy. Noble lords and noble and sporting ladies were there galore, only, unfortunately, that extinguisher of grace and beauty in women and of the noble form divine in men, the waterproof of the period, was, like the trail of the serpent, over all. Many a fair woman essayed a smartness which proved a failure, and the lords of the creation, with their coat collars up and hats over their eyes, presented, to say the least, an undignified appearance. But what mattered that? We had lunched well—Royalty and its intimate friends in the house of the stud groom; the nobility and gentry of lesser degree in the spacious tent provided by Royal hospitality. We lunched so long and well that it was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Tattersall began those preliminary remarks with which he is wont to introduce distinguished young stock to our notice. He did not seek to exaggerate the value of the same, but no doubt accurately gauging the intentions of the circle surrounding the ring, was content to let noble lord and eminent baron, gallant colonel and ducal grandee fight their own battles, while Sir George Maude stood behind him in his box, prompt with a hint and ready with a suggestion if the game gave signs of flagging. It was a distinguished gathering. By the side of the Prince of Wales was seated Baron Hirsch; near the latter the manager of his stud and Lord High Commissioner in general, Lord Marcus Beresford; while behind them sat Lord Alington and Sir George Wombwell. Lord Clonmell and a bevy of fair faces were to be descried immediately behind the Prince. Then, scattered on the many coaches, were the Master of the Horse and his Duchess, Lord Coventry, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Hindlip, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Marquess of Londonderry, Lord Suffield, Lord Durham, Sir Charles Russell, and Mr. Charles Matthews—enjoying a brief respite from the strife of tongues; Mr. Robert Vyner, Mr.

Houldsworth, and Col. Wallace, with Mr. Redfern, be sure, not far away; Lord Berkeley Paget, Mr. Douglas Baird, Mr. Noel Fenwick, Sir Robert Jardine, Mr. Taylor Sharpe, and some buyers for the foreign market, whose names we were unable to ascertain. We think the Crown Equerry and Mr. Tattersall glanced round the ring, even before a bid was made, with a placid expression; for the men they looked on meant business—there was no mistake about it. They had not come to lunch or to lounge, not to criticise yearlings, but to buy, so after a little preliminary skirmishing with Lord Alington, Mr. Tattersall succeeded in knocking down the first lot to that noble patron of Kingsclere; and getting rid of some of the rubbish—if rubbish it was—to Lord Randolph, Mr. Redfern, and John Porter, and inducing the Duke of Portland as a duty to buy the first St. Simon, the fun began. The sister to Sainfoin, however, did not prove a very exhilarating lot. Some captious critics called her plain; she is not very big, but she is strongly built, and perhaps it was her distinguished relative who ran her up to "the thou" for which Baron Hirsch got her. The opposition was not very strong, and the sister to Sainfoin was, we must own, in a certain sense a failure. The first great fight was over the filly by Hampton out of Gallantry, a very good-looking one indeed, though somewhat light in bone; but then her quality and blood-like appearance was so undeniable, and her action as she walked round the ring was so admired, that the Duke of Westminster and Lord Durham set to work in earnest, and, distancing other competitors, had the game to themselves when they got to four figures. From the thousand Lord Durham ran the Duke hard, but at 1,300 retired, and left his Grace in possession at another fifty. It was when the much-talked-about sister to Memoir entered the ring that the craning of necks, the straining of eyes, and a general struggle to the front on the part of those in a bad position, began. The object of all this attention certainly did not belie her good report. A lengthy filly, well-grown, shapely, with plenty of liberty and fine action, she looked an undoubted swell, and all eyes were turned towards the Duke of Portland, as if expecting him to at least put her in. That the noble Master of the Horse meditated buying her is not very probable, seeing he has plenty of that blood already, and moreover is little inclined, we fancy, to give those speculative prices which the big prizes of the Turf have called forth. His Grace, in duty bound, however, gave Memoir's sister a helping hand, and set her going at 3,000 guineas. The challenge was eagerly taken up, and Lord Marcus, Mr. Douglas Baird, and Sherwood, the latter on behalf of Colonel North, went at it "hammer and tongs." It was amusing to watch Baron Hirsch, apparently a careless and an uninterested spectator, while Lord "Marky" was waging war with Sherwood. The illustrious Prince by his side watched and listened to the bids with keen attention; but the millionaire—we presume it's a way he has got—sat immovable. If there was any betting on the event—and we should say there was—it was no doubt a case of odds on the Baron. Of course, we do not pretend to know what that gentleman would have gone to for the filly, but his quiet demeanour was more impressive than excitable, and we should say Sherwood felt out of it from

the first. Baron Hirsch meant having her, it was clear, and whether he gave £5,000 or £10,000, mattered, we should say, little. So, after Sherwood had bid the former sum, and the Baron, master of the hour, had capped it with another five hundred, there was nothing to do but to fling up the sponge. There was, of course, some excitement, and when Mr. Tattersall called for three cheers for Baron Hirsch and success to the Royal Stud, they were right willingly given. We *do* like to see people spend money, and if we think they are spending it rather foolishly, why, we cheer the louder.

For we believe everything has a moral, if we  
 : Their Moral. could always find it, and, in this case, the finding is not difficult. No one pretends that when

Baron Hirsch gave that extravagant price just mentioned he was giving the intrinsic value of the flesh, blood, and bones he was purchasing; nor that subsequently, when Lord Dudley, Colonel North, and other owners gave such large sums, during the July meetings, they were not spoiling the market. The yearling, of course, is valuable for what he can win—for what he may become. Men round the sale-ring are putting their money into the lucky bag, hoping to draw out a future Hermit, Galopin, or St. Simon, that shall become a rich property in process of time. Tempted also by the large sums now given principally to two-year-old races, and hoping that the promising youngsters they offer their thousands for may at least last to the end of their two-year-old career, even if hard work and early training then cut short their racing life. In this respect, though, we think Baron Hirsch's large sum pales before what Mr. Robert Peck gave for Maximilian just fourteen years ago, for the simple reason that then the so-called classic races were then alone the rich prizes of the Turf. With the exception of the Middle Park Plate, Maximilian, supposing he had been the best two-year-old of his year, could have put no thousands in his owner's pocket, therefore does the 4,100 guineas that wretched brute cost, stand out in stronger contrast to the 5,500 given for the sister to Memoir. If she turns out well, Baron Hirsch, by this time next year, may have more than recouped himself; and as brave men have lived before Agamemnon, we think if we could search the files of old newspapers we should find some big sums given for blood stock under the elms at Middle Park some five and twenty years ago, when the bidding went up and the champagne cup went round, and the hot atmosphere (it was in the pre-glacial period, when we had summers) got more heated the fiercer got the bids. All of which goes to prove that, though doubtless the present craze of rich prizes has increased the value of thoroughbred yearlings, yet the spirit of speculation was quite as strong as, and looking for what they speculated, even stronger than it is now. Certainly a yearling filly is a more risky property than a colt, seeing that when she retires from the Turf she ceases to be a source of income, so Baron Hirsch must have whatever credit attaches to his having bought the dearest on record. Everyone sincerely wishes, we feel sure, that she will also do credit to her lineage, and transmit St. Simon's name and his good qualities, as a second Hermit, to her descendants.

## Newmarket.

We do not propose to dwell long on the sales that took place during the first July week at headquarters, for our readers will be, perhaps, as tired of reading about yearlings as we are of writing about them. Sufficient here to note the plucky bidding of Lord Dudley for the Barcaldines and Hermits, which we trust will show the mettle of their pastures. Lord Dudley seemed animated by a thoroughly English spirit, which we could not help admiring, even when it approached the confines of rashness. Wholesome rivalry in all business concerns does good to someone, chiefly the public. In the sale-ring it does good to individuals, and those individuals breeders. Curious was it to see the prestige still surrounding the dead and gone Blankney sire, when the sons and daughters of his old age were so vigorously fought for as they were on this occasion. It was with no unfriendly feeling, we need scarcely say, that Lord Dudley opposed Baron Hirsch, but only to show him that, good sportsman as he is, he must not be allowed to have it all his own way. So there being a well-founded rumour that the Baron intended to buy the sister to Heresy, Lord Dudley boldly carried the war into the enemy's camp, and when Lord Marcus had bid 1,800 guineas, capped it with "three thousand." A murmur of surprise ran round the ring, and Mr. Tattersall blandly remarked that he supposed his lordship meant two thousand. But his lordship meant nothing of the kind. "No," he replied, rather sharply, "three thousand." There was nothing more to be said. Baron Hirsch gracefully acknowledged the situation, and Lord Dudley remained master of the field. He had previously, among other purchases, given 1,750 guineas for the first Bendigo, a handsome colt, who, if he turns out one-quarter as good as his sire, will do; and firing his last shot when he bought the Dee filly for 1,100 guineas, his lordship proceeded to the course to back some of his selling platers, of which there seems to be an inexhaustible supply at Lordship Farm, with the proud consciousness that he had purchased 12,000 guineas' worth of horseflesh that morning, and had beaten the Baron fair and square. There is something worth living for, after all.

## Kempton.

The racing at the First July played such a secondary rôle to the sales that we do not propose to notice it, but pass on to Kempton, where one of the prizes that help to make yearlings such a good property to sell was to show us the second meeting of The Deemster and Siphonia, and all the pro and con as to which would win. For we suppose if, in the train that carried us to Sunbury, anyone had ventured to say that neither of the two would first catch the judge's eye, the fate would have been his of that "journalistic novice" who approaches the master of the *Pink 'Un* with an original article on Ascot or Henley. For what was to beat either or both of these two? The bookmakers at one time offered 20 to 1 bar two, and it really seemed as if these odds might well have been doubled. There were only three opponents to the redoubtable pair, and though there was a rumour that Fuse had won a fresh trial before she left Kingsclere, the market made no sign, except that before the flag fell the 20 to 1 bar two was altered to 100 to 6 Fuse. Even then, we

believe, she came in for no recognition from her stable; and who backed her, if anyone, we are ignorant. For why should she have been backed? We had seen her both here and at Sandown run badly, and though at the latter place she came with the reputation of having beaten what was the supposed crack youngster of the stable, Stop, she succumbed to the Lady Charlie filly, who, in her turn, went down before the moderate Adieu a week or two later at Stockbridge. So the only question to be decided at Kempton was which of the two should we back, The Deemster or Siphonia? The latter was receiving 10 lb. from Mr. Leigh's colt, and, moreover, had the benefit of Tom Cannon's riding. It was a lump of weight to give, grand horse as we believe The Deemster to be; so the mare opened favourite; but "the Captain's" confidence was unbounded, and so well did the Coventry Stakes winner look in the paddock, that he had the call of the second before the flag fell. The director of the stable laughed at Siphonia beating him, and so there was a great rush on The Deemster in the last quarter of an hour. He had got some flesh off, it appeared to us, since Ascot, and though rain had been falling all the afternoon, and the going was a bit heavy, no one seemed to fear anything from that. A big, powerful horse, like this son of Arbitrator, seemed capable of going through anything, though he had 9 st. 7 lb. to carry. It was a miserable time waiting for the flag to fall, for we could see nothing, except that something was unruly, and that there were breaks away; but, however, most of us saw enough—a great deal too much, indeed, to be pleasant. We saw Siphonia for a moment or two, at the distance, looking best, but she was speedily joined by Fuse and The Deemster, the three running a grand race home, and, *mirabile dictu*, Fuse the winner. She beat Siphonia by a head, and by the same distance the latter reversed the Ascot positions with The Deemster. So here was confusion of form if you like! and to account for it, a puzzle, indeed. We did hear of one clever sportsman who declared he had the key to the mystery, which he explained, by a mixing up of Noverre, Grace Emily, Conifer, and one or two others in a bewildering explanation which left us as wise as we were before. All the majority could say was that the race was a false run one, which is very probable, if slightly unsatisfactory. So for the present the supposed Ascot cracks are under a cloud, which Siphonia may dispel at Goodwood, where, however, The Deemster has no engagements; indeed, with the exception of a race at Liverpool, this grand-looking colt will not be seen again this year. As Aintree, however, is one of "the Captain's" happy hunting-grounds, The Deemster and Peter Flower may be doing battle there in the Mersey Stakes ere the ink of these lines is well dry. On the following day, at Kempton, St. Cyr, who was one of the much-admired lot in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, galloped over Susiana, giving her 16 lb., which was a good performance; and looking at his breeding—he is a Trappist colt—there may be a brilliant five furlongs' career before him. For the Princess of Wales' Handicap, Deuce of Clubs—dropped from 9 st. 12 lb. at Epsom to 7 st. 9 lb. here—was certainly all worthy of the attention he received. He won easily, and though, owing to a bump, Screech Owl was just headed by Lifeguard in the

last stride or two, and so lost second money, Lord Cholmondeley was too good a sportsman to object. Here, as in the case of many other outdoor affairs, from race meetings to picnics, the rain spoiled all Mr. Hyde's flowers, and interfered much with the liberal catering of the Messrs. Bertram. But we suppose we are in for a wet summer, and must make the best of it.

Surely the new meeting at Oadby deserves to succeed, for it comes up smiling like a second Leicester.

Mark Tapley, after rebuffs of lack of patronage, an apathetic population, and weather which an old coachman we knew in the long ago was wont to call "scandalous." It did pretty well at its meeting last month, however; and would have done better, we cannot help thinking, if the authorities had limited it to two days. They might have got rid of some of the plating, which made the sport—apart from the two or three big events—dreadfully tedious; and they would have been able to show us two days such as Ascot could not beat. The Zetland Plate, the Midland Derby (though that was a failure), the Portland Stakes, the Summer Handicap, and the Prince of Wales' Stakes—here was plenty of good racing, and something more than good. The meeting of Peter Flower and Orvieto; of Cereza, Le Butard, and Grace Conroy; of Surefoot, Memoir and Le Nord—here was attractive sport to argue over and gamble on, and we think if they had spread the feast over two days instead of three they would have doubled their takings. In the first place, there is that strong objection to Monday racing, which we do trust the Jockey Club will take into its high consideration this year, and see their way to its abolition. As it was, on the occasion we are treating of, there were but few people present on the Monday, and both Club Stand and Tattersall's enclosure were but sparingly patronised; but on Tuesday there was a much more cheerful state of things. The elements were kind; the trains from town and Manchester and Liverpool were well filled, though in the case of Manchester not too well occupied. The Midland Railway gives every facility to Cottonopolis to come to Oadby, and charges very little for it, but yet we did not see too many representatives from that and other hives of Northern industry. The metropolitan contingent was very strong, but though the Club Stand was occupied and many of our leading Turfites were present, we cannot say it was crowded. We have no hesitation in saying that the programme offered by the executive was not only liberal—that goes without saying—but it was a first-class one, not to be beaten, we repeat, by anything that Ascot could give. Such a programme ought to have drawn people, real sporting men and women, from the four quarters of the kingdom, as they are drawn at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster; but it did not, the more's the pity. Why, the meeting of Peter Flower and Orvieto was a thing to look forward to with intense interest, and though most of us expected to see Lord Durham's horse the winner, yet it was impossible for one moment to grudge Mr. Houldsworth his success with his beautiful son of Bend Or and Napoli. It was, we suppose, a true run race too, and though we should like to see them meet again on another course but Leicester, still we have no doubt the best horse that day won, and Lord Durham, like the good sportsman he is, was the first to say so.

But looking back at it with perhaps more sober judgment than when the two had just passed the chair, we do not think there is so very much in it. Orvieto had not so very much to spare, and if they do meet again we shall expect to see close wagering. A horse that disappointed us in the Portland Stakes was Gouverneur, though we could see that he wants time. He was again beaten by his stable companion, Révérend, to whom at home he has been the superior in two trials. Révérend indeed made the running to the distance, and finished a respectable third, while Gouverneur never for one moment gave his backers any hope; and the same may be said of the handsome Gavotte. Simonian has so long proved the worthlessness of the early form at Lincoln, that of course nothing was expected of him, and we were not disappointed. That it will take a very good one to beat Orvieto is more than probable, but still there is not so very much between him and the son of Peter. Leicester, or rather Oadby, is a curious course, and we have seen curious running there before now. How Semolina failed last year we never could quite understand, and though the present contest was in no way similar, seeing that it was well fought out, whereas Semolina was never in the race, we should not be at all surprised to see Peter Flower reverse the form. The great race, however, was that for the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the last day; not great in the closeness of the finish, but great in the quality of the field; a sort of undress rehearsal for the Leger, if a mile and sixty yards, with some of the performers "resting," can be called a proper rehearsal for a mile and three-quarters. But, at all events, it was in some way a trial, and Surefoot, Memoir, Alloway, Le Nord, with the semi-dark Oddfellow and Hutton Conyers, formed a field in which the winner of the great Doncaster event might well be. Surefoot took all eyes in the paddock. He was the king of a goodly company, as he always will be when looks and conformation are to be considered. Fitter than what he was in the paddock at Ascot, and unlike what he was there, quiet and subdued, he cantered to the post a warm favourite, with the pretty general opinion that the race, supposing he would do his best, was a certainty for him. We had, the majority of us, well reckoned up his form, and knew, as far as we could know, that a mile was about his tether. The course here, a puzzle and disaster to some horses, seemed peculiarly suited to him, and our only surprise was that bookmakers offered 3 to 1 and 5 to 2. Giving all credit to the Oaks winner, Surefoot was on his own distance, and on a course where his fine speed might be utilised to the utmost, so we really thought it what it proved to be, a very good thing. Not but that there was plenty of money for two or three of the others. The house of Rothschild and its *clientèle* backed Le Nord as if Surefoot was an outsider. Memoir naturally had a big following; and the good report about Oddfellow, as to what he could do with Morion, combined with a very taking appearance, made him second favourite, we thought, for money. Hutton Conyers looked outclassed; but Alloway gets into shape more every time we see him; moreover, he runs better, which is more important than his shape, probably. Unfortunately, a damp mist obscured the hill on which the start took place, and we saw nothing of the



vagaries of Le Nord when he kicked his jockey off; nor could we see when the flag fell or what made the running. But as they neared the bottom of the hill we could perceive that Surefoot was leading, that Le Nord and Oddfellow were both out of it, while when they descended into the dip and emerged therefrom, it was equally clear that Memoir could make no impression on the favourite. Watts called on the Oaks winner, but though she answered gamely, Surefoot had won. It was said by most of the racing experts that Surefoot won "all out." We did not feel quite sure on that point, but caved in before superior knowledge and experience. He beat Memoir by two lengths, whereupon, soon after he passed the post, we heard of a very surprising event, namely, that some presumably sane person had taken 2,000 to 500 about Surefoot for the Leger! Who he was we failed to discover, nor even at the lapse of time at which we write these lines have we been able to identify him. It has been suggested that the unknown is the "Mrs. Harris" of an invisible Betsy Gamp, but we need scarcely say we repudiate the suggestion with the scorn it deserves. We certainly did not hear that anyone followed in the footsteps of the unknown, and, in fact, the next quotation about Surefoot was two points over that taken "on the spur of the moment." The curious circumstance is that anyone should want to bet on the Leger at this time, when most probably the prices quoted now will be on sale on the day. It is still an open race, and we certainly cannot see how Surefoot's winning a mile race easily at Oadby should affect the Leger market in the way it appears to have done; but then this is a market mystery. Perhaps equally mysterious is the backing of another miler, St. Serf, and, be it remarked, a backing in reality, and not by mythical persons. We saw St. Serf could get little more than six furlongs, if that, in the Two Thousand, and then subsequently compass a mile, not without difficulty, on two occasions. But he is backed for the Leger, therefore why should not Surefoot be another miler, and presumably a better one? Still, it may be that both St. Serf and Surefoot are improving horses, and we may add that the former has been backed for the Leger by men who are considered good judges of racing, while we have been told that Jousiffe has no fear of Surefoot's stamina. But we repeat, why bother ourselves with this now? A good deal has to happen before we meet on the Town Moor on the 10th of September. Perhaps what looks open now may then present a clearer aspect—a race confined to two—or shall we say three?—to choose from. At all events, our advice is to wait.

**The Military Exhibition.**

At last we have had an Exhibition that instructs without worrying, a teacher who does not bore you, and who amuses while you learn your lesson.

Far be it from us to say that the shows of past and gone years, which have been held at South Kensington and other localities, have not instructed as well as amused. Many did; but whether it was their great size and the labour involved in conscientiously doing the show, or whether we were not sufficiently *in statu pupillari* to take it all in, we did not, we fear, profit as we ought to have done from their teaching. But the Military

Show at Chelsea is not too big; it can be grasped in the space of a few hours, certainly in two visits; we are not pestered to see panoramas, dancing dogs, or performing lions; we dine in peace and quietness, and though the Quadrant Dinner, an please you, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, is not worth the money, yet it is the Quadrant Dinner, a term that is supposed to defy criticism, and fills the minds of the country cousins with the delight of anticipation. But it is the Exhibition proper—the wonderful Battle Gallery, with its pictures from Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Ramillies, down to the last hopeless stand at Maiwand, and the charge at Kassassin, that absorbs one. Of course the majority turn to the recent warfare in Africa and the Soudan, as coming more home to our feelings; for is not the Crimea a very old story? and even the pathos of it, as told by Lady Butler, appeals, we fear, to a generation to whom the Alma and Inkerman are only names. But we seniors can dwell on the sad memories recalled by the pictures, and, as we pace down the gallery, catch our eyes often reverting from Salamanca and Badajos, Vittoria and the Pyrenees, to the opposite side, where the Indian Mutiny and the Crimea take up the tale of British heroism. It is a noble collection, and we cannot say too much in praise of the collectors, and of the arrangement of canvas, bust, and weapon. There must have been a wonderful amount of care and labour called forth in making the contents of the cases that line the walls tell the story in detail of the portraits or battle-pieces that hang above them. The relics of the great Marlborough, and of the greater Wellington, the swords and clothes they wore, are spread before us, as we look on the lineaments of the wearers. As it was at Blenheim and in the Peninsula, so it is at Lucknow and Inkerman, in the Soudan and in the pathetic "Too Late" that tells the story of the death of Herbert Stewart. We do not believe that anyone can walk through the Battle Gallery quite unmoved. To old soldiers and young it is both a glorious memory and a trumpet call; it is the past that may become a future. The whole Exhibition is, indeed, most interesting, and perhaps many will think the long shed, containing a very realistic picture of the work of the ambulance corps on a battle-field, the most attractive section. The art of the wax modeller has been requisitioned to show us the wounded, the dying, and the dead receiving from the hands of surgeons and nurses all fitting service, down to the last sad office. The grouping is most effective, and every detail of hospital life under such circumstances and surroundings is admirably given. The collection of medals, too, is one over which we could dwell for some time. The Peninsula medals are specially interesting, but we looked in vain for the gold one given to the survivors of "The Forlorn Hope" at the storming of Badajos. We believe the original number of them was small, but we should have thought more than one or two families would be the possessors of these valued testimonies to a grand deed of bravery, and would have been glad to send to Chelsea such a record of a dead and gone ancestor. As we have said before, the labour and care bestowed upon the Exhibition is deserving of all praise, and we offer to Major Malet and his brother workers hearty congratulations on the success that has crowned their work.

**South Berks Puppy Show.**

A rare lot on the flags, and Mrs. Gardiner, of The Bull, at Streatley, took first prize. More power to her! for if there is distemper about she makes soup for them, and even port wine has been administered. The new entry under her care are Partial and Paragon, of whom we like the last best, and shall be curious this time twelvemonth to learn if we are as wise as when, three weeks before the race, we spotted Morion for the Royal Hunt Cup.

**Provincial Cricket. South Oxen.**

If, as someone has said, a fine view is improved by having a good hotel in the foreground, assuredly a cricket match is none the worse if held on a plateau from whence a superb panorama may be seen. It was our good fortune to attend a cricket match when a local team contested the players who use the ground, arranged by the Rev. Mr. Nym, at his school at Woodcote House. The game was good, the position unique, for the Crystal Palace, thirty-six miles off, could be seen from it; Windsor Castle's windows blazed in the setting sun, and away to the right could be descried the Portsmouth Hills. It was here that Bulwer wrote some of his first novels, and his library, with its wonderful ceiling, is now the school-room. Some half-mile to the right the public may get even a finer view, for it may look to the north as well, over Abingdon, and, were it more known, there would certainly be wayfarers to the Black Lion at Woodcote.

The present visit of that admirable troupe of **The Daly Company.** American artists has been even more successful in every sense of the word than their other two. They have charmed us more, it may be added a pleased surprise. We all know how Ada Rehan moved the world, if the heart

"Could call up its sunshine and bring down its showers,"

but we hardly expected such a revelation as her Rosalind has given us. Not since the late Miss Litton depicted such a charming "fair, chaste, and inexpressive she" have we seen such a Rosalind as Miss Rehan's. Her Katherine was both grand and beautiful—grand in its imperious rage and scornful pride, beautiful in its love and submission. Comedy and pathos are both present in this great Rosalind; but comedy strikes the keynote. So bright and bewitching a woman, one so full of animal spirits, so loveable and volatile, would have been too much for twenty Orlandos to strive against. Miss Rehan depicts her as seeking to imbue others with the high spirits that run away with herself. There is nothing ethereal about this Rosalind. It may be that some captious critics will complain that Miss Rehan paints with too broad a brush; but we think they will be in a decided minority. Who can resist the enjoyment of Rosalind's wit, in which the actress evidently revels? Her beautiful voice adds beauty to the lines; her graceful movements entrance the audience as much as they do Orlando. In fact, Miss Rehan, not only in Rosalind, but in every part we have seen her take, flings an individuality into the character that is perfectly irresistible. Her art is magnificent; there is no other word to describe it. She is well assisted by Mr. John Drew, whose Orlando is manly and

picturesque; but it is the inexpressible beauty of Miss Rehan's Rosalind that has taken the town by storm, and compelled Mr. Daly to prolong the run of the play.

When we once more assemble at Cloutsham Ball during the present month, to commence operations with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, a face will be missing which one and all have looked on as a principal, if unofficial, actor in the sport for many, many years. We allude to Mr. John Joyce, of Bardon, in the Dunster and Minehead District, who died suddenly while walking round his garden, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. No keener sportsman ever took part in the tufting or halloa'd a "stag of ten" away than John Joyce; and when we first made his acquaintance, near upon twenty years ago, no better man ever crossed "the moor," for when hounds ran he was always well to the fore on his good bay horse Tufter, while no cleverer hand ever dived into the recesses of the Horner Woods to assist in the tufting with either Jack Babbage or Arthur Heal, on one of those clever ponies of which he seemed to have an unlimited store. Like all West-countrymen, he was kindness itself to the stranger and novice, and it was his hand which blooded the Prince of Wales when he hunted the wild deer from Dunster Castle, eleven seasons ago. At one time, we believe, he had a pack of harriers, and showed good sport round the Timbuscombe District after the death of Mr. Hole, who hunted it with beagles. Alas! how many good men and true have gone over to the majority since then: Fenwick Bisset, Peter Dene, Jack Russell, Hole, and John Joyce. Mr. Joyce was as well-known as a farmer as a sportsman, and was a charming companion to have on a visit to a flock or herd. We once accompanied him to see Mr. Walter Farthing's Devons at Nether Stone, also since dead, and every mile of the road formed a text for some original remark or good anecdote concerning agriculture, sport, or poaching, as it came under our notice. Like Parson Russell, he was on capital terms with the gipsies: he liked them, and they liked him; and we believe that when benighted in a storm, he has gone so far as to accept their hospitality and share their stew, but he said he could never get them to tell him the real secret of their recipe for cooking hedgehog. Perhaps no man outside their own race knew more about them, and his anecdotes about them were amusing in the extreme. We have known many good men amongst the farmers of England, but John Joyce stands out in the West as conspicuously as did that fine old Yorkshireman, John Holliday, in the North.

**The Late Mr. Robert Morley.**

The coaching and racing world alike will miss Mr. Robert Morley's well-known and kindly face. A regular attendant at Sandown, Hurlingham, and the chief race meetings, the deceased gentleman was not only an excellent judge of a horse and a very capable whip, but was widely and deservedly popular. For some months he had been in failing health, and died at Southampton, immediately on his return from Madeira.

## Roundabout County Papers.

COUNTIES IN LONDON.—Justly the metropolis remembers of what it is made up, viz., of the best men from all England; whilst the counties run through all London, in the names of house, streets, and squares. Northumberland has its house; and Durham, Cumberland, and York give names to taverns, terraces, gates, and squares. Lincoln has its inns and fields; Chester Square represents Cheshire, as also does the Cheshire Cheese Tavern. The Park has its Lancaster Gate; there is a Stafford House and a Warwick Square; Hereford has its gardens, so has Sussex, as well as a square; Bedford has hotels, squares, and streets; Devonshire its club and place; Norfolk and Suffolk have squares and streets; Essex many houses and streets; Oxford and Cambridge have clubs and squares; and Cornwall has its duchy, Kent its road, and so on. Alphabetically or geographically one may go through the counties, not omitting little Rutland with its gate, and find all of them "At Home" in London.

DINING TOGETHER.—On the 9th of July were some 250 Old Rugbeians at the Hotel Metropole. Sir R. Temple, M.P., was in the chair, the guests of the evening being the Bishop of London and Sir R. Anson. The French Ambassador and Lord Derby were unfortunately prevented from being present. Amongst those round the tables of the Whitehall Rooms were Viscount Cross, Sir J. Fergusson, Sir W. Barttelot, M.P., Sir W. C. Brooks, M.P., Sir H. Davey, Q.C., M.P., Admiral Sir J. D.

Hay, Sir Theodore Hope, the Dean of Westminster, Sir A. E. Miller, Q.C., Mr. T. Salt, M.P., Dr. Percival (head master), Dr. Jex Blake, Sir A. Blomfield, Colonel Martindale, Sir C. E. Bernard, Vice-Admiral the Hon. W. J. Ward, Sir T. J. Jones Parry, Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, and the Hon. Secs., Mr. W. H. Botton and Mr. H. H. Child.

A NATIVE OF WILTS.—Shall BAILY forget the "Gamekeeper at Home" of Richard Jefferies, who loved sport and country life so entirely that his eye observed and his pen wrote about nature in a way that revealed to readers many delightful secrets of animal and plant life so successfully that a new rural world seemed to have been discovered by the writer? Let us then record with satisfaction that a committee has been formed to erect a memorial to Richard Jefferies in Salisbury Cathedral, so that in Wiltshire, his native county, this loving prophet of nature may be honoured in his own country. Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. Charles Longman as hon. secs., and Mr. Arthur Kinglake as treasurer, with a committee including the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. J. W. North, and others, ask for £150 to defray the expense of a marble bust of "the prose-poet of the Wiltshire Downs," and subscriptions may be sent to Stuckey's Bank, Taunton.

FOUR PER CENT. seems the general rate of mortgage for freehold country estates where purchaser wants three-fourths of the capital to bear interest.

## Odds and Ends.

At Kendal Races, August, 1822, telegraphic signals were shown upon a flagstaff on the grand stand. The plan was new and much approved of. Previous to starting, the colours of the riders of each horse intending to start were exhibited, and, on the horses having gone once round, the flags were struck; and immediately on coming in the colour of the winner was hoisted, and afterwards the colours of the horses in succession, the winner uppermost.

A CENTURY ago, on the fourth of last month, a large number of the inhabitants of Reading were agreeably surprised by the sudden and unexpected appearance in their midst of His Majesty King George III., with a very large field of sportsmen, all in pursuit of a deer that had been turned out at ten the same morning, at New Lodge, in Windsor Forest. He came away through the parishes of Warfield, Lawrence, and White Waltham Hurst, some of the parks of Mr. Vansittart, at Shottesbrooke, and was eventually taken in the very middle of Silver Street. The run had been a good one, and for a time great excitement prevailed in Reading. His Majesty, who was loudly cheered by the crowd, shortly after left for Windsor.

HERE is another case of the artfulness of Master Reynard. In March, 1790, a Mr. Scudamore's hounds, having run a fox about two hours, pursued him into the garden at The Mund, in Herefordshire. There they checked, and having tried in vain to hit him off, it was con-

cluded that he had crept into a drain, or entered the house at a door which was open. From some stains of dirt on the floor, the sportsmen were induced to examine the mansion, when they found the object of their pursuit lying full length at the head of the principal staircase. From here he retired to an adjacent bedchamber, and literally went to bed. This manœuvre availed him for some time, but a terrier being introduced, marked him, and on the removal of the bed-clothes, Reynard was discovered between the feather-bed and the mattress. He then bolted through an open window, and was chopped by the waiting hounds.

On Saturday, March 6th, 1790, Sir Horace Mann had the misfortune, when hunting near Thistleton, in Rutland, to fall from his horse, by which accident his neck was dislocated. Thanks to the presence of mind of another huntsman, who rode up at the time, the neck was replaced, and the patient soon recovered.

On March 18th, 1790, whilst some men were at plough on the farm of a Mr. Chancellor, at Winterbourn, near Newbury, Berks, they sprung a covey of three brace and a half of young partridges, which were sufficiently fledged to take wing the distance of a gun-shot. In a ground upon a farm about a mile away, a nest of partridge eggs was destroyed by accident. The appearance of young birds so early in the year was never remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

# Summary of Prominent Results.

From June 26th to July 23rd, 1890.

## June RACING.

26. Mr. J. Lowther's ch.c. Cleator, by Charibert—Hematite, 8 st. 7 lb. (H. Morgan), won the Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,200 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Newcastle and Gosforth Park Meeting.

27. Mr. N. Fenwick's ch. c. Noverre, by Charibert—Tempete, 8 st. 13 lb. (J. Watts), won the Royal Plate of 1,300 sovs., for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs, at the Windsor Summer Meeting.

## July

1. Baron de Rothschild's b.c. Beauharnais, by Archiduc—Belle Henriette, 9 st. (F. Barrett), won the July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, New T.Y.C., at the Newmarket First July Meeting.

1. Mr. J. B. Burton's ch.c. Barmecide, by Barcaldine—La Trappe, 4 years, 7 st. (inc. 9 lb. extra) (S. Chandley), won the Cumberland Plate (handicap), of 500 sovs., about 1½ miles, at the Carlisle July Meeting.

2. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b.f. Ponza, by Springfield—Napoli, 9 st. (T. Cannon), won the Zetland Plate of 500 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h.ft., for three-year-olds, N.M., at the Newmarket First July Meeting.

4. Sir F. Johnstone's ch.f. Fuse, by Bend Or—Fusee 8 st. 11 lb. (G. Barrett), won the Kempton Park Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes of 2,000 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Kempton Park First Summer Meeting.

5. Mr. C. J. Merry's ch.h. Deuce of Clubs, by Robert the Devil—Ursula, aged, 7 st. 9 lb. (car. 7 st. 13 lb.) (Liddiard), won the Princess

## July

of Wales' Stakes (handicap) of 2,000 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards, on the N.M. course at the Kempton Park First Summer Meeting.

7. Mr. W. Brodrick-Cloete's b.f. Cereza, by Petrarch—Cherry, 8 st. 3 lb. (G. Barrett), won the Zetland Plate of 2,000 sovs. for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs straight, at the Leicester Summer Meeting.

8. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b.c. Orvieto, by Bend Or—Napoli, 9 st. (J. Watts), won the Portland Stakes of 3,500 sovs. for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs straight, at the Leicester Summer Meeting.

9. Mr. A. W. Merry's b.c. Surefoot, by Wisdom, dam by Galopin—Miss Foote, 9 st. (Liddiard), won the Prince of Wales' Stakes of 8,500 sovs. for three-year-olds, the straight mile and sixty yards, at the Leicester Summer Meeting.

11. Mr. J. W. Smith's Miss Dollar, by Elzevir—Miss Dayrell, 4 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb. (G. Barrett), won the Royal Handicap of 1,000 sovs., 1½ mile, at the Sandown Park Club Second Summer Meeting.

16. Prince Soltykoff's b.h. Sheen, by Hampton—Radiance, 5 yrs., 9 st. (F. Webb), won the Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 1,000 added, Suffolk Stakes Course at the Newmarket Second July Meeting.

23. Mr. Abingdon's br.h. Father Confessor, by The Abbot—Stillroom Maid, 5 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb. (T. Cannon), won the sixty-third Liverpool Cup of 1,200 sovs., subscription 25 sovs., 1 mile 3 furlongs; second, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, to receive 150 sovs.

## June CRICKET.

27. At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Oxford University, M.C.C. won by 6 wickets.
28. At Manchester, North of England v. Australians, drawn.
28. At the Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex, Surrey won by an innings and 2 runs.
28. At Winchester, Winchester v. Eton, drawn.

## July

2. At Lord's, Oxford v. Cambridge, Cambridge won by 7 wickets.
2. At Derby, Derbyshire v. Australians, drawn.
2. At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Surrey, drawn.
2. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Sussex, former won by an innings and 183 runs.
4. At the Oval, Gentlemen v. Players, Players won by 9 wickets.
4. At Town Mall, Kent v. Sussex, Kent won by an innings and 14 runs.
4. At Stoke, Staffordshire's Eleven of England v. Australians, Australians won by 88 runs.
4. At Lord's, M.C.C. v. Leicestershire, Leicestershire won by 5 wickets.
5. At Birmingham, Yorkshire v. Warwickshire, Warwickshire won by 8 wickets.
9. At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Australians, Australians won by an innings and 64 runs.
12. At Lord's, Harrow v. Eton, drawn.
12. At Brighton, Sussex v. Surrey, Surrey won by an innings and 91 runs.
12. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Yorkshire, drawn.
12. At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Australians, drawn.
12. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Kent, drawn.
15. At Sheffield, Players of England v. Australians, Players won by 9 wickets.
19. At Huddersfield, Yorkshire v. Lancashire, Lancashire won by an innings and 28 runs.

## July

19. At the Oval, Surrey v. Australians, drawn.
19. At Brighton, Sussex v. Kent, Kent won by an innings and 57 runs.
- 21, 22, 23. At Lord's, England v. Australia, won by England by 7 wickets.

## June

## BOXING.

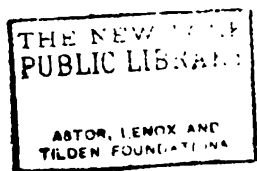
27. At the Pelican Club, George Dixon (coloured Bantam Champion of the World), v. Nunc Wallace (8 st. 2 lb. Champion of England), for £500 and the Bantam Championship of the World. Dixon won in 18 rounds.

## ROWING.

30. O'Connor v. Stansbury for £1,000 over the Parramatta Course, Stansbury won by 8 lengths in 22 min. 59 sec.
- July
10. London R.C. beat Brasenose College B.C. in the final for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta.
  10. Kingston R.C. beat Thames R.C. in the final for the Wyfold Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta.
  10. Guy Nickalls (Magdalen College B.C., Oxford), beat G. E. B. Kennedy (Kingston B.C.), in the final for the Diamond Sculls at Henley Royal Regatta.
  10. Balliol College B.C. beat Trinity Hall in the final for the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta.
  10. Brasenose College, Oxford, beat Thames B.C. in the final for the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta.
  10. Thames B.C. beat Molesey B.C. in the final for the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta.
  17. J. C. Gardner, C.U.B.C., won the Wingfield Sculls from Putney to Mortlake, beating Guy Nickalls, O.U.B.C., in 26 min. 20 sec.



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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 367

SEPTEMBER 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portrait of Mr. WILLIAM KEMMIS.

Engraving of THE POINTERS—CARLO AND CARLIST.

## Mr. William Kemmis.

AMONGST the many Englishmen who have carried to distant lands the fame of our thoroughbred horses, few are better known than is the subject of the frontispiece to BAILY'S MAGAZINE for September. Born in 1841 at Shaen Castle, Queen's County, Mr. W. Kemmis got his early schooling with the County Hounds, and proceeded to take his degree as Bachelor of Arts among the other good packs of that sporting county. He next passed through Sandhurst, and joined the 84th. The young subaltern quickly made his mark both in

the hunting field and round the flags. Young Tupsley, Forest Lad, and Scots Grey were amongst the horses which he owned and bred. A broken collar-bone, a few days before the race, compelled Mr. Kemmis reluctantly to give up the mount for the Downshire Cup, on the last-named, who was one of the gamest and honestest chasers that ever looked through a bridle.

The prospects of a long, inglorious peace determined Mr. Kemmis to turn the sword into the ploughshare, and, with two brother officers, he left the service. In 1867 he sailed for the River Plate, the unrivalled pastoral capabilities of which were just beginning to attract attention. Its reputation soon diverted to its shores a part of the stream of younger sons, who had hitherto been in the habit of seeking a field for their energies in the Australias or in North America; and upon the first wave were Mr. Kemmis and his two partners. It was a roughish life in the sixties when these planted themselves in the *Ultima Thule* of the fertile camps to the north-west of Rosario, a country then untrodden save by marauding Indians and even wilder bands of escaped malefactors. Slowly but surely the expanse of rolling pampa, christened Las Rosas, in remembrance of the old regiment, was brought into cultivation; and the wandering Gaucho checked his hardy little steed and gazed with wonder at the Caballero Ingles who thought nothing of tiring out two sets of plough horses in a day.

So year by year improvements went on, till the original mud hut had grown to one of the show places of South America. Shorthorns, Southdowns, and the other farm stock are all A1 of their kind; but it is chiefly in the breeding of the thoroughbred that Mr. Kemmis has come to the front. Whirlwind, by Wild Dayrell, and Grimston, by Stockwell, was the first blood used; and a succession of stallions at Las Rosas brings us to Whipper-in, Blair Adam, and the grand looking Phoenix, by Cymbal, who must be pronounced *facile princeps* amongst South American sires, and who was declared by Mr. Tom Jennings to be one of the best horses he ever stripped.

Alternately residing in England and Argentina, Mr. and Mrs. Kemmis have long dispensed to numerous Argentine and foreign friends the hospitalities of Las Rosas. But the formation of an English stud, including a choice selection of the daughters of Isonomy, St. Simon, Petrarch, etc., at Crowshot, and the registering of the "blue and black hoops" would seem to point at a permanent residence in the old country in the future.

Sportsmen like Mr. Kemmis are always an acquisition to the English Turf and hunting field, and they are all the more welcome when life-long experience and love of the thoroughbred have made them such past masters in the noble science as is the popular owner of Las Rosas.

## September on Mountain and Stubble.

BY CAPTAIN CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., ETC.



SEPTEMBER, pleasant month to both the sportsman and to his friend the farmer, whether the one be on the outlook for a right favourable harvest or the other for heavy bags of game, is once again with us, and many a South-country sportsman who, from "circum-

stances over which he probably had no control," was unable to wend his happy way northwards for the "immortal Twelfth," has been looking forward for weeks, nay, months, to the glories of the "First."

Happy day, for the young shooter in particular; and who amongst older sportsmen cannot recollect the sleepless nights we were wont to pass in those long bygone days of our youth, on those last days of the Augusts of old? And then it was that we rose at, or even before, daybreak, and, armed with our very own gun, a beautiful little "single," probably a muzzle-loader (many of us can well remember that), we sallied forth, with keeper and with pointer, to stubble and turnips. And how tired, but happy withal, were we by noon on those grand firsts of September! What lunches we ate by the old yew tree on those Surrey downs, or, perchance, under the verdant hedges of pleasant Kent! And how the dogs of our youth worked, and what a pleasure it was to see the dear old game-keeper (gone, alas! long since to the happy hunting-grounds where we trust good keepers go), so proud to hunt his dogs and to see the pointers drop to the uplifted hand of good old Robert, as if shot themselves, when the big covey of partridges rose with a bewildering whirr of many wings in the thick of Farmer Hodge's mangolds!

We older sportsmen, too, are by no means ashamed to look forward to the first of September, though perhaps not quite so keenly as of yore. And we very greatly fear that in the majority of districts, in both England and Scotland, the partridges will this autumn be found "few and far between." The past disastrously wet summer is, of course, the primary cause of this scarceness, and the heavy rainfall, which took place when birds were just hatching out of the shell, or a few

days after that event, drowned hundreds of thousands of young partridges and also pheasants, especially wild-bred birds of the latter kind.

In several counties, however, from what friends tell us, there will be an average show of partridges; for instance, though in the low-lying districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfriesshire (the localities which, perhaps, we are personally better acquainted with than some other parts), there will be found to have been great havoc; on the other hand, in the higher lands, up amongst the mountains here and there, we have seen last month good coveys of strong birds, of ten to fourteen per covey.

In any case, after shooting grouse, and possibly a few young blackcocks—*never*, we hope, greyhens!—for three weeks, the dear little brown bird of the stubble field comes in very appropriately to mix the bag during the month of September. Therefore we heartily wish you good luck with the partridges, down in “merrie England,” while we luckier mortals who are still on Scottish moorland and by wild northern river and lonely loch are being gorged (were that possible) by mixed bags of grouse and blackcock, snipe and duck, as well as the said bonnie little partridge, to say nothing of our conquests of the noble salmon and the luscious sea-trout, with a possible stag now and again.

With September, up in bonnie Scotland, hope rises high in the heart of the deerstalker; and where is the man who cannot remember that glorious day, and even the very surrounding scenery of the beautiful Highland glen where he stalked, and oh, happy moment! came within shot of and killed his first stag? And when wearily, but how happily and proudly! the little party bent their footsteps to the shooting-lodge down by the foaming river in the sheltered valley, just look on his countenance. Aye—

“When homeward down the rugged path  
The pony bore the spoil,  
We watched his smile of triumph  
As he pointed to a ‘Royal.’”

The grand sport of stalking the wild red deer is, we all know, given to but few men to enjoy, so expensive has this noble pastime become; but we can, each and all of us, read with profit and with pleasure an account of a successful stalk, and let us recommend anyone who has not long ago done so, to read without delay dear old Charles St. John’s “Wild Sports of the Highlands,” and especially that splendid chapter in which that king of Scottish sportsmen-naturalists tells us how he pursues and slays the celebrated “Muckle hart o’ Benmore.”

But we in the North must not forget that September is often a grand time for the staying of the grouse, and, we are glad to say, we know many a moor where, on a bright morning

in the present month, birds will sometimes lie as well to setter or pointer as on the opening day of the season.



THE SETTER.

Of the various modes of enjoying this, our favourite sport, there is not space to write in detail within our present limits. Suffice it, then, to say, that whether we are assisting in a big "drive" on a Yorkshire moor (where a couple of hundred brace in a day is not considered anything out of the way), or stalking an old solitary cock grouse from the shelter of a friendly dyke in the Highlands, or following a good team of setters or pointers over the purple moors of the Scottish lowlands, we are equally happy. Give us but good health, a good gun, good dogs, and plenty of grouse, and (be the weather what it may) we are happy. Not but that we appreciate a gloriously blue sky and a hot sun—if so be the heat be tempered with a pleasant breeze—as much as anybody, but however bad the weather is, we are certain to kill something, and "uncanny" indeed must be the day if we return to the lodge with an empty bag. But we ourselves decidedly are sufficiently old-fashioned to enjoy the pleasure of seeing a good team of dogs working on the hillside.

With such companions we are always pleasantly occupied, and even if game be scarce, we are ever on the *qui vive* for one of the dogs to suddenly wind a bird, or perhaps a brood. And how beautiful to simply stand still an instant, and watch with what grace the old setter is standing yonder! See his picturesque figure outlined against the blue sky, as he stands like a marble statue for immobility amongst the purple heather on that little "knore," on the lower slope of which we doubt not crouches the grouse that we seek; and well does the dear old doggie know it too, for see how he turns his head backward, with inquiring gaze to see if we have observed him! All right, old Angus, we see you, old fellow, and are coming as fast as this boggy bit of "snipey" ground will let us.

"Now, old fellow, steady, steady!" But no need, as well we are aware, for such a caution to an old companion such as you are. How steadily and cautiously, see, the dear dog creeps forward, yard by yard, and foot by foot, until he stops dead short, and whir-r-r! rise the bonnie grouse; a brace to the right, and as many to the left, and down in the heather drops old Angus, as if shot himself. A brace of fine young birds have paid the penalty of their confidence in sitting so closely

and well ; and as Sweep, our beloved retriever, brings them one after another to our hand, a third young grouse rises behind us, and a snap shot adds him, too, to our bag. "Hi, away, Angus, and you too, Juno ! and find us another good brood !" And so they quickly do ; and so goes on the pleasant pastime, and so we fill the bag.

But, as before observed, dogs—if so be that they are good dogs, well-bred of course in the first place, and well under command in the second—add immensely, in most men's opinions at least, to the pleasure of a day on the moors. Pointers, of course, are often used with very excellent result, but personally, we greatly prefer the setter, either the Gordon or the red Irish breed, though the Laverack, too, are first-rate. The little engraving of the setter is taken from a well-known collection of "Sporting Buttons," and is a capital representation of the breed. Good sportsmen always take care to have good dogs ; a badly-bred animal is a nuisance and an ever-present eyesore.

And the gloriously wild scenes, amongst which the autumnal days of the sportsman are spent, ought alone to be well worth the journey to the "land of brown heather and shaggy wood," if the said sportsman hails from south of the Tweed. Where could you find such grand mountains, towering to the blue vault of heaven ? Where such lovely, peaceful little glens, where the barefooted Highland lassie tends her "kye" so happily all the bonnie September day ? What land can show you such foaming torrents and darkly rolling rivers, full of the noble salmon and the yellow trout ; and tell me where your eye can delight itself more than by gazing on that glorious expanse of purple heather, which you know full well teems with grouse (at all events this year !), and which is your own "happy hunting-ground ?" The love of the Scotsman for his "ain bonnie lan" is, of course, proverbial ; but who can marvel thereat when he has once visited the dear land o' cakes ?

As a good friend of ours—a real poet, though a farmer, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—George Sproat, tenant of one of Mr. Murray-Stewart's farms, near Gatehouse, writes of these lovely scenes :—

"Wha but lo'es the bonnie hills,  
Wha but lo'es the shinin' rills ;  
Aye, for thee my bosom fills—Bonnie Galloway !  
Land o' birk and rowan tree,  
Land o' fell and forest free,  
Land that's, aye, so dear to me—Bonnie Galloway !

And what, in these beautiful lines, applies to that wild district is, of course, equally true of most parts of Scotland. The spirit of Wallace and of Bruce still animates their descendants ; and although they are not called on to fight for their



native glens and mountain homes, they could and would if required as gallantly and "brawly" as of old! For 'twas by the practice of such sports that those gallant soldiers were made into *men*, who stood shoulder to shoulder on the red field of Waterloo; and who better than the kilted Highlanders charged up the steep heights which frowned above the river Alma? Who shall say, too, that more than one successful British general has not put into practice on the field of battle lessons learned upon the moor and the mountain, when he used his brains in order to circumvent a wary stag or an old black-cock?

But space forbids further remarks, and we must draw down the curtain. And may we express the hope, in bidding brother sportsmen a temporary adieu, that they may enjoy a right good season on the mountains; for the days of British game are not yet numbered! No, indeed, there are, thank God, thousands of good and true sportsmen left us, both in merrie England, in bonnie Scotland, poor old Erin, and in "gallant little Wales," to stand shoulder to shoulder and side by side, to watch lest there should be an attempt to rob the sportsmen of Britain of their harmless enjoyment, and their exhilarating and manly pursuits by flood and field. Then,

Long, long, may the grouse on the mountain be seen,  
 May heather reach up to your knee, sir;  
 May the blackcock still hide 'neath a canopy green,  
 And salmon run up from the sea, sir;  
 Then cheer we old Scotland, so happy and free,  
 From isles of Argyll to the Forth, sir.  
 Here's luck to our sportsmen of every degree,  
 From Solway right up to the North, sir.

## Lion-hunting at the Cape Sixty Years Ago.

### PART II.

OUR experience on the previous lion hunt having convinced the party that still better sport might be had in the same country, some of us made the necessary arrangements for another expedition in April, and we met again at Fort Beaufort. Our party consisted of Aitchison, Cox, Vaughan, Bovey, Knight, Le Marchant, and myself. Two of these were amateurs; and, whatever was the cause, this expedition proved an unfortunate one, although it was successful, and, but for the accidents, pleasant. The weather, instead of

being hot as before, was now cold, sometimes too cold. Our stages were the same as before, and we had about the same number of people, horses, oxen, etc., and some dogs. Having slept the second night at our old encampment on the Klip-Plaat river, we started on Saturday morning for our favourite spot at the foot of the Winvogeleberg, where we decided to fix our headquarters as long as we were out. On our way thither we met with no lions, but we shot some gnus, bontebucks, springbucks, and a quagga. The next day was Sunday, and we remained at the camp until the afternoon, when we went out for a walk, some up the mountain to search for traces of the Bushmen, the remainder along the river. Of course we all carried our guns along with us, principally on account of the lions. Having walked a mile or two, we saw no less than a dozen leave the reeds in the river, and move off leisurely in the open plain apparently not regarding us. Several of these were young ones. We attempted to pursue them, but, being on foot, we soon found that we had no chance of overtaking them, so we gave up the chase and returned to the tents. Next day we found two lionesses; but after following them a long way over precipices and rocks we lost them. Soon after this I was riding with another of the party—in front of the rest, along a valley through some very tall reeds—when a lioness suddenly raised herself about forty or fifty paces in our front, with her eyes steadily fixed on us. We were immediately off our horses, and when we were about to advance a little nearer, Captain Aitchison, who had separated from us, came to join us. On his way he rode over a young lion concealed in the grass, which, being thus disturbed, sprang up growling. The lioness no sooner heard the voice of her cub than she turned towards Aitchison, and was in the act of making for him, when some of the party fired quicker and sooner than they would otherwise have done, in order to prevent her from attacking him. The consequence was that though wounded she was not much hurt; still, it turned her attention to ourselves, and she rushed at us, when all fired except myself. I was using some copper caps that had been moistened by the rain the day before, and in consequence my gun missed fire. The lioness knocked down Major Cox at my elbow, at the same time grasping his gun with her teeth, and then, passing through all the party, she made for Le Marchant, who, being no shooter, was unarmed, and riding on a black pony about fifty paces in our rear; she laid hold of the hind quarters of the horse, pulling it down, with Le Marchant under it. She did not pause many seconds, giving the rider just one grip, and then turned about and crouched, facing us again. Some fresh copper caps had put my gun into better order, and as she allowed us to go near enough, we killed her without risk to Le

Marchant. There were no less than seven balls in this lioness ; and, while she was knocking us over like ninepins, her entrails were protruding from one of her wounds, and one of her legs was broken. Le Marchant happily escaped without injury.\*

We afterwards met with a lion which gallantly awaited our attack, and he was killed on the spot by a single shot. The next day, owing to his injuries, Cox was unable to leave the camp.

The following morning we proceeded to a commanding spot, and from thence we viewed a lioness entering some reeds by the side of a small river. On reaching the place we found that there was a swamp and a small stream between the animal and ourselves. Some of the dogs crossed, and their barking induced her presently to leave the reeds and ascend a very steep rock, stopping occasionally to look down at us, growling angrily at the same time. Owing to the difficulty we experienced in crossing the swamp, she was getting away from us, and in order to delay her retreat we fired a few shots at her. This ruse succeeded, for at each shot she faced about, and waited for a little while. There were about three or four shots fired, and to the last of these she fell, severely wounded. We now found a place to cross over, and, climbing up the rock, dispatched her. After this we found two very fine young lions, which went into a den in the rocks on the side of the mountain. The dogs, following them, were quickly driven back by the lions, which as they came out were killed by our shots from a few paces distant. These were the last lions we killed on this expedition, for although we were engaged with some on the following day, I cannot say we had any success to boast of on the occasion.

We found on this hunt a party of no less than nine, all lionesses, and we pursued them up a somewhat steep hill ; but they reached the top, and were descending the other side before we could gain the summit, and we could only note the general direction that they had taken. The ground was so very rugged and difficult that they could easily lie concealed. One of the Hottentots told us that he had seen one stop about half-way down the hill, and he showed us whereabouts he was sure that she was lying. However, we chose not to believe him, and we went down the hill as fast as we could, thinking to get a view of the whole troop at the bottom. Most of us had passed the spot where the Hottentot said the lioness was, when we were surprised by a roar behind us, and looking

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\* The late General Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, in after years, was very fond of telling this story ; and of how General Eyre shot the lioness while she was upon him. He always kept some of her teeth. At the time when it happened, in speaking of it, he used to say that when he felt the lioness upon him, he said to himself, " Good-bye, Le Marchant ! " He always said he owed his life, on this occasion, to General Eyre.

round we saw a lioness spring on Knight, who (being a very timid rider) was the last of the party, and a little to the right of the rest of us. She must have allowed all the others to pass close to her. She knocked him off his horse, but did not pause on him an instant before making a spring at his Hottentot servant, whose horse, on seeing the danger, had thrown its rider. The man had his master's gun in his hand, and he attempted to fire at the lioness; but before he could do so she was upon him, and knocking him over, continued her course down the hill. So rocky and uneven was the ground, and so rapid were her movements, that none of us were able to get a shot at her. We found that our friend Knight had been severely handled, for his shoulder was much torn, apparently by the claws as well as the teeth. These wounds proved very troublesome, and for a long time they seriously affected his health. The Hottentot also was wounded, but much less severely, and the two horses were lost for the present. Poor Knight took the thing greatly to heart; indeed, it afterwards turned out that he was much more severely injured than at the time we supposed. Perhaps the force of his fall was as injurious as the wounds from the lioness, for not only was he struck from his horse with terrible violence, but on coming to the ground he rolled several yards down the hill. No doubt he was much hurt inwardly, for he was never well afterwards. When we had examined Knight's wounds, and had made him as comfortable as we could, we set off to look for the other lioness, but darkness compelled us to give her up after an hour's fruitless search. Knight was not a little pleased to see us return, for, during our absence, two lionesses had been staring at him from the opposite hill, and had they descended, neither Knight nor his servant possessed a gun with which to protect themselves, for the stock of Knight's gun was broken by the lioness when she attacked the Hottentot.

We now set off for the camp, but, being encumbered with two wounded men, and two horses being deficient, we did not reach it till very late. Major Cox, who had been unable to accompany us this day, and had remained in his tent, was firing signals for some time to guide us. Knight was very feverish and unwell. Next morning, having made the best arrangements we could for our two wounded friends, we started in quest of the nine lionesses that had made such sport of us the day before; but for the whole day we ranged hill and dale without success. We returned much disappointed, because we knew that they must be in the neighbourhood. Still, we thought that we had one more chance of finding them, for we were to proceed homewards next day, and the route lay through a country where the lionesses were most likely to be. We therefore again beat it well, but not a lion did we find. We found this day, on our way home, the two horses that we had lost when Captain Knight met with

his accident. On seeing us they came galloping up with evident delight; indeed, this recovery was a piece of great good fortune for them, considering the number of lions and wolves by which they were surrounded. They had all the time been encumbered with their equipments—saddles, bridles, etc., the Hottentot's rifle, and some haunches of venison that were secured to his saddle. On poor Knight's account we returned home a day or two sooner than we should have done. He remained at Fort Beaufort, where a surgeon is stationed, and for a long time he suffered much from the effects of his accident.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## Slows ! And How to Play Them.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRICKET FIELD."

I HAVE often heard the term "slows" used as a general one for all underhand bowling. This is a mistake, for the fastest of all bowling has been seen among those who bowled in this old fashion. Osbaldistone, "the Squire," would bowl the game away in byes, and could defy all England, in the single-wicket matches of the time, until Mr. Ward brought up from Brighton, to beat him, Browne, who, like Pilch and T. Hearne, was by trade a tailor. Browne's was an undetected "jerk," for he would confess that after a match his side was black. Next in pace to Browne was Mr. Kirwan, who, when a "boy at Eton," bowled all ten M.C. wickets. His pace was a great surprise, for he was slight and little, and hardly could have weighed nine stone. Lord Bessborough said that Kirwan was the fastest bowler he had ever seen—faster than Mr. Harvey Fellowes, for he had stood long-stop to both. As regards a certain Etonian, less known in great matches, here is the account of W.G.'s brother, Henry Grace. "One day, when his pace had frightened nearly all our eleven, a young farmer came boldly forward and said, 'Never mind; I'll have a go at him!' The first ball took the bat out of his hands, right through his stumps." Those were queer "slows" indeed! No round-arm bowlers could compare in pace with these. Mr. E. H. Hartopp, who was called Fellowes's long-stop, said he could hear the ball humming like a top, and it would take four-penny-bits of skin off his breast-bone. When the ground was bad, as Lord's used then not unfrequently to be, no one could play Fellowes's bowling. So, at least, Box said, and it proved to be the case when Fellowes bowled against the Players.

Before the round-arm bowling came in, there were all degrees of pace; but as to slows or lobs, these you will find prevailed with Lord Beauclere, Beldham, Budd, and Lambert, for the first twenty or twenty-five years of this century. In the old score-books these are the names seen as bowling in all the great matches. These four men bowled slows proper; but, like those of Mr. Goodrich of the Free Foresters' Club, and Clarke's, they were too fast safely to run in to. I call Mr. W. W. Read's "lobs"; and a man could go in to every one of good length if—yes, if—he knew the way.

Since this period, slows held their own for twenty years. Clarke came to Lord's first when forty-eight years of age, and too inactive to field well—what is essential—his own bowling. Yet his "slows" never were beaten till the last, that is, during full four years, albeit Budd (who hit like Mr. C. J. Thornton) played against the first four bowlers, and George Parr and Pilch and Felix batted against Clarke. It follows, therefore, that there was real cricket in the said slows. Practice makes perfect. I have seen Budd pitch as true as he wished through a whole innings; and Clarke has been known to bowl sixty balls without a run. But in spite of this, no one of late years seems to have taken up slows, except casually; and, therefore, when attempted it has been with little success. Humphreys has a twist that will bowl a man round his legs; but in pitch, and above all in elevation, he is very faulty, and therefore expensive. Having played nearly sixty years ago against Budd, I can claim to have paid no little attention to slows; and having conferred with Clarke and also with Wells (who was second to no man against slows), I claim to know enough about it to be able to see plainly where the present generation is at fault. By Humphreys' bowling Sussex beat the Australians; and when I saw them treating W. W. Read with so much respect, I thought that they had not practised with slows since. If so, they were wise to be cautious.

"First of all," said Clarke, "learn to bowl from your hip. Nothing knee-high will ever puzzle a good player. Remember, too, that it wants a certain amount of pace to make a good ball." Clarke said, "I succeed by exact length—the blind spot with each man I think a very small spot—an average length is quite another thing." "But," I replied, "old Lillywhite knows the blind spot too." Then it was that for the first time he saw the elevation and the curves were also the sphere of his success, much as he practised it.

With fast bowling the ball goes more straight to the pitch. With good slows there is a great curve till the ball culminates. It may go over your head for all you can tell, and after it has culminated there are two difficulties. First, there is very little time to make up your mind; and secondly, the ball drops shorter than you expect, for projectiles culminate, not half-way, but two-

thirds. This is the reason that a man who runs in so often hits over the ball with the curves of slows, though he can hardly miss if he gets into the pitch of fast balls. With this sudden drop of slows a bowler may take advantage of a certain ocular delusion. By a higher curve the ball seems nearer than a preceding ball with a lower curve. If a man plays forward to reach the pitch of a slow, give him a higher curve, a foot or more shorter; and he will often mistake the length, and be either bowled or caught out. I remember watching old Lillywhite with Pilch. He would pitch up inch by inch, while just out of Pilch's reach; and, this blind spot ascertained, he would vary pace and curve, as he said—"till I gets him between two minds, sir, and then I has him."

Never was there a more deceiving bowler than Clarke. He had one great art of bowling, namely, to bowl two balls quite different, which still looked the same. This is done by more or less of spin—conflicting and retarding the ball in the air. For remember, a ball can be made to turn in the air.

Now what is required with good slows is both curve and a certain degree of pace—two things hard to reconcile, for without pace you have a mere lob; and a man has time to go in and hit every one pitched far enough up for a good length ball.

To combine sufficient pace with curve you must learn to deliver by a kind of chuck from the hip, and deliver while still running, without any stop at the crease. By so doing you add the momentum of the body to the said chuck of the hand. This was the style of delivery I saw in Budd and in Goodrich, as well as in Clarke. Goodrich told me that he was habitually practising a spin or twist of his hand, so that the ball might leave it naturally without interfering with his accuracy of pitch.

Observe that spin not only turns the ball from the bat, but gives an abrupt and high rise to the ball. Budd once bowled me out with a ball, which rose over my shoulder, and yet pitched on the wicket. Tired bowlers lose this abrupt rise by spins, as also do old players. Lord Frederic Beauclere, while as accurate as ever in the pitch, could not see how his bowling failed. The reason was that age had spoilt this abrupt rise. Old Lillywhite had lost much of his peculiar spin and rise by the time he came to Marylebone. He was better still when his fame was confined to Sussex. Yet even with this loss he will be found, to the age of fifty-six, credited with his fair share of wickets, though with younger men bowling at the other end.

It may surprise many to hear that Lillywhite, Cobbett, and Hillyer, among others, bowled with no one at long field. Seeing my old friend Charles Taylor with the Zingari, at Badminton, I asked, "How is it that I see so many drives to long field? We used to play forward enough, yet there was only a middle wicket required to check us." He replied: "I play the same game as ever; but the difference is, there is not the same spin

and abrupt rise with these bowlers as there used to be ; I could rarely drive to long field then."

When the delivery was low, and the hand more horizontal, there was more spin, and more shooting balls too, with the few bowlers who could command the ball with hand below shoulder—as then required by the law. Clarke said, "You must play me with your legs as well as with your arms. If a man is fast footed, he is ready money to me. You ask me how I get Mr. Blank out. Why, I give him a ball or two to draw him on, proud of his forward play, and far stretching from his ground ; and then, with a screw, I play into Slip's hands."

Wells said the same. "Play with your legs ; you cannot play good slows safely from your ground, you will be caught out if you do ; you must learn to go to them. As to risk, if not safe one way you are not safe the other. My rule is this : if balls are short pitched, you can score from your ground a good length ; if straight, you ought to go out to and hit at the pitch ; but remember, always hit on the ground, or run it down with a straight bat, or you may not only be caught, but not allowing for the drop of the ball, you may probably hit over it."

"All this," he continued, "is more easily said than done. With a dropping ball and a good elevation you have little time to decide ; you easily may go in to the wrong one. In that case, if the ball is straight, do not go on hitting what you cannot so reach as to command, but stand still, and play as if in your ground. But if the ball is not straight and not enough under your bat, you will be caught at cover point, if the ball be a little to the off, or else you will miss, and be stumped if the ball be to the leg. In that position do not risk a hit, but put your bat back into your ground, because a good bowler will often try to bowl past you, and so give the wicket-keeper a chance."

Clarke said, "If men would be content to run me down with a straight bat when they go in, I should be done, but they want to play too fast a game, and they think they are bound to hit me out of the ground. Now, if I bowl a straight you must hit me straight, and thus very often you run a risk and gain nothing, for the field covers a straight hit. Pilch plays me most correctly of all of them, for now he knows me, he is cautious and awaits his chance. I say 'now he knows me.' For Pilch was so confident against the old bowling that he answered the M.C.C. gentlemen when they asked how he thought the old bowling would do again, 'Put me in on Monday morning, and perhaps you might have me out by Saturday night.'

"But when I came it was different, they all said slows were rubbish, and they would hit me out of the field ; but after that Nottingham match with Pilch's first-rate eleven, when I got every wicket but one, and he was run out before I had a good chance, they soon learnt better manners."



Felix said that when he scored off Clarke at his first trial he was saluted at Nottingham as Clarke's master. He added, "But I never did master him to the last; and no bowler of Clarke's day did as much for his side as Clarke did with what was called 'his old-fashioned slows.'"

Barker, the famous old Nottingham umpire, said, "In Clarke you see a sample of what the old bowling was when men specially practised it before the days of Lillywhite and the round-arm bowling; Clarke had lain fallow all through that time, and now with the old style he has come out again as a novelty."

What was particularly a novelty was the delivery from the hip, and consequently elevation and some pace combined. Messrs. V. Walker and Ridley, with Tinley, have been the best slow bowlers since, but none of them have bowled from the hip.

Slows necessitate a running-in game, and after running in to the right ball a man is easily tempted, because all on the spring to meet the next, though it may chance to be the wrong one; also, having made the said spring, a man finds himself not so well on his legs, and only in a position to command straight balls, and then unless cool and collected he will often give a chance to fieldsmen or to wicket-keeper. Having seen the right style tried in Clarke, I can truly say that batsmen seemed by no means more at ease with him than with any of the fast bowlers in the common style. Clarke remarked, "I can send in a fast ball as a surprise, if a man takes liberties with me, and every man who adopts slows should learn to do the same."

The Australian slow bowler, Cooper, failed because he depended, like Humphreys, more on his twist than on pace and elevation combined. Clarke, from some peculiarity of arm, had quite a natural twist in bowling; he said he always took the upper wicket at Lord's to twist against the slope, otherwise his twist would be too great and betray itself.

Men often speak as if the difficulty of slows was in the pace, and say a fast ball may play itself—not so a slow one. Such men do not know the game. The difficulty is not in the bowling being slow, but in the curved lines instead of nearly straight lines, which slows and slow pace alone can render possible. The faster the bowling, the sooner you can descry what the length will be, because the line in which the ball comes from hand to pitch is nearly straight. A slow ball with curved course you cannot judge till late, that is, till it descends, and has almost pitched; and then you may misjudge and muff or miss it, whereas you would hardly miss, if you got to the pitch, the length of a fast ball. To explain, take your pencil and make a semi-circle; that will be the form in which a slow proper seems to approach you; then round off a bit of the end of the semi-circle, and that will

be the form in which a slow really comes. In playing to the pitch, if you play along the ground, running the ball down with straight bat, then any mistake of pitch makes little difference—you cover the ball nearly the same; whereas by whirling your bat in the usual segment as for a free hit, a mistake may follow. To this an old player remarked, "Now I see what I could not understand before; I could always hit true when I got in to the pitch of a fast ball, but I often muffed a slow." Do not, however, speak of "slow" bowling, call it "curvilinear" bowling, for this is its characteristic, and partly explains the different play it requires.

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## Out and About.

"In August  
Go he must."

THERE is the resistless spirit of flitting upon us, and, like the cuckoo, of whom this doggerel rhyme is written, we disappear from our old haunts of business or pleasure, to seek climes where breezier blasts will enliven our deadened spirits, and new scenes will revivify our decaying tastes. "Borderer" is wafted to Yorkshire, that premier of English counties, in his eyes. He can sit there, at the feet of Gamaliel, and hear of hunting and horses to his heart's content. What says the oldest and most respected of our M.F.H.'s in toasting the puppy walkers of England? "Now, many people say fox-hunting is coming to an end. I don't see it. My impression is that foxhunting is improving—will improve, under the present Government." (How mean of them to refuse that paltry extra £5,000 a year to horsebreeding! mentally interposes B.) "Let us remember what an enormous number of hounds are employed in the United Kingdom for foxhunting, the number of horses sold for the purpose of following the hounds, and the great amount of money that is spent in feeding these animals. I have seen changes in almost everything in my time, but the only change I see in hunting is for the better. I have a dream that the time will come when, instead of shutting up their houses and going to France or Germany to spend their money, country gentlemen will live within their means in their country homes—a time when there will be one man one horse, one man one gun, one man one wife. It is all very well to go to Paris for a lark, but my dream is that our boys, who are now growing up, will, when they are men, spend their time and their money on their country estates." "Borderer" echoes those sentiments.

And by good luck the Right Hon. Tom Kennel Smith (as Mr. Lane-Fox happily designated him) trotted the lady pack through Harewood Park, and down the Wetherby road, to our great delight. Rest assured that the Bramham Moor and its "five-and-twenty couple" never went stronger. Such a beautiful entry! foxes in abundance, and "we killed more last season than we have ever done before," said Tom Smith, proudly. The Bramham country, thanks to such good landlords as the Earl of Harewood, Mr. Montagu, and others, is pretty free from wire, but it grieved me to see it increasing elsewhere in the north.

At Harrogate, on Bank Holiday Monday, there never was such an influx of visitors. The cyclists came in their thousands. The Leeds road was worse than between the Cock at Sutton and Epsom on the Derby Day, and many stayed to see the opening of the great Yorkshire show on Wednesday, the 6th ult., and such a show it was for clever arrangement, comfort, and its horses, to my mind were unequalled. "The Royal" must look to its laurels, for the Yorkshire executive is plucky and practical, backed up by every landed proprietor, and almost every wealthy manufacturer, throughout its broad expanse. They came there the first day with their wives, sons, and pretty daughters, to the tune of about 11,000—a show in itself. There were more than 700 horses to be looked over, and the majority of them hunters, hacks, and carriage horses. Old Knight Templar and War Path worthily fought out the battle of premiership in a large and good class for hunter sires. Many stuck to the Knight, who looked as well as ever in muscle and level grandeur, but youth will be served, and Lord Zetland's horse, War Path, by Uncas out of Installation, fairly beat him. Lord Feversham's Bell Tower, a lighter horse throughout, but with the merits of good action, came third; and Ben Alder, also much admired, got the barren honour of R. N.

There were several other good horses in the class, but considerations of space forbid further description, and attention must now be directed to the coaching class, which struck me as the best I had ever seen. Yorkshire, it is clear, is making immense strides in breeding coach horses; no longer the heavy, clambering animals they used to be, but clean-limbed, stylish horses, moving lightly and easily, as first-rate carriage horses should do. Troops of young hunters, from yearlings upwards, came up to be judged, and to describe a tithe of them would be beyond the scope of your pages. Suffice it to say, that old Syrian made his mark in the yearling colt class, as did Fabius in the filly class, whilst a son of Viking was champion of the two-year-old colts, a charming horse. Fabius sired the best two-year-old filly, although my favourite was a daughter of Master Kildare. In the three-year-old class, old Andrew Brown was well to the fore with a fine

young Hunting Horn, and sons of Clanronald and Knight Templar came, next, in the estimation of the judges. In the four-year-old gelding class such a lot of young horses were never before got together in a show-ring, an entry of thirty-four, and it was indeed a puzzle to pick the best. A stylish chestnut, General Stewart, at last gained the first rosette, and Liberia and Summertime the second and third; while Ringlet only obtained the R. N., and several others that would worthily have taken prizes at county shows were unnoticed. For my own part, Liberia would have been my champion, and Ringlet should have had the third prize, but fortunately, perhaps, we don't all think alike about horseflesh. Of the weight-carrying horses, again, there seemed great difficulty in deciding, and an excellent sportsman in Captain Slingsby, with his Waverley, came out first, and it certainly was a triumph to win in such a class, where, if the truth must be told, I did not altogether agree with the judges.

Among the light-weight hunters the son of Knight Templar worthily won her spurs, and Major Langland's chestnut Byculla looked like going across Leicestershire in orthodox fashion; as did Macgregor, a son of Victor, and Mr. Eustace Barlow's Carline, and Mr. Max Angas' Stirling, were good specimens of blood-like horses.

One word of the brood-mares and foals ere I close the lengthy catalogue. There was not a mare shown that was unworthy of a big rosette, so grand was the class. I could not get away from the overwhelming excellence of Jessie, Marion, Wild Briar, Coquette, and Mabel; but Atalanta was made to top them all, and worthily so, perhaps, although in the next show-ring things might be reversed.

I dared not linger amongst the array of taking hackneys, for my hosts' carriage stopped the way, and ladies must not be kept waiting.

Was it on purpose to add to the day's delights that that Bramham Moor fox crossed the road in front of our carriage, with his head set for dear old cosy Swindon Wood? And oh, on our return, what a cheer we gave him!

It is only a short flit, while the wandering humour is upon us to cross the flat Vale of York, through Ainsty and Lord Middleton's country, to the Wolds; and where can there be a pleasanter sight than the waving cornfields, as good in prospect as many a year has rarely seen, and well-nigh ripe for the harvest? And there, on the highest point, is the noble monument that tells us of the honour in which an honest old sportsman can be held; and while gazing on this memorial to the late Sir Tatton Sykes, we feel that so long as this lasts, boots and breeches never can lose their fashion—never can be wantonly thrown aside.

Such a warm and sheltered oasis is Sledmere, amidst its bleak and high surroundings, that it comes upon you as a

surprise from the Driffeld side, and you wonder not at the love of its owner for its richness and choice situation.

How hardy must old Sir Tatton have been to turn out in many and many a cold grey cheerless morn from the shelter of his Sledmere home to face the bleak wolds, for often twenty or thirty miles, to meet hounds; and how little we are surprised that, having done so all his life, he was the halest of the hale until green old age overtook him. Where is the man amongst us now who would face these wolds as he did? "Borderer" has come to gaze at Sledmere, solely for its equine denizens. Anon, the majestic forms of Doll Tearsheet, Dresden China, Re-echo, and The Bat, burst on his delighted visage. The first in foal to Minting; the second to Isonomy; the third with a rare good filly foal by Isonomy; and the last with a splendid young Tertius at her side. Then come, quite as perfect, if less commanding, matrons in Plaisanterie, with a St. Simon colt, a rather backward little fellow. Elizabeth, Blue Rock, Ma Belle and Bella Agnes are patterns of neatness and quality; while Quilt, Reprieve, Rudstone, and Sad are a quartet which aptly fill up the charming picture, and these have foals, except Sad. The list would not be complete without Claribelle, the beautiful heroine of many a battle, that is taking to her new life with maiden simplicity.

Then we dive into the boxes, only to be more and more enraptured, for in all the long years that Sledmere has been devoted to horseflesh, such priceless animals never domiciled there as now. That sister to Exile II., what a clipper she is! What an improvement upon Merry Hampton is that sister to him! What a rasping fine mare is the daughter of Hermit and Cicely Hackett! What fault can you find with the daughter of Rudstone and Hampton? Then among the colts, where is such another young Hermit as the chestnut son of Re-echo? His bone is tremendous. His quality good, and if a trifle too long, may he not fill up into a St. Leger horse? What cannot we say in praise of the Wisdom colt from Elizabeth, out of a half-sister to Hermit? or the young St. Simon from Blue Rock? or the Galliard and Sad colt? They are all straight of limb, and likely to become useful on racecourses. There are twelve in all, and were riches an endowment of ours, we would gladly dash down a cool 12,000 guineas for their possession. Perhaps the British public at Doncaster will appraise them at a still higher figure! There is still one other pleasant task set us ere the sun goes down, and we have to be whirled back Wetherby way. Mr. Snarry, of Sledmere fame, has built himself a brand new stud-farm, within a mile of Malton, where his beloved ones are well-nigh all Agneses and Lilies. There we found Bay Agnes, Golden Agnes, and Agnes Bentinck; Tiger Lily and Jersey Lily, with Festive and Piercy to complete the picture, not an unworthy one, I

can assure you; and Mr. Snarry, who reminds me much of the late Mr. John Eyke in his devotion to his favourite breed, would have stood for hours to pour out to me the merits of their blood. Alas, that time should be such a taskmaster! for it told us that only a peep could be given to the fine young brother to Martagon in the yearling boxes, better looking than his elder brother was. Here also is a worthy half-brother to the Abbess de Jouarre, by Uncas, that will need no puff at Doncaster; nor will the Ormonde colt out of Agnes Bentinck; nor the chestnut Bend Or colt from Eastern Lily. In fact, Mr. Snarry's four colts at Doncaster will threaten to upset the Sledmere average, or I am much mistaken. It is cruel to hurry away thus ruthlessly from kind, hospitable Mr. Snarry, but trains are ever the same—they must be caught.

After all, in what a small corner of Yorkshire have I rested in my "Out and About"! There was Minting to be seen at Fairfield, George Thompson at Moorlands, Mr. Hoole's new place at Bickerton, and all sorts of things besides; while you, Mr. Inexorable Editor, order my pen to drop and my wanderings to cease.

BORDERER.

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## The Late General J. C. Fremont.

If any justification be needed for including in a magazine devoted to "Sports and Pastimes" the following sketch of an American general of whose name most of its readers have probably never heard, it will be found in the fact that John Charles Fremont was the first to open up the Rocky Mountains, not only to his own compatriots, but also to English sportsmen, who have found it to be one of the grandest hunting-grounds in the world. Forty-two years have elapsed since the State of California was admitted to the American Union, and no one had more to do with bringing that delightful and prodigally-endowed province of the sun into the sisterhood of States constituting the Great Republic than the man who died last July, if not in obscurity, at any rate in occultation. There can be no doubt—indeed, history shows it abundantly—that the French have played a much more distinguished part as fearless and adventurous travellers and pioneers than as settlers and colonisers.

As African explorers, for instance, Paul du Chaillu and De Brazza are the only serious rivals to Livingstone and Stanley; and in the exploitation of North America, French half-breeds have figured as conspicuously as Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, or David Crockett. It was doubtless the French blood

in John C. Fremont's veins which sent him as an explorer to the Far West, when the Rocky Mountains were almost as unknown to dwellers in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington as the Mountains of the Moon. The subject of this little memoir was born in Savannah, Georgia, on January 21, 1813, being the son of a Frenchman who had settled in Norfolk, Virginia, and married Miss Whiting, a Virginian lady, of strict Calvinistic principles. John C. Fremont's father supported himself and his family by teaching the French language, which, theoretically, every American child desires to learn, and for instruction in which nearly every American parent is willing to pay. There, as a rule, the matter ends, for unless a Creole by birth, the American of either sex who has never quitted his or her native land, and is able to speak French decently, is a *lusus naturæ*. Yet it is astonishing to reflect how many Frenchmen who have emigrated to the United States were able to get their living by endeavouring to make American young ladies pronounce the word "heureux," a shibboleth which, according to Voltaire, it is impossible for an English or an American tongue to fashion to the satisfaction of a French ear. Among these French teachers may be named Louis Philippe Talleyrand, Joseph and Jerome Buonaparte, Moreau, Vandamme, and many other Napoleonic generals; and also a host of Johnny Crapauds whom Jefferson and Franklin induced to try their luck in the New World. It was not the lot of Fremont's father to experience much luck in the narrow path which Norfolk, in Virginia, offered him as a *semita vitæ*. There he died in 1818, and thence his widow moved, with her three children, to Charleston, South Carolina, where she had some relatives who assisted her to send her boys to school and college. The eldest, John C. Fremont, was entered at Charleston College in 1828, when he was fifteen years old, and soon gave evidence of mathematical ability. But his habitual carelessness and his constant absences from college betokened a restless and roving disposition, which, after many efforts had been made to reform him, led to his expulsion in 1830. For the next three years he earned a precarious living as a private teacher of mathematics, and in that capacity was appointed to the sloop-of-war *Natchez*, in 1833. A few years later we find him acting as assistant-engineer to Captain W. G. Williams, of the United States Topographical Corps, who was then engaged in surveying the ground for a projected railway between Cincinnati and Charleston. In this way Fremont had an opportunity of exploring for the first time the mountain passes between North Carolina and Tennessee, which comprise some of the most exquisitely lovely scenery on the North American Continent. Suddenly a report reached Captain Williams that hostilities with the Red Indians were about to break out in the

mountainous regions of Georgia and Alabama, and orders were received by him from Washington to survey the Cherokee country, in the depth of the winter of 1837-38. It was a perilous and arduous undertaking, but, assisted by Fremont, then twenty-four years old, Captain Williams, performed his duty to perfection. So favourable was the report given by him of Fremont, that the latter was commissioned by President Van Buren as Second Lieutenant in the United States Topographical Engineers, and was sent at once to survey the rough and unknown region lying between the Missouri river and the northern boundary of the United States. In 1840, after passing two years in the wilds, Fremont returned to Washington, and there fell in love with Miss Jessie Benton, the charming daughter of Senator Benton, whose "Thirty Years in the United States Senate" is one of the best books of its class that a country singularly rich in their production has hitherto given to mankind. The young lady was then in her seventeenth year, and her father, a man of much firmness of character, naturally objected to the match, on the ground of her youth. Lieutenant Fremont was therefore ordered by the War Office, at Colonel Benton's suggestion, to make an examination of the Des Moines river, which, fired by love, he accomplished in an incredibly short time, and returned to Washington with the determination that he would never leave it again without having made Jessie Benton his wife. The lovers were secretly married in October, 1841, and in 1842 Fremont received orders to set out upon the expedition which was to give colour and shape to the rest of his life.

It will be remembered that nearly half a century ago the country on both sides of the Missouri river swarmed with Red Indian savages, and with vast herds of buffaloes, on which the red-man lived. The mission which Fremont received instructions to fulfil was to explore the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, through which ran the trail followed by most of the emigrants and pioneers who were making for the Pacific. He left Washington on May 2, 1842, and in four months had planted the Stars and Stripes on the top of what is now called Fremont's Peak—the culminating point of the Wind Mountains, about 13,000 feet in height, upon the summit of which he carved a couple of transverse trenches in the form of a cross, from which the snow is never absent at any time of the year, causing Fremont's Peak to be generally known by the name of "Holy Cross Mountain." Fourteen years later the tracing of this cross on the summit of an almost inaccessible peak was censoriously reflected upon by Fremont's enemies, when, in 1856, he was Republican candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to James Buchanan. It was alleged by the Protestants, Calvinists, Puritans, Methodists, Baptists, and Unitarians, of the United States that no man would have



traced a cross on such a spot, where it could be seen for hundreds of miles, unless he had been at heart a Roman Catholic. The imputation did not produce the desired effect, as all the six New England States where Puritans most abound gave their electoral votes in 1856 for "Free Soil, Free Trade, Free Votes, and Fremont." The "Pathfinder," as he was then called, was beaten by a narrow majority, and it was perhaps fortunate that he missed his election, as it is certain that had he been chosen, the Southern States would have done in 1856 what they did subsequently in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln, the first Republican President, was elected. The task imposed on the Northern States, between 1861 and 1865, was quite arduous enough to make it probable that they would have failed in its accomplishment between 1857 and 1861. In 1857 there was more equality of strength in the two sections of the American Union than in 1861, and, moreover, Fremont lacked many of the superlative qualities and gifts which made Abraham Lincoln triumphant in the tremendous struggle which he was destined to encounter. Had the Civil War come four years earlier, it is by no means impossible that the Rebellion would have temporarily succeeded, although in the end nothing could long have kept the two estranged sections from reuniting.

The rest of Fremont's adventurous life from 1842, when he first went to the Rockies, until 1890, when he died, was that of a pioneer. What he endured in his many expeditions may be ascertained by those who turn to his works, such as his "Reports of Explorations in the Rocky Mountains in 1842, and in Oregon and North California in 1843-44." In 1859 he published, at Philadelphia, "Colonel J. C. Fremont's Explorations," being a narrative of his five expeditions; which was followed in 1886 by "Memoirs of My Life," published at New York. His very considerable literary powers were equal to his courage and endurance as a pioneer, and all his works are full of interest to readers, especially to those who know something of the surroundings and trials of his life. There is nowhere in his writings a sentence in which resort is had to exaggeration or bravado, and every line bears evidence of a truthfulness which is not always to be found in American books of the same class. It would indeed be difficult to find two men of the American pioneer type—a type which has provided some splendid specimens—to whom anything bombastic and "hifalutin" would be more distasteful than to John C. Fremont and Kit Carson, his trusty henchman.

Christopher, commonly known as "Kit," Carson, was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Dec. 24, 1809, just five days before Mr. Gladstone came into the world. While Kit Carson was still an infant his parents emigrated to Howard County, Missouri, which was then a wilderness full of buffaloes and of

Red Indians. The boy was apprenticed at fifteen to a saddler ; but he was not born for a quiet, prosaic tradesman's life. At seventeen he ran away and joined a hunting expedition, and remained for eight years on the plains, until he had become thoroughly familiarised with the pursuits of a trapper and a *coureur des bois*. His fame as a scout whom no Indian trickery could cajole or outwit, and to whom every sound of the woods, every note of a bird, and every howl of a quadruped was well known by night or day, soon obtained him the appointment of professional hunter to the garrison at Bent's Fort, where he remained for eight years more. He was thirty-three years old when he first fell in with Colonel Fremont, who was under orders to make an expedition into the wilds with which Kit Carson was so familiar. The freemasonry which draws together two daring natures like those of Fremont and Carson, made these two brave men understand at first sight that they were made for each other, and no time was lost by Fremont in preparing an agreement or contract, which Carson gladly signed, binding himself to follow "The Pathfinder" wherever fortune might lead. Never was there a more felicitous alliance. Before many months Kit Carson had formed such an attachment for his "boss" that no danger would have deterred him from risking or sacrificing his life to preserve that of his chief. The following extract from Colonel Fremont's "Report on Exploring Expedition to Oregon and California," during which he narrowly escaped perishing from cold and exposure, will bear out the above remarks :—

"February 23, 1844. This was our most difficult day. We were nearly 9,000 feet above the sea level, and the cold and wind were terrible. Forced off the top of the ridges by the quantity of snow among the timber, we were obliged to take to the mountain sides, where occasional rocks and a southern exposure gave us a better chance of scrambling along. But the slopes were steep and slippery with snow and ice, and the tough, wiry evergreens tore our skins and impeded our progress. Some of us, too, had the misfortune to wear moccasins with *parfleche* soles, which were so slippery that we could not keep our feet. Axes and mauls were necessary at every step. Going ahead with Carson to reconnoitre the road, I reached in the afternoon a river which made the outlet of the lake. Carson sprang clean across a place where the stream was compressed between rocks, but the frozen sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock and precipitated me into the river. I was dazed for a few seconds by the ice-cold stream, and Carson thinking that I was hurt, plunged in after me, and swam to my assistance, just as he was, with all his clothes on his back. But for his unselfish devotion it might have gone hard with me. We tried to find my gun, which had slipped from my grasp in the fall, but the cold drove us out of the water, and,

making a large fire on the bank, we partially dried our drenched clothes."

Yet another passage from the same source will serve to show of what stuff Carson and another pioneer, a Frenchman named Alexandre Godey, were made. It should be premised that a party of Mexicans had driven some thirty horses belonging to them into Fremont's camp for safety, as they were pursued by about a hundred Indians, who never left them by night or day. While Fremont and several of his best men were away from camp the Indians made a sudden rush and stampeded the Mexican horses. Presently Carson and Godey returned to camp, and immediately resolved to set out in pursuit of the horse-thieves. The rest had better be told in Colonel Fremont's own words—

"April 25, 1844. In the afternoon a loud war-whoop was heard, such as Indians give vent to when returning from a victorious enterprise. Soon Carson and Godey appeared driving before them a band of horses, which Fuentes, the Mexican, recognised as some of those he had lost. Two bleeding scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us that toward nightfall they entered the mountains into which the trail led. The moon soon rose, giving a bright light, by which they followed the trail until late at night, when it entered a dark defile. Afraid of losing it in the darkness, they tied up their horses and lay down to sleep, making no fire. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the stolen horses, and, immediately dismounting and tying up their own nags, they crept to a rising ground, from which they looked down on an Indian encampment of four lodges. They crawled forward, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their prize when a movement among the horses, who sighted them, alarmed the Indians. Rising to their feet and shouting the war-whoop at the top of their voices, the two gallant men charged the Indians regardless of their vastly superior numbers. The redskins received them with a flight of poisoned arrows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, just missing the neck. Our men then fired their rifles with unerring aim, and rushed in. Two burly Indians lay stretched on the ground, the rest fled. The scalps of the fallen were stripped off, but in the process one of the Indians sprang to his feet with the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a dismal howl. Quickly terminating the agony of the gory savage, our men gathered up all the horses that had survived, returned upon their back trail, mounted their own horses, and rejoined us in the afternoon of the same day. In about thirty hours they had ridden more than a hundred miles in the pursuit and return. The time, place, <sup>size</sup> object, and

number being considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey is about the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men in a savage desert pursue a body of Indians of unknown numbers into the depths of an unknown mountain, and attack them on sight, defeating and cowing them from the very suddenness and audacity of the onslaught. And for what? To avenge the wrongs of some Mexicans of whom they knew nothing. And this was done by Carson and Godey; the former an American, born in Kentucky; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis, and both trained to Western adventure from their earliest years."

Resuming the history of Kit Carson's life, it is impossible to doubt that he was of the very greatest value and assistance to Fremont in all his expeditions. From his long residence among the Indians Carson had mastered all their habits and customs, understood their modes of warfare, had acquired the lingo of every tribe, and was a proficient in the "sign language" which is used by the red warriors in intercommunication with others of the same colour and race. Moreover, Carson had picked up from his Indian associates the keen habits of observation which make them able to follow a trail, and to interpret the phenomena of nature with an accuracy which to civilised dwellers in the settlements appears absolutely incredible. In 1853 he succeeded in driving 6,500 sheep, some of which were as wild as mountain goats, over the Rockies to California; and the services which he rendered to the Washington Government in dealing with the Indians, led to his appointment, in 1854, as Indian agent at La Osa, in New Mexico. The most modest and unobtrusive of men, Kit Carson was a delightful companion to those capable of appreciating character. During the American Civil War he was of the greatest use in keeping the Red Indians quiet in New Mexico and Colorado, and his personal influence with the sachems and chiefs was always exercised for their good.

"The trappers of the Rocky Mountains," writes Captain George F. Ruxton, of the British Army, one of the most gallant and experienced hunters that ever pulled a trigger, "belong to a species more approximating to the primitive savage than any other class of civilised men. Their lives being spent in remote wildernesses, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a singular cast of courageous simplicity imparted by their taking their colour from the scenes and objects which surround them. Their sole care is to procure sufficient food to sustain life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from a rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the cost of great peril and hardship. Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts

of prey in discovering the haunts of game, and in skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to all feeling of danger, and destroy human or animal life as recklessly as they expose their own. Firm friends and bitter enemies, it is with them a word and a blow, and the blow often comes first. Strong, active, hardy as bears, splendid riders, when their money runs to a horse or a mule, they are just what white men might be expected to be when carelessness, over-confidence, or lack of observation on their part might any night cost them their lives. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado, from the Arctic circle to the starving Gila on the Mexican frontier, these fearless sons of nature have set their traps in every creek and stream. But for their daring enterprise, all this vast country would even now be a *terra incognita* to geographers, and there is hardly a mountain or stream which does not retain the name assigned to it by these rude hunters and *coureurs du bois*."

Forty years have elapsed since these words were written, and five Transcontinental trunk lines running from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and nearly 170,000 miles of railway scattered over the broad bosom of the United States, have substituted white men, white women and children, and the settlements in which they live, for the Red Indian, the buffalo, elk, black bear, grizzly, antelope, and mountain sheep, with which Captain Ruxton, Kit Carson, William Bridger, "Legs" Lewis, Old Bill Williams, a score of "Texan Jacks," and "California Joes," were once so familiar. Before the present century has closed, there will probably be no big game left in North America, unless it be found in a semi-tame condition in one of the public parks reserved by a paternal Government for generations yet to come. In those days men will read of Kit Carson and Fremont, of their exploits and sufferings, as school-boys now read Fenimore Cooper's novels, and dream of Uncas as a noble savage, and of La Longue Carabine as a model hunter. It must be confessed that the latter is truer to life than the former, for such an Indian as Uncas is no more possible than such a negro slave as Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom."

Before the Wild West disappears from view as the grandest theatre or paradise of the hunter, the pioneer, the trapper, and the bee-hunter, it would be well for some competent hand to gather together the best sketches of it afforded by such books as Fremont's "Explorations," Kit Carson's "Life," Major Campion's "On the Frontier," Ruxton's "Life in the Far West," Colonel Irving Dodge's "Hunting Grounds of the Far West," and General Custer's "Life on the Plains." Even to summarise the contents of these volumes, and of many others like them, would be impossible within the limits at my command, and for

the present I must content myself with one passage from Major Campion's life-like work, which has for its only fault such a total absence of dates as makes it impossible to discover whether the incidents it narrates happened before or after the American Civil War. Suffice it to say that Major Campion is a good pictorial writer, as the following extract will suffice to show.

Accompanied by a small band of friends, Major Campion was engaged in hunting buffalo, elk, and bear on the Republican River, when they became aware that a large party of Indians had crossed the adjoining mountain ridge, and were encamped in the next valley. The white hunters sent out an experienced scout to reconnoitre the force, and the messenger returned in a short time to report that the Indians were out on the war-path, that they had already killed several whites, and were dancing round the scalps of their murdered victims. Major Campion's party consisted of five, two of whom were "tender-feet," or, as the Australians would say, "new chums," who had no fancy for fighting a powerful hostile tribe of several hundred Indians eager for white men's "h'ar." A retreat was resolved upon; but before it was commenced the hunters lingered a little, keeping careful watch at night. Two hours is the ordinary watch, as no man is supposed capable of standing guard and maintaining vigilance against Indian subtlety for a longer time. The first man went on guard at 7 p.m., and the last went off at 5 a.m. next morning. For five nights nothing happened, and the watches began to be regarded as monotonous. At last came one that was interesting enough, and decided the white hunters to make an immediate start.

"The one o'clock relief," writes Major Campion, "was made as usual. 'All quiet; nothing happened.' We were getting tired of this regular report; it had grown into a byword. The night was clear, but raw. A mist had crept onwards from the river; but the moon was still up, and threw a flood of light down the valley.

"An hour had passed uneventfully away since the relief of the watch, when a dim and distant figure emerged from the mist. As it approached it resolved itself into the semblance of a large moving animal; then it was lost to view, and anon appeared again, and again was lost. When it emerged once more it looked like a phantom horseman coming along at a swinging canter. Suddenly it stopped, went on again at a walk, broke into a canter, slackened into a trot, and dropped again into a walk. Its motions were those of a man on horseback following an easy trail. As it got nearer, all doubts vanished, and on its arrival abreast of our camp, where the different trails we had made met, it stopped, and the bright light fell on a striking picture.

"A black powerful Indian pony, gay with trappings and

plumes, and mounted upon it a stalwart Indian. His bow and arrows and his long, slim lance hung crosswise on his back, his rifle lay athwart his saddle bow; the fringes of his hunting shirt and the feathers of his headgear gently fluttered in the night air. He turned in his saddle at right angles to his horse, and became motionless, gazing fixedly in the direction of our camp.

"Now was the opportunity. While the Indian was approaching, the sentinel had taken off his felt hat, had rolled it tightly up, and laid it as a rest for his rifle on the stone before him, to prevent the jar which might affect the direction of the bullet. The rifle was at full cock, the hair-trigger set. The long, thin, ivory front sight showed in the fine moonlight clear and distinct against the dark globe of the Indian's head. The index finger of the sentinel's right hand was pressed lightly against the side of the hair-trigger, and the movement of a muscle would have sent an ounce and a half of lead crashing through the brain of that prying bloodhound who had so surely traced us to our lair.

"Was it best to kill him or let him go? Hard question to decide, and little time to do it in. Under such circumstances a man thinks quickly. Why had that Indian ridden more than half the night to ascertain our whereabouts? Not from curiosity; it is not an Indian characteristic. Was he not one of a band of raiders anxious to gain knowledge so as to bring his murderous companions to kill and plunder us, and now, possessing that knowledge, ought he not to be shot?

"But the Indian might not be there with hostile thoughts; it was just barely possible. And to kill him looked so like deliberate murder; that settled it. The finger was removed from the trigger's edge. Little did the dusky spy wot of the danger he had escaped. Never before was he nearer death, and never again will he be until his hour arrives and he receives his call. In a few moments he recovered his riding-seat, cantered diagonally to the river bank below our camp, and slowly described a large semi-circle around us until he reached the river above camp. He was cutting our tracks to see if there was any indication that we had left. Then he wheeled round and galloped off.

"Camp was immediately roused and a council held. We came to the conclusion that our night visitor had come across our trail while hunting—consequently by day. Fifteen miles, or thereabouts, was as far as any of us had gone in the direction from which he came. Probably when he first saw our sign, his horse was laden with buffalo meat, and tired. As he might have a long ride before him in pursuit of us, he must have gone back to camp and got a fresh horse. It was quite characteristic of Indian secretiveness that he should say nothing to any of his pals. He was sighted by the sentinel at 2 a.m.,

and therefore we concluded that his camp must be thirty-five miles away—that is to say, twenty miles beyond the fifteen where he came across our trail. Under these circumstances we thought it probable he would lie down, hobbling his horse, and sleep for six hours. If we moved immediately we should have a start of at least ten hours. We were off at once, and our precipitate retreat ended in due course within the sheltering stockades of Fort Riley."

It would be unsafe to promise any adventurous English sportsman who now wends his way to the Rockies such fun among the big game, and such *rencontres* with Indians, as make the lives of Fremont, Kit Carson, Bridger, old Joe Clark, and many more of the same stamp, such delightful reading. These hardy pioneers are all in their graves; if, indeed, they were so fortunate as to find human hands to bury them, which was not the case with Captain Ruxton's hero, Bill Williams, whose faithful mule was found feeding beside a heap of bleached bones, once those of his master. Bill Williams was one of those trappers who do not sleep in a bed more than once in twenty years, and bought his traps and ammunition from other hunters when he came across them. "Such men," writes Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohmann, in his "Camps in the Rockies," "seldom marry, and when death surprises them through the agency of redskins, or a fierce eight-day snowstorm, or a furious she grizzly, there are few to miss them. All that is heard when some wanderer fails to put in an appearance at his wonted haunt is, 'Guess the old hoss has gone up!'"

But although Indians and big game are no longer what they once were, the delights of the Far West still survive, and can never know decay. No one who has breathed the intoxicating atmosphere of its foothills and widespread plains will deny that it is the driest and most sparkling on the face of the globe. "As your city-worn lungs inhale it," says Mr. Grohmann, "fresh life is infused into your whole being, and you feel it is air that has never been breathed before." The young Englishman who can read such books as that from which these words are quoted, or as Lord Dunraven's "Great Divide," without desiring to witness the scenes described therein, is not made of the stuff from which were compacted the heroes who have made England what she is. Let those, however, who henceforward repair to the Rockies heave a passing sigh to the memory of John C. Fremont, who first explored them, and of Kit Carson, his gallant associate, who passed in his checks at Fort Lynn, in Colorado, on the 23rd of May, 1868.



## Our Grand Old Game.

We don't care much about Saint George ; his festival, alas !  
 We Englishmen allow each year unnoticed by to pass.  
 Nine out of ten don't know the date, and all fight shy of brag,  
 And so no damsel dons her rose, no tower flaunts its flag.  
 In spite of this indifference, or ignorance, or pride,  
 Or what you will, by one strong love together we are tied.  
 One day is England's own far more than that with saintly  
 name—

The first fair day when we can start our glorious old game !

Aye ! glorious is Cricket. Do not sneer ! Philosophy  
 Looks not alone at ends, or rates the means unworthily ;  
 Your truly great man, when to Fame and Fortune fully grown,  
 Scorns not the humble ladder which he climbed, and kicks  
 it down !

"Pooh ! place such value on a game !" I hear the sceptic  
 sneer.

"Bosh ! gravely say a nation holds an idle pastime dear !  
 Tell that, not to the jollies, no, but to some old school-dame ;  
 Pray don't ram that stuff down my throat about your grand  
 old game !"

'Tis but a game, that's true ; but, friend, what did the Great  
 Duke say ?

That England's battlefields were won upon her fields of play.  
 All qualities that best equip men for the great world's fight  
 Must those possess who would our grand old cricket play  
 aright.

Obedience and patience, self-denial, pluck, and nerve,  
 Sobriety and honesty, and cheerful heart to serve ;  
 These you will find in every Englishman best known to fame,  
 And these make up the essence of our glorious old game.

Don't talk to me of rivals ! Never yet did mushroom dare  
 Its puny one-day growth with forest monarch to compare.  
 Don't prate about the setting sun, and shake your head, and  
 doubt

That clouds are coming up to blot old Cricket's glory out.  
 Go up and down our dear old land, and see, with honest eyes,  
 How swarm upon each village green Queen Cricket's votaries.  
 How still our youngest English hearts woo with true lover's  
 flame

The goddess their grandfathers wooed—our grand old Cricket  
 game.

Go further, friend ; on Afric's shore, on distant Indian plain,  
In far Cathay, Australia, and beyond the Spanish main,  
North, south, east, west, where'er a "pitch" can be scraped,  
hewed, or rolled,

There will be heard, "Played, sir !" "How's that ?" "Quick !  
in with her !" "Well bowled !"

No, no ; don't talk of *décadence*, the old dog's not sick yet,  
Nor threatens yet the sun upon the Cricket world to set.  
Dark night were that for England, friend ; you smile, but all  
the same,

You'll see it when our boys and men give up their grand old  
game.

But we—we can't play on for aye ; the warning voice will  
come,

And bid us, through joints, wind, and sight, pack traps up  
and go home.

Superfluous lags the veteran upon the Cricket stage,  
And laughing stock becomes if he 'gainst Nature war will  
wage.

No, no ; we won't the struggle to the clownish end prolong ;  
Let's take our places thankfully the passive crowd among.  
We've had our innings, done our fielding, played our little  
game,

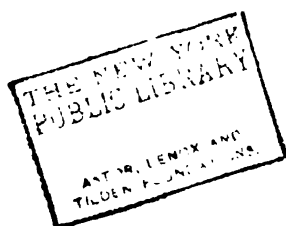
So we'll obey the Fair Play rule—let others do the same.

H. F. A.

## Carlo and Carlist.

CARLO, who is the subject of the engraving, is the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Cotes, of Pitchford, Shrewsbury ; he first made his appearance in public in April, 1884, in Shropshire, where he quickly attracted attention, not only on account of his good looks but by the display of game-finding qualities of a high order. As will be seen, he is a deep-bodied, muscular dog, with plenty of bone, a rare back and loin, and altogether of true pointer character. He is a very high-couraged dog, and one of the merriest workers that ever went into a field ; furthermore, he works with his head as well as his nose, which, by the bye, is a very good one. The artist has hit him off in a very characteristic point.

Carlo's first appearance in public, as was stated above, was in April, 1884, in the pointer puppy stake at the National Trials, where he ran second. The week following he ran in the Field Trial Derby at Ettington Park, Warwickshire, where





THE POINTERS CARLO AND CARLIST.

he again took second, Dr. J. N. Salter's Paris, an unusually smart puppy, taking first; but there was practically nothing between them. Carlo worked throughout all his heats like a staunch, honest dog.

In 1885 Carlo won the all-aged stakes at the National Trials right away, and followed his victory up shortly after by taking first in the open dog class at the Crystal Palace Show. As, however, it is with his working qualities sportsmen are most concerned, his breeding is all-important. Perhaps no pointer can show a better combination of Field Trial blood than Carlo. He traces back through his sire (Jasper) to the late S. Price's grand old Field Trial winner champion Bang, and through Drab (Jasper's dam) to Lord Lichfield's celebrated pointer Mars. Sall, Carlo's dam, contributes, through Faust, the blood of that phenomenal pointer, Champion Drake. Not only does Carlo show the effect of a long line of Field Trial blood in his own veins, but he transmits it to his progeny—to wit, among others the Field Trial winners, Polly Jones, Carlist, Chloe, and Don Carlos—all owned by Colonel Cotes.

Carlist, the pointer, depicted as backing his sire, was, perhaps, the best puppy of his year, although he just missed first in the puppy stakes at the National Trials in 1887. Carlist's work was brilliant through all his heats, his attitude on point being very fine; he is also a very fast dog, very quick in pegging his game. In colour he is liver-and-white, like his sire, but of rather a darker shade; but he is lighter in build than Carlo. His feet and legs are very good, and with such well-bent stifles as he possesses, and fine sloping shoulders, no wonder he moves with that free-and-easy motion which is so characteristic of him in his work.

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## The Turf in Scotland.

### PART I.

NOT a few of those who have been doing what it is customary to call the "Northern circuit" during the past month, that is to say, who have been enjoying the excellent sport provided at Redcar, Stockton, and York, will, when once Doncaster has come and gone, find their way "over the Border" to the Scottish race meetings, where the sport, if not so full of incident or so pregnant with interest for the future, as it is at Newmarket, Epsom, or Doncaster, is still good enough to amuse those who, combining the business of racing with the

pleasure of travel, are glad to sojourn a while by the banks of Bonnie Doon or in the grey metropolis of the North, while the Western Meeting at Ayr and the gathering on Musselburgh Links are in progress. Glasgow, too, is now visited by many racing men, who cannot but be reminded, as they traverse the Broomielaw, of the deal by which the three-year-old of that name and the brother to Blair Athol were transferred from the possession of their breeder, canny William I'Anson, to Mr. Henry Chaplin, whose maiden purchase, extravagant as it seemed at the time, when the world had not got accustomed to prices which we now regard as quite normal, proved to be by no means an unremunerative one. Glasgow, in fact, is the centre, not only for the old-established meetings at Paisley and Lanark, but for the new meeting at Hamilton Park. It should rather be said for the "revived" meeting at Hamilton Park, as racing at Hamilton dates back from the middle of the past century; and it was at Hamilton that the Caledonian Hunt was first started in 1777. In those days racing was, of course, conducted in a very different spirit from what it is now, no attempt being made to make it pay a dividend to shareholders; but the infusion of the commercial spirit is not of necessity an evil, tending as it does to make those who have the management of the meeting more careful, and giving them a motive to bestir themselves.

But if the Hamilton Meeting—which it is thought that the Caledonian Hunt will, now that its choice of meetings is growing so small, include in its list of movable feasts—has come into existence, and seems, after a period of doubt and difficulty, to be taking root downwards, soon, let us hope, to bear fruit upwards, other meetings in Scotland have either disappeared altogether or are admittedly upon their last legs, and within the last few years racing has become extinct at Cupar, at Stirling, at Hawick, at Kelso, and at Eglinton Park; while Perth, which now has an intermittent existence, is clearly in a parlous case; in fact, only five separate meetings were held in Scotland last year, these being Hamilton Park, Paisley, the Western Meeting at Ayr, Lanark (with which was embodied the Caledonian Hunt), and Edinburgh. With the exception of the first named, which also had its spring and summer fixtures, and of Paisley, where the races are always held in the middle of August, the other meetings all took place in the three weeks' interval between the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch; and so it will be again this year, the Western Meeting at Ayr being set for the 17th, 18th, and 19th of this month; Lanark and Edinburgh for the 23rd to the 26th; Perth, which has not had any racing for two or three years, for the last day of September and the first of October; and Hamilton Park, which is at once the Alpha and Omega of racing in Scotland, for the two following days. In all, there will be only seventeen days' racing in

Scotland during the season, and it cannot with any truth be said that the quality of the sport and the high class of the competitors make up for what is wanting in the way of quantity.

There seems, in fact, to be a lack of interest felt in racing, not so much by the general public, who always muster in force at Ayr, where the sport is usually good, and who are rapidly finding their way to the beautiful course at Hamilton Park, as by those who might, if they were so inclined, revive the palmy era of the Scottish Turf, when Ramsay of Barnton, Lord Eglinton, Sir James Boswall, Lord Kelburne, Mr. James Merry, Mr. Sharpe of Hoddam, and Sir David Baird were running horses, and when Mr. Dawson, the founder of the great family of trainers, had his stables at Gullane, upon the Firth of Forth. This, perhaps, is why, in an age when everybody gratifies his enemy's aspiration and writes a book, no one has been at the pains to give any account of the origin and progress of the Turf in Scotland; and it is surprising, when one comes to investigate the matter and to search for information, how little is to be had. The Caledonian Hunt Club has its history, and, thanks to the care taken by Sir John Gillespie, the present secretary, and his son, the record is brought up to the present date. But nothing can be learnt as to the foundation and history of the races at Perth (which has a beautiful course on the North Inch, near the Tay), Kelso, or Cupar, beyond what the *Calendar* contains; and it is a singular thing that the present officials of the Lothians' Racing Club, which holds its annual meeting at Musselburgh, cannot even tell the date of the institution of the club. The Town Clerk of Musselburgh, anxious as he was to assist me in the search, could not ascertain when the racing began; but it was certainly anterior to 1816, as he lighted upon the following curious excerpt from the minutes of the meeting of the Town Council of Musselburgh, on July 26th of that year:—The magistrates produced in council a card they had just received from the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, which is of the following tenor: "The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh present compliments to the Magistrates of Musselburgh. They propose giving the City's Purse of fifty guineas, and also the King's Hundred (formerly run for on the sands of Leith) to be run for on the racecourse at Musselburgh, during the races of the Caledonian Hunt in October next, which they have no doubt the Magistrates of Musselburgh will approve of. Council Chamber, Edinburgh. July 26th, 1816." The answer to this was that "The Magistrates of Musselburgh return their respectful compliments to the Right Honourable the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, and are happy to have it in their power to accommodate the good town with the use of the racecourse in October next, subject to such rules and

regulations as may be agreed upon between the Stewards of the Caledonian Hunt and the Magistrates."

The minutes of the Perth Hunt, which are in the custody of Mr. Moncrieff, do not contain even this bare allusion to racing, being confined to the record of business transacted, members elected, and so forth; but rather more information is to be gathered about the meeting at Lanark, whose "silver bell" was one of the objects of interest at the Sports and Arts Exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery last winter. There was some discussion at the time as to the age of this bell, which is supposed to have first been presented to the Royal Burgh of Lanark by William the Lion in 1160. It can scarcely be said that much light has been thrown upon this subject, though Mr. Laidlaw, who has won it two years in succession with Horton, says that the oak case in which the bell is kept bears a silver-mounted inscription, stating that the bell was presented by that monarch at the date mentioned. But this, of course, proves nothing, and I prefer to give the story of the Lanark race meeting as it comes to me from Mr. Smith, the clerk of the course, who may well be proud of his picturesque town near the Clyde, overlooking the Strath, into which the river plunges over the celebrated Falls of Clyde. Bounded on the north by the river Mouse, which joins the Clyde, after passing through the romantic chasm known as Cartland Craigs, the capital, or head burgh, of the county of Lanark, was a favourite resort of the Scottish sovereigns. David I. granted it a charter as a Royal burgh, about the year 1140; and William I., when in residence at the castle, which during the War of Independence was garrisoned by the English, signed the charter in favour of the burgh of Ayr.

Although no account is extant of the actual prize, early records refer to "the race" constituted by William I., and from time immemorial it was the custom of the magistrates of the burgh to perambulate the boundaries on Whitsun Thursday, the day being observed as a general holiday in the town, and sports being held. One of the prizes given was a pair of silver spurs, confined to horses within the burgh. It may be that the gift of the silver spurs may have led to the tradition of the bell being the gift of William the Lion, who did undoubtedly institute horse racing, as may be gathered from the notification published in the *Mercurius Caledonius*, an Edinburgh paper, the year following the Restoration of Charles II. "The horse race at Lanark, instituted by King William about six hundred years ago, but obstructed these twenty-three years by the iniquity of the time, is now restored by Sir John Wilkie (or Wilken) of Foulden, in Berwickshire, as being loath so ancient a foundation should perish, and for that effect he has given gratis a piece of plate of the accustomed value, with a silver bell and saddle, to the second and third



horse. It is to be run the third Tuesday in May." There is nothing to show what became of Sir John Wilkie's gifts, but if they were to be competed for annually, like the King's silver bell, they were in all likelihood the prizes described as a "siller tanker and bell," run for in June, 1719, the inference being that the magistrates, who were the "judges in ye riding," held these trophies in trust for annual competition. They, however, had nothing in common with the silver bell, which is four and a half inches in length, and the same in diameter; the opinion of the most learned members of the Society of Antiquaries being that the bell was made in the time of James I., the monogram R.D. engraved upon it being that of Robert Denneistoun, or Danielstoun, who was admitted a freeman of the Incorporation of Goldsmiths in Edinburgh, on April 23, 1597. The present weight of the bell is rather more than thirty ounces, but this includes the twenty-two shields or badges attached to it, and bearing the names of the different winners. The oldest of these shields bears the inscription: "Vin be me, Sir Johne Hamilton of Trabroune, 1628." The bell disappeared altogether from 1661 to 1852, having been locked up in one of the cupboards of the Council Chamber and forgotten, as was the case with many similar trophies, such as the Selkirk and Peebles arrows. Recovered in 1852, the Lanark bell has been run for twenty-two times since, Mr. Laidlay's Horton being, as mentioned above, the only dual winner. But the late Mr. Tom Parr, who was very fond of racing in Scotland, Mr. James Merry, Mr. Sharpe of Hoddam, and Mr. Thomas Dawson were among the earlier victors; while of living owners who have held the trophy, the Duke of Montrose and Mr. Robert Osborne, brother of the "Bank of England" jockey, stand out conspicuous.

Did space admit of it, much that is interesting might be told of Mr. Sharpe of Hoddam, who flourished in the best days of Scottish racing, and who became secretary to the Caledonian Hunt, in 1827. It is a curious thing that although the Caledonian Hunt has been in existence for 113 years, it has during that period had only three secretaries, for Mr. William Hagast and his two sons held that office until Mr. Sharpe was appointed, and the Laird of Hoddam retained it for thirty-five years, resigning in 1862, and being appointed honorary member of the club. His successor was Mr. (now Sir John) Gillespie, who is still secretary, though ill-health has of late compelled him to devolute the principal duties of the post upon his eldest son. It was at Hamilton that the club was founded, in August, 1777, the original title being "The Hunters' Club," but this was changed in the following year to that of "The Caledonian Hunt," the original members being the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Gordon, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Eglintoun, the

Earl of Glencairn, Sir Thomas Wallace, Sir Alexander Don, Sir William Cunynghame, Mr. John Nisbet, and Mr. John Rutherford. The first meeting was held at Hamilton, the second at Haddington, and the seven next at Kelso; but when the Caledonian Hunt was first established, it was as much a dining and a dancing, as it was a racing club, for the regulations specified that there should be an annual dinner at Edinburgh, "the bill to be called for before nine o'clock," and a ball at the place of meeting. Anxious care was taken that no debt should be contracted in respect of the balls, and a penalty of ten guineas enacted if "any member shall play at dice." The annual meeting of the club seems to have been a somewhat prolonged affair, for it is mentioned, in connection with the gathering at Haddington, in 1778, that members were convened "to hunt for a fortnight"; and it is pleasant in these days of Royal Commissions on Horse-breeding, to find that the Caledonian Hunt, in its early days, gave an annual premium of twenty guineas for the best "stallion for getting strong hunters or road horses." The Hunt encouraged literature, too, as well as horse-breeding, for in the minutes of the club it is recorded how, upon "Mr. Burns of Ayrshire"—having dedicated a new edition of his poems to the Caledonian Hunt—"in consideration of his superior merit, as well as of the compliment paid to them, the secretary should be directed to subscribe for one hundred copies in their name, for which he should pay to Mr. Burns twenty-five pounds upon the publication of his book." In the two last years of the eighteenth century, the Caledonian Hunt did not, on account of the distressed state of the country, hold its annual meeting, but there has been no disturbance of continuity since, though several of the fixtures where the Hunt used to hold its movable feasts, such as Dumfries, Cupar, Stirling, and Kelso, have ceased to exist. To Lanark and Paisley the Hunt has never gone, but now that the latitude of choice is narrowing, there is every reason to hope that it will revisit the scene of its birth, and that Hamilton Park will in future alternate with the Western Meeting at Ayr and the Edinburgh Meeting at Musselburgh, as the trysting-place of the Royal Caledonian Hunt.

ATHELSTAN.

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The Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society, which was opened at Balls Bridge, Dublin, on August 26th, was the largest that has ever been held, the entries having numbered 1,276—an increase of 265 over those of last year. The show steadily grows in popularity, and has practically superseded several of the celebrated old Irish horse fairs.

## A Day's Sport in Jamaica.

A GLORIOUS morning on the north side of Jamaica, cool, fresh, and invigorating. The land breeze (which has blown steadily all the night) is still stirring the plumes of the cocoa palms as we move into the verandah to enjoy the fragrant cup of island-grown coffee which a buxom black handmaid has provided. The sides of the wooded mountains are yet dark purple, where the sun's rays have not yet caught them; but the summits are lighted up, and the nearer points are brilliant with the green of tropical foliage. The massive scarlet blossoms of the *spathodia* show distinctly athwart the pale opal sky, and the dew-born fragrance of roses is strong in the air. A solitary John Crow is wheeling about, high over head, and half a dozen guinea fowl are already foraging in the garden. The hospitable planter, whose guests we are, has organised, for our benefit, a fishing picnic on the seashore, and we have before us the prospect of a day likely to be full of new sights and strange experiences.

The buggies which are to convey us to the coast are at the door, and we mount them full of expectation. Away we rattle in the light traps, "low on the turf and loud on the stone," first through the park-like pasture which surrounds the house, and then down the steep and rocky road that winds towards the shore; past the estate works, where all is already in full swing of business, crushing the first canes of the season. A strong smell of sugar is borne upon the breeze, and we hear the slow rumble of the bullock drays and the shouts of the drivers who are carrying off the hogsheads for shipment. Past groves of pimento, huge cotton trees still bare of leaf, with their naked branches hung with creepers, giving homes in their forks and clefts to wild pines and green masses of parasitic plants. Past plantations of cocoanut trees, solitary cabbage palms, and clumps of graceful bamboos. Little groups of negro dwellings nestle in the shade here and there on the roadside, surrounded by plantain and provision grounds, where the cotters rear their stores of yams and vegetables. Sturdy little black children roll and sprawl happily on the wayside, and their plumpness speaks volumes for the material welfare of the population. Everyone says a kindly "good morning" to the *buccras* as we pass, and all are recognised by a cordial greeting in return. Truly the relations here between the masses and the classes appear to be of a patriarchal and happy description. It is a thing devoutly to be wished that the same bright looks and sympathetic feelings could be found more often nearer home.

A villainous mongoose crosses our path, intent upon evil deeds, and plunges into the jungle. Somebody's poultry is threatened to-day with his attacks, and probably we shall hear that

the turkey, which has been carefully fattened for sale to the "great house," has died a premature and violent death.

At length we whisk round the last corner, and find ourselves at the top of the hill which hangs over the seaport town. "Thalatta! Thalatta!" The Caribbean Sea spreads itself before us, and, sparkling in the morning sunlight, two or three white sails show where the coasting droghers carry cargo for some ship in one of the harbours. Just below us lies the old coast town in the hollow of a little bay, which forms the estuary of a river which has run a somewhat brawling and *accidenté* course from the mountains, and now issues from the land in a smooth stream, lined with belts of rushes and broad-leaved water-plants. Its channel is continued through the bay itself, and cuts its course into the open sea through the long reef that forms the seaward boundary of the harbour. The sides of the bay are rich in tree and jungle growth, down to the shelving beach of silver sand, which is strewn with shells thrown up from the main, and with forest *débris* washed down from the land.

And no one who has never seen the seas of the Antilles can realise the almost prismatic variety of colour assumed by their waters. Far out the tone is lighter in blue, while nearer shore it changes to the deepest azure, which becomes almost violet. A line of the most pure and delicate emerald marks the position of the coral reef; and, closer to the land, the rays of the sun seem to be separated and assimilated by some marvellous process till the whole forms a liquid rainbow. Add that there is nothing to mar the lucidity of the water, and while the first breath of the sea breeze is tipping the edge of the reef with a white crest, and rolling up tiny wavelets on the beach, there is a marine picture spread out lovelier than painter ever dared attempt to limn, and which no power of words can adequately describe.

A trim and rakish barque, with enormous yards neatly squared and awnings spread, is moored fore and aft, and lies where the waters are deepest. Holding ground beneath her keel there is none, and her bow anchor is carried on to the reef, whilst one hundred and twenty fathoms of cable stretch from her stern. She is a peaceful trader, which carries the estate produce to New York or England, and brings back necessary stores and supplies; but imagination might well conceive her to be an old-world pirate lying in wait for prey, hidden from observation from the open sea, and only to be detected by the tall spars which show their tops above the trees which clothe the point. To-day she is more than ordinarily peaceful-looking, for the gay bunting of the planter's firm flutters from her mainmast, and the red jack of an English merchant ship hangs over her stern.

The town was an important place in the days of the flowing

tide of Jamaican prosperity, and there are still the remains of fine buildings where governors entertained in state, and where creole belles assembled for balls and fêtes. Little is now left of its old prosperity and dignity. The storehouses are dismantled and empty; the ball-rooms are roofless, shattered walls; and a less prosperous and joyous race has succeeded to the old planter princes and their families. The ship before us is the solitary successor of the twelve or thirteen ocean-going craft which, fifty years ago, might have been seen taking in cargo; and the old fort, which protected their trade, is now overgrown with brush, its guns lying honeycombed and rusty beneath its ruined bastions.

As we pull up beneath the shade of the cocoanut palms, which shoot their tall stems from the sand, we see the long net already spread in the bay, its floats marking a wide circle, with the hauling ropes at each end manned by parties of men on the beach. Three canoes are ranged outside, ready to free the net from any obstacle, and to prevent anything that is enclosed in its sweep from attempting to break its way out to safety.

The planter gives the word to go on, and all is excitement. The negroes on the shore commence hauling, and keep the time of their efforts by a wild song. Most of them are up to their waists in water; the net begins to come in, and its circle gradually decreases. Suddenly there is cessation, and a hail is given that the net has caught; it has probably encountered a rock or snag at the bottom. A man in one of the canoes stands erect in his crank craft, and then shoots into the water. His dive is successful, the net is set free, and he emerges, shaking the sparkling drops off his limited clothing, to encourage his friends with renewed shouts and gesticulations. The net is coming still closer, and now the fish can be seen darting from side to side in mad alarm. A flash of silver leaps from the water at the edge of the net, and there is a splash on the further side. It is a mullet which has dared a leap for freedom, and has succeeded in clearing the barrier of meshes. Another and another follow the bold example! Some clear the net, some fail in the attempt, and some anticipate their doom by falling into the canoes. One of the most active fishermen is seen with a fish in his mouth. It could not be ascertained whether this unlucky mullet had actually jumped head foremost into that red and yawning trap, but the strong white teeth were firmly nipping its head, while the tail was making convulsive wriggles outside.

The enthusiasm becomes intense. The whole population seem to have gathered to the fray—old and young, men, women, children, and babies in arms, are all either giving a hand or are shouting and screaming at the top of their voices. As the net is gathered in, several rents show in the knotted cordage where it has caught in some sharp rock or submerged

branch of a tree ; but the damage done has not been sufficient to liberate many of the finny prisoners, and when the haul is finally run up on the beach, there is seen a result worth all the labour—a mass of scales and fins shining in all the fresh and glorious brilliance which a landsman's eye has so seldom an opportunity of admiring.

The practical negro fisherman never thinks of estimating the fish or fishes which he has caught by weight or number, but reduces the catch to its probable money value. "Dere three, four pounds dere, massa," says one of the leading men, and as all the fish—minus the few required for the use of the *buccras*—will be distributed among the fishermen and villagers, the remark is made with much satisfaction.

To classify and describe the contents of the net would have required the knowledge of a trained naturalist, and have taxed the descriptive powers and enthusiasm of a Kingsley. The present onlookers could only lament their ignorance, which made them dependent on local information for the names and peculiarities of their prey. Enthusiastic admiration they certainly did not lack, but adequate descriptive power is, alas ! wanting ; we can only partially enumerate in a most haphazard and imperfect manner. The biggest fish were several "snook," thick, well-proportioned fellows, each weighing about four or five pounds. One was subsequently prepared for our breakfast, after the fashion of the monks of Melrose, who made a Friday's "kettle of fish" on the banks of the Tweed. Most delicious his firm, white, flaky flesh was found. These "snook" of the Carribean Sea are probably the same fish as are caught in such quantities off the Cape of Good Hope, and which, when salted, form so large a staple of the food of the coast inhabitants ; but those we now saw did not seem quite so big as their South African cousins.

Then there were our active friends the mullet, of whom a goodly number had failed to escape capture. They, in their silvery grace, yielded in beauty to none of their companions in misfortune. They averaged from a pound to a pound and a half in weight, and, except for a comparative lightness at the shoulder, they might almost have been taken for salmon trout.

Then two or three "snapper," each about two and a half pounds in weight, gorgeous in silver-grey bodies, with a delicate crimson tint on fins and tail. Dear to the Jamaican gourmand, are not the good qualities of the "snapper" chronicled in "Tom Cringle's Log" ? Next, our showman introduces us to "bony fish, massa." This fellow's beauty and brilliance (and they were great) were his only merit. As an article of food he is useless, for his whole body is so permeated with the bones, from which he takes his name, that even the omnivorous negro declines to attempt to make a meal of him.

"Jack fish" (no relation to the jack of English rivers), flat and broad, rather like a flounder; a number of (locally named) herrings, which, resembling the English herring in shape and scales, probably belong to the same family, though they appear to present some marked points of difference; and several other fish, quaint and curious in colour and shape, complete the roll. The most remarkable capture were some "bottle" fish, of which one was taken up and made to exhibit his peculiarities for our amusement. At first sight a little slim fish; when he was tickled beneath the jaw he inflated his small body into the most ridiculous resemblance of the "leather bottel" of old days. The reason for this peculiar faculty, it is suggested, is to deter his enemies from trying to swallow him; whether this is the case or not, the explanation is at least specious. After being examined he was thrown again into the water, *quitte pour la peur*, to recount his wonderful adventures to his friends in the bay.

But all the beauties of the citizens of the sea and the interest of natural history must cede the *pas* to an appetite sharpened by early hours and sea air. The announcement of breakfast thrills the soul in a manner most undignified but very practical. A Scotch breakfast is proverbial, but a Jamaican breakfast, if it does not run into the first place, is a very good second; and if it relied for reputation on nothing but the fruits which the island so liberally provides, it would still take a very high rank. Oranges, pines, plantains, naseberries, star-apples, shaddocks, melons—old friends and new acquaintances—all of the most magnificent size and delicious flavour, form indeed a feast that appeals in its temptations to every sense, and leaves a memory for an epicure to cherish long and lovingly. But "of all good things cometh satiety at last," and our breakfast was very much ending in smoke, when a bundle of fish was brought for our inspection, which had just been captured in his basket trap by a native fisherman. None of them were very big, but never before can have been seen such a mass of vivid and gorgeous colouring.

We had always supposed that the feathered species in the tropics flaunted the most gaudy coats in creation, and that no living thing could vie with them in this respect. But here were a dozen fish of as many different kinds, each of which showed tints unsurpassable in brilliancy and contrast. Truly the groves of ocean entertain inhabitants as strange, graceful, and magnificent as the forests of the earth; and it was curious to note in each of the beauties before us a sort of personal resemblance to some well-known bird. One could almost imagine a relationship between them, or believe in such a transmigration as that after death good fishes became birds, or that good birds became fishes. Perhaps the most beautiful in the variety of tints, and quaintest in shape of head, was the "parrot fish." His colours were precisely those of the bird—a brilliant green back, with flecks of sapphire blue, changing to a rosy tinge on

the neck, head, and portions of the body. His head was almost like that of the bird, and though it might be fancy, even the dead eye seemed to have something of the sage expression that is so remarkable in the parrot tribe. There is another parrot fish familiar to Jamaican fishermen, which is even more remarkable-looking than the one which we saw on this occasion. Of the same general shape and appearance, his colour is from head to tail of the most brilliant cobalt blue, which strikes the eye most impressively in the local fish markets.

Next to the parrot fish in beauty was the "doctor fish," so called from two lancet-like points which he can project at will from his body, presumably as a means of defence from his enemies. The bird to which he apparently had the closest affinity was the golden oriole, as his colour was in part the clearest golden yellow, and in part the deepest black.

Then came two fishes with the uneuphonious names of the "grunt" and the "hogfish." The first had a grey back and yellow belly, with longitudinal yellow stripes on his body; the second had a light purple body and yellow fins. How they came by their local designations is not clear, except possibly in the case of the hogfish, which is furnished with a somewhat porcine snout.

A "hind fish," mottled with crimson spots; an "angel fish," which, with two exaggerated wing-like fins tipped with yellow, and a yellow tail, looked like one of the birds nailed extended on a "keeper's tree"; and a "rock fish," glowing scarlet, with long perch-like, prickly dorsal fin, completed the numbers of a group which could never be seen except in such a situation and in similar favourable circumstances.

We have since met, in collections and museums, preserved specimens of all these comely families; but though they were doubtless interesting and instructive to the cold eye of science, which could analyse their anatomy and organs, what a melancholy and incomplete appearance did they present, their gorgeous colours faded and gone, compared with those we saw fresh from their native element on the Jamaican coast!

Our forenoon wore on. Two more hauls of the great net were made, with fair result. Only two varieties of fish were landed, however, which had not figured in our first capture, but each was armed by nature with a peculiar and formidable weapon. One, the "sting ray," has a long and flexible tail, near the insertion of which is concealed the marvellously formidable spike from which it takes its name, and which it protrudes or sheaths at will; the other, the "numb" fish, which has the same quality as the *gymnotus*, of giving an electric shock to anything that touches it.

There was nothing more to be done in the bay, but the river itself remained yet untried. Calipever (the Jamaican equivalent for salmon) and mountain mullet were known to be numerous



in its waters, and two hours still were available which might be devoted to an attempt to take some of them. The services of a black fisherman were secured as adviser; a rod was prepared for business, and a boat was manned.

What we may call legitimate fishing has apparently been little practised in Jamaica. There was one gentleman who used to extract heavy baskets of mullet from the Cobre River, near Spanish Town; and the Martha Brea River, at Falmouth, has furnished good sport to others of whom we have heard; but the use of rod and line is certainly little in vogue as a general pastime. It would, we fancy, be difficult to purchase tackle in any of even the leading towns in the island; and though fish swarm in many of the rivers, they have been voted difficult to catch, and are generally left to the methods more or less illegitimate, such as poisoning, netting, etc., by which the negroes provide for the pot.

We never yet visited any river in any part of the world without being told that we had just come at the wrong time. If we are early, the fish never take till late in the afternoon. If we are late, the morning is the only time when success can be hoped for. If we have the whole day at our disposal, from early morn to dewy eve, the river, we are told, was in much better order last week, or else we were either too early or too late in the season. And Jamaica is no exception to this rule. As we only proposed to try the river for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, our negro adviser at once told us "No good fishing 'cept morning time, massa."

The first operation, however, was to find the bait which he recommended; and this he proceeded to do by wading off into the rushes at the side of the current, and returning with a handful of a peculiar green and slimy ooze. This ooze did not look a promising bait, but we were assured by several people that the fish may often be seen feeding greedily on it under the river banks. A small portion he wrapped round the hook, securing it with a thread of vegetable filament, which he took from some river plant.

As we pushed off into the stream, the hook, concealed by this blob of green matter, was allowed to trail behind the boat, about a foot below the surface of the water. The river was full of fish, for we could see them lying near the roots of the rushes, and occasionally darting up or down stream. But our float lay undisturbed, and no lively tug at the hook sent a thrill through hand and arm. Whether we paddled up the river, drifted down, or remained still, the fish would not be allured. In vain we discarded the green ooze, and tried, first a most seductive phantom minnow, and then an equally seductive spoon bait. All was of no avail, and we had brought home to us the truth of the negro proverb, "Ebbry day good fe fishing, but ebbry day not good fe catch fish." The fact is

that this river, like many others which we have known, where the fish are not entirely unsophisticated, requires to be studied in all its moods and tenses before a really successful day can be counted on ; or, if personal experience is wanting, no adviser must be found who knows not only how fish are to be taken, but how they are to be taken in a fair and sportsmanlike manner.

We believe that the river fish in Jamaica may be taken with a fly, and certainly there are other forms of effective temptation which a rod-fisher may use. Too late for personal trial, we were told of one irresistible bait which is easily procurable in most districts, and which is equally good for mullet fishing or calipever. This is a little, soft-looking black fish, rather like a loach, which is found in the muddy waters of the tree-grown morasses of the island. He is generally locally known as "ketta, ketta"; but some of the negroes give him the highly improper name of "Godamy," and he is perhaps as familiar to them under one designation as the other.

But the wiry Jamaican horses are being harnessed in the buggies. The crowd has dispersed ; some small negro children are playing a mysterious game, of which the main features are a cocoanut shell and some plantain peelings, and it is time for us to bid farewell to the shore where—

"The rainbow hangs on the poising wave,  
And sweet is the colour on cove and cave."

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## The Cricket Season of 1890.

WELL, this has been a funny season so far, even until almost the end ; and it can be described as a period of wind, rain, thunder, sunshine, which has not been old English sunshine, but scorching heat, without the interposition "of incense-breathing morn." There has been legislation between cricket captains or councils, the value of which no fellow can understand. When the Cricket Council first met, it was agreed that there should be no classification of counties ; if I remember rightly there was a proposition that only the old eight counties which had been before the public for many years should regulate certain questions, and that was negatived. So I rather fancy that some of the very best supporters of cricket, as a "game" and not a "business," would have preferred to leave the question of classification alone altogether. However, the Council met in the busy time of the season, instead of in the autumn or winter, when all cricketers are at leisure and have passed resolutions, supported by five out of the eight old counties—Notts, Lancashire, and Middlesex being unrepresented—which may mean something or nothing. It is evident that there was

no expediency for action, as anything which they have done will not affect cricket for two years—namely, in 1892—and will not affect the game itself in any way then. The result of the conference has been that there shall be three classes, “first,” “second,” and “third,” numbering eight in each, and that first-class counties shall play at least six of their own rank a home and home match, including the champion county of the year before; that Class 2 shall play at least three of their own class a home and home match, including the champion county in that class; and Class 3 shall have the same privileges as Class 2 in getting a rise.

To give any life to the proposition there must be a third match, in the event of “trick and tie,” on a neutral ground, to see which is the best side. There is no provision for this. In sober earnest, the old-fashioned cricketers who can show a fist full of broken fingers, earned at point, wicket-keeping, short slip, etc., and could, if they pleased, point to endless subscriptions and aids to support the game, for the “game’s sake,” look on the whole movement of championships, averages, classes, etc., as a Cockney affair altogether, and utterly worthless as regards the prosperity of the noble game. When we look at the number of professionals at Lord’s who come from the “minor” counties, and also to the numberless good amateurs who practically belong to no prominent cricketing county whatever, the idea crosses our minds of the whole movement being analogous to the vulgar boasts which one sometimes hears—“I have got more money than you.” The fact is, that eight counties have held the stage to themselves for some years, and mean to keep it if they can. This remark applies only to those who in starting the new legislation pleaded urgency, and then practically make their new rule come into force in 1892.

As regards the “minor” counties, I witnessed with great pleasure an admirable match between Essex and Hants, at Leyton, a few years ago, when Mr. Lacey, one of the best amateur batsmen in England, and Mr. Mordaunt, scored high honours, and I saw at Lord’s Mr. Jarvis make a magnificent score for Norfolk v. M.C.C. On August 14th, at Beckenham, I saw the match between Warwickshire and Kent, which created immense interest, as the bowling and fielding of Warwickshire were very grand. I was rather surprised in this match that Cardinal Manning, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Mr. Burns did not interpose, as there was a “Docker’s strike” on, a gentleman of that name, who hails from Warwickshire, scoring 71 and 18, and Shilton 65, against Martin and Wright. It was a splendid match as any could wish to see, and much better than many matches between two “first-class” counties. The ground-man has done wonders to the pretty Beckenham ground since last year, and with another winter dressing it will be very good. Both at Beckenham and Leyton the grass

is not shaved down to the roots, and there is no "demon" three-ton roller on either ground. The wonderful success of Somerset and Warwickshire is now historical, and the sudden and grand revival of Gloucester, who, after having been under a cloud for a while, woke up and scored five wins and a draw, beating Yorkshire once, Sussex once, drew with Lancashire, Notts twice, and Middlesex once, must give pleasure to all cricketers.

Surely all this proves that classification is not desired by those who know and watch the changes of the game; and the "renegades" will never accept the gospel laid down at the Oval on August 11th, unless it is ratified by the M.C.C., or rather, until the M.C.C. change their minds about classification of any kind, and adhere to their creed that "A county of any kind is a county and nothing more." The new code of the Council is like the revised edition of the Bible, which many honest old Tories will not have in their house even.

So much for that. Now about our Australian cousins. They have pointed out to us a scheme which originated with ourselves fifty or sixty years ago—that excellence in cricket could only be learnt by practice; and the Australian's excellence in fighting many stubborn matches dates back to their hard practice before the season begins. The value of this system has been proved over and over again. How often they have turned a match round. At Leyton, on August 7th, in the match Australia v. Eleven of Cambridge Past and Present, they went in for their second innings on the Friday evening with two wickets down for 83, their position being a need of 87 runs to save the single innings defeat; and on Saturday when the third wicket, Murdoch's, fell, his score was 129; and Trott, who lived a while longer, ended his innings with 186, and then Murdoch declared, and Cambridge lost eight wickets for 78 runs, and the draw was a moral victory for Australia. If Murdoch had declared at 4.30, Australia probably would have won.

Now let us go to the Oval on the Monday after the Leyton match, and see the Australians go in first, and score 92; England follow, and score 100; in answer to which, Australia put on 102, and England in their second innings want 95, and but for the adventurous play of Maurice Read, who went for death or glory, and who scored 19 runs in his first and 35 in his second innings, England must have lost, but they just scraped through. Now, how can you talk about any class? We heard nothing but the popular cry of Australia being a second-rate eleven; but when many of the magnates of England meet them, as they did at the Oval in August, the old, old tale comes out, that cricket is a game of chance. Let us turn to another subject. It is, and always has been, a custom on "sensation" cricket grounds to hear men "talked down." You hear that A or B or C has "shot his bolt," and "is no use now, sir." I have seen much of this when a good player has had a line of

bad luck. I never heard more about anyone than about Abel of Surrey, when the "gods were against him," and he got small scores; but on August 14th and following days I saw Abel, in the match of Surrey v. Middlesex, score 151, he going in first and living out the whole innings—"not out"; and on the following Monday, at the Oval, in Surrey v. Lancashire, I saw him score an admirable innings of 146 runs. Now, on evidence of this kind, who is to determine what class is "first," "second," or "third"?

As to the matches, there have been at least sixty prominent matches since last month, and a capitulation of them, when anyone for a penny has or could have read all the details, would be absurd. New lights are shining. In Surrey, Mr. Streatfeild, of Cambridge, is a valuable new recruit; and in Kent, young Mr. Braybrooke promises well to rise to high honours, as he is a very good bat; in Lancashire, young Mr. McLaren, captain of Harrow this year, who, and whose brother before him, showed admirable form for his school, has played for Lancashire v. Sussex, and scored 103 runs. These are the high honours of the game, and seldom come off. In 1836 Mr. Alfred Lowth, a Winchester boy, bowled in Gentlemen v. Players, before the school matches, and took nine wickets. Mr. W. H. Game, while still a boy at Sherborne, played for Surrey v. Yorkshire about twenty years ago, and was pronounced to be one of the finest fields in England. Mr. M. P. Bowden about eight years ago, when still a boy at Dulwich, and just under seventeen years of age, played for Surrey v. Notts, and went in first, at the Oval, and scored 40 runs without a mistake. I saw the innings, and asked Shaw about it afterwards, who declared to me that his play was perfect.

As regards any addition to the small roll of amateur bowlers the look-out is not encouraging. Cambridge, besides Mr. S. M. J. Woods, have Mr. Streatfeild and Mr. Jackson, and of the schools whose play I have seen, the only bowler who is likely for future honours is A. J. Boger, of Winchester. I cannot understand why a bowling prize is not established in every large school. The simple requisites are on either side a wicket made of a single stump, on the top of which one bail should be balanced, and a bowling crease marked on either side at twenty-two yards distant, so that at any time the boys could alternately bowl and stop the ball for each other.

The M.C.C. most deservedly have awarded to Gunn a very handsome and plain silver cup in record of his great score of 228 for the Players against Australia, and in token of their high esteem for him. No man ever deserved such a tribute better. Martin for Kent, and Sharpe for Surrey, have had a most brilliant and successful bowling season, and have few superiors amongst the noble army of professionals.

## “Our Van.”

“Goodwood the Glorious” belied its name this **On Sea and Down.** year. The weather fought against it. Summer was with us one day and absent the next. A field of cut barley here and there was the substitute for that “ripeness of the golden grain” which we commonly associate with the Sussex fortnight beloved of racegoers. Much, too much, beloved indeed by a certain undesirable class is the week that follows Goodwood, and a sorry sight is that which the “Queen of Watering Places” presents to her admirers. And yet she had decked herself bravely for the occasion. The latest addition to her many hotels was clothed in beauty and luxury from roof to basement. A very magnificent establishment is the Métropole, grand in its proportions, elaborate in its details, and we only wish that guests fewer and fitter could have assisted at its inauguration. Presumably the proprietors considered the coincidence of its opening with the commencement of the Sussex fortnight the happiest of thoughts, and no doubt financially they were right. Guests of various degrees flocked to the huge caravanserai in swarms. Its splendour and luxury duly heralded, there was a rush to enjoy the inestimable blessing of, at least, dining at its *table d’hôte*, if unable to obtain a bedroom. We followed in the suite of the crowd, and had, we regret to say, a bad, or rather a commonplace dinner—a circumstance which, of course, must sometimes occur in the best regulated hotels. We were more struck by the band than the *menu*. The former played admirably, and was subdued in tone, an excellent circumstance; the latter, no doubt, on our next trial of the Métropole will be found quite up to the mark of that palatial establishment. Brighton race week—let it be said with all submission—is not a time to try anything, unless indeed the Van Driver was made Lord High Dictator of the Brighton Bench, when he would gladly try and condemn every thief and rough found within the precincts of the town. There is no doubt that the rush of the scum of London streets to Brighton during the period we have mentioned is a serious detriment and drawback to the town. We should say, without exaggeration, that on this occasion the influx of bodies of the dangerous classes was larger than ever had been known. We were aware of them on the race-course, very much so; we could not get out of their way on the King’s Road; they made night hideous with fights and disturbances, and, in fact, the “Queen of Watering Places” was given up to them. We suppose it cannot be helped, while our good friends of the L.B. and S.C.R. bring down the aforesaid roughs and thieves for next to nothing, and there is no Lord High Dictator on the arrival platform to send each train back to London as it arrives.

But o’er the downs so free, gentle readers, will you not come? Why, certainly. We will back Lady Yarmouth, of course (not that we did, but never mind), and having backed her we naturally follow the primrose stars of the lucky Colonel, and the next day back Idlesleigh (also not done), and thus having landed two *coups* at remunerative prices, why, of course we feel an ardent desire for a

pure gamble. After Lady Yarmouth's win in the Marine Plate this was afforded us. Brighton racing history tells us of outsiders pulling through in Cup and Stakes, and what then more natural than that we should put three sovereigns (we are particular as to the amount) on Dark Blue for the Stakes, which also comes off? All this having been done, it would be an insult to our readers' understanding to tell them we did not back Philomel for the Cup. So there we were, you see, with a comfortable balance, albeit our stakes were small, at the end of the second day's racing—that is to say, writing more correctly, where we should have been if we had only backed Lady Yarmouth. We trust our readers follow us. They will see that Lady Yarmouth was the commencement of a sequence which, if we had been a Jay Gould, or that exceedingly good-looking young man, James Gordon Bennett, portraits of whom, as some of the world's richest and best, lately appeared in our friend "*Rapier's Sporting and Dramatic*," would have led us on to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. As it was, *not* having backed Lady Yarmouth, the whole edifice crumbled into nothingness, and at the end of the second day's racing we could only reflect on that saddest of all sad dreams—"it might have been."

But whether we backed winners or not, let us  
**The Racing.** record the fact that the sport was emphatically good. We have no patience with—we will go further and say we have contempt for—the men who can see no beauty in a race in which they do not win. This is certainly one of the evils of betting, and as such we humbly present it for the consideration of the Society for the Suppression of Gambling. If they got a clever man to work it up, what a picture might not be drawn of the noble animal—his game struggle for victory, watched with hideous heart-burnings, not to mention "language" by those who had not backed him; the brilliant finish of his jockey dismissed with an oath, etc.! It would be very telling, and moreover 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. We suppose it is only natural, but still 'tis pity. Now, not having been in the betting humour at Brighton, we own we enjoyed the racing very much, and could watch the discomfiture of our friends who were on the second ("won by a head") with feelings of equanimity, but not, we trust, with satisfaction. The money is the very *diabole*, there is no doubt about that, and at the risk of being laughed at we will assert that the man who enjoys racing most—real racing, mind, between race-horses—is the man who does not bet. After this confession, if the Van Driver is not elected a member of the Committee of the S.S.G., he will feel greatly disappointed. On the other hand, he *may* be warned off Newmarket Heath, which would break his heart, so on second thoughts we will decline the honour, which we feel sure the S.S.G. (Society for Suppression of Gambling) are hastening to confer on us, and resume our studies. There really was good racing at Brighton. The utterest stone-broke man who came out of the Sussex fortnight, *sans* cash, credit, and renown, will acknowledge that, only adding with either a curse or a sigh, according to his temperament, that it was "too good for him." We were well-nigh surfeited with fine finishes. That between Taxus, Brooklyn, and Hearthstone II., in the Patcham Plate on the first

day, was good enough, but there was better to follow. We do not speak of the drawing-it-too-fine races, in which some of our young jockeys indulge, to the great horror of the backers of the horse they happen to ride, but of the genuine close finishes that distinguished the Brighton meeting. Don Quixote and Spanish Fly, two horses of moderate calibre—the former making all the running—finished at the post so close that we none of us were quite certain which number Mr. Robinson would display. It was Don Quixote's, only a short head, and he was bought in for 500 guineas, which latter circumstance was another feature of Brighton, very agreeable to the fund and the owner of the second. Then, that an outsider should win the Brighton Stakes was, of course, a regrettable circumstance, but one that has happened before, and one on which we were undecided whether to congratulate Alec Taylor (the Duke of Beaufort, we regret to say, was unable to be present) or to condole with him. He is so famous for winning with outsiders—while we write he has just put in another at Kempton—that we suppose he likes it. Then one of the surprises of Brighton was Martley, who, in wretched company, actually won an All-Aged Plate—his second appearance, we believe, as a winner. Whether it will be "for this occasion only" remains to be seen. Into that weak and wayward heart there may be infused by this run some courage. It is not very probable, but yet possible. One of the finest finishes of the meeting was that which Morny Cannon rode on Iddeleigh in a High-Weight Plate. Mark Price had run so well behind Yard Arm, in the latter's race at Goodwood, that he was made a good favourite for this High-Weight affair, in which was Iddeleigh, with 9st. 7lb., giving Mark Price nearly 2st. Colonel North was not there, and had, we believe, but a small commission on his horse. Mark Price looked a good winner coming up the hill, but a hundred yards or so from home Iddeleigh raced up to the favourite, and, after a fine race, just won on the post by a head. Young Morny timed his rush in a way that reminded us of his father. It was excellently done, and the best bit of riding that he has yet given us. The Brighton Cup was a surprise, certainly, inasmuch as most of us could not see how The Rejected was to be beaten, and how he was beaten we really cannot explain. We heard that Mr. Abington said he could not come down the hill, which, as the Brighton course is peculiar, is more than probable. It is the very opposite of every course on which The Rejected has scored, certainly, and though the horse when fairly on the ascent for home made up some ground, he could not touch Philomel, whom Tom Cannon had taken to the front directly the flag fell. It is very probable that making the running with Philomel, though she carried the top weight and gave The Rejected two pounds, was the right thing to do. It was a bold thing also to do with a mare in foal, but the judgment that dictated it was correct, there is no doubt, given the inability of The Rejected to come down a hill. It was a great facer this, for everyone—including, we believe, Philomel's owner—was on The Rejected. Indeed, Colonel North's three races came in the shape of unexpected blessings. He only backed his horses for small amounts—that is to say, small amounts for Colonel North—and he was not present to see them run. There was even



another fine finish on the second day between Dulverton, Pedro, and Godwit, heads separating the three; and Mr. George Masterman had to buy Dulverton in for 540 guineas, Mr. Dorling looking on with a sedately pleased expression of countenance. That somewhat vague entity called "the fund" profited greatly by the sales. Then on the last day the Duke of Beaufort and Alec Taylor had another outsider to gladden the bookies, and this time it was Arquebus, who landed a 10 to 1 chance, thanks to a fine bit of riding on the part of little Dick Chaloner, who has ridden himself into the front rank of the boys. His brother George is pretty good; but Dick has the head as well as the hands. There was great plunging on the second and third in this race, Westminster and Bena, and corresponding long faces afterwards. And while we were slowly recovering from this shock came yet another, close upon its heels, in the defeat of Noble Chieftain by Deuce of Clubs. The course was a furlong more than Noble Chieftain is supposed to like; but still, he has won over it, as witness last year in the July, when he beat Fullerton (a supposed certainty), Dog Rose, and Scotch Earl—made hacks of them, in fact, and won as he liked. Here at Brighton, too, he was receiving 7 lb., so that no wonder punters hurried to lay 7 to 4 on him, "to get it all back, don't ye know." It was therefore shock number two when, after seeing him at the foot of the hill draw up to Deuce of Clubs, and apparently about to leave him, we were horrified by his stopping to nothing, and being beaten easily. That he is not the horse he was last year, we think is certain. Granting that Deuce of Clubs had recently shown himself in strong form at Kempton, when he won a big handicap, and had Philomel, Screech Owl, Day Dawn, Monsieur de Paris, Upset, and a lot of good six furlongs horses behind him, yet he could not have given Noble Chieftain 7 lb. last year. After this it needed not the defeat of that beast Non Est to make our cup o'erflow, nor need the London roughs and scum, who were on the course, have hooted Mr. Abington, who rode him. The horse would not gallop a yard, kept in the rear the whole way, and ran like a perfect brute, whereupon the mob treated Mr. Abington to a reception as he came in the last of the four runners. It was a very blackguardly and uncalled-for exhibition, and some people were disposed to blame Mr. Dorling for not having more police to keep order, but we think unjustly. We have, a page or two back, spoken of the rough population that invade Brighton during the race week. They are principally London thieves, who go down there for plunder and rowdiness of every kind. It would require a much stronger force than the race committee engage, to cope with such a mob—a mob that would try severely the patience and temper of the A Division. Certainly the police force on the ground was none too large, and the clearing of the course was not effectively done by any means. But we cannot blame Mr. Dorling for this, nor could a much larger body of constabulary have kept in order the roughs who hooted Mr. Abington. That gentleman was, of course, much annoyed, and declared he would never ride at Brighton again; but we hope second thoughts may alter his resolution.

'Tis "o'er the downs so free," indeed, when one goes to Lewes. The downs have a way of making uncommonly "free" with visitors, and in the way of wind, fog, and rain are very bad to beat. There is another side to the picture, when the sun shines and zephyrs blow—rare events in our experience of the locality; but still, whatever war of elements there may be awaiting us there, where is that degenerate sportsman who ever thinks of shirking the fray? The two concluding days of the Sussex fortnight are the most popular of the whole period. We expect good sport, and generally get it. We make a point of driving over from Brighton, and enjoy the dust—which, alternately with thunderstorms, is our portion—immensely. To see us start from the Old Ship, Bedford, Grand, lordly Métropole, or any of the hotels, is a great sight. The packing of the many luncheons in coach, omnibus, or cosy brougham, is watched with deep interest. For Lewes Downs is a place where *restauration* is much required, and the hospitable custom of the sojourners at Brighton is for a party of five to take enough for fifty; and as the weather on the first day was of a character in the early morning which determined most of us to live above it, perhaps there were extra precautions taken. The worst part of the journey, we always think, is the climb from the town to the course. Many beautiful bits of scenery meet our eyes; the "bare grassy slopes, all ferny-lined," are what we only see on the Southdowns; the lark above our heads is singing his merry hymn, and Nature wears a smiling look; and yet as we are jolted over the turf we ask, shall we ever get to our destination? No familiarity with the scene can banish that from our thoughts, and it requires the bluest of skies and the most balmy of temperatures to make the climb in any way pleasant. Once at our destination we are all right, assist unpacking the hamper, and spotting winners; it is the getting there that wearies. But here is the card before us—it has been argued over all the way from Brighton—the time for action has arrived. And action takes the form of hostility to Mellifont for the Castle Plate. Useless to tell us that Cannon rides him. We feel sure that this good-one-if-he-chooses has returned to those evil ways which distinguished him when his breeder, Mr. William Dunne, ran him. Then he was a heart-breaking animal; and now, after a spell of decent behaviour, he has, like the dog, returned to his, etc., etc. No 5 to 4 for us; and as for backing anything else, we may as well toss up. Shall it be Kentford, who once beat Origen at Kempton? Better let it alone, says prudence, and we do. With a certain sense of satisfaction we see that even "Tom" can do nothing with Mellifont; the brute would not go a yard, and it must have been a relief to Mr. Abington, we should imagine, when Mr. Nesbitt claimed the horse. The winner turned up in an outsider, a two-year-old by Geologist—Blair Logia, about whom little was known; but as he had beaten Kentford Mr. Nesbitt thought him worth giving 350 guineas for. We hope he has not been mistaken, and we wish him joy of Mellifont. Some people professed to believe that Lord Cholmondeley would not be able to get out Screech Owl in the Club Cup; but they were never more mistaken in their lives, for he played with his field, and beat Abelard and Balderdash in a common canter. That Papyrus should

be beaten in the Lewes Handicap we own we did not expect, no more than we did that The Deemster should suffer defeat in the Astley Stakes. As to the result of the Handicap, there is little doubt that Master Tommy Loates made a mistake by taking a back seat from the start. However, as he owned his error, we have nothing more to say, except that when he wanted to come through he found he was too late, and Cromartie beat him easily. If we remember rightly, Thomas always owns up when he does anything wrong or foolish. Good boy! Besides, it looks well. That The Deemster would be beaten in the Astley Stakes we did not expect; but as it now transpires that he had been suffering from low fever, we shall continue to believe in him, and that, too, in spite of a good judge like Mr. Leopold Rothschild giving his opinion that the winning form in the Coventry Stakes is wrong. The Deemster, as far as we can make out, has no other engagements this season, so we must wait a while to see our opinion confirmed or knocked holes into. We could not help laughing at the union of Gladstone and Gruel producing Verbosity, but as the G.O.M. does not, we believe, read BAILY, he won't see it, and perhaps won't mind if he does. The produce of Gruel, moreover, won, and was thought good enough by Sir James Miller to give 500 guineas for. Then Galloping Queen gave some of us a knock in the De Warrenne Handicap. She had run so forward in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood that we thought ourselves warranted in taking 9 to 4 about her, but she never showed at all prominently, and Tostig, well backed, made all the running, and won very easily. There is not much more to say about Lewes. The second day's sport was hardly up to the mark of the first, though if Mr. Abington had been interviewed he would probably have said that he considered it a very good day indeed. He won the three Club races on Westminster, Devil's Own, and Maley, and as they were all three favourites, other people profited too. An outsider came to the front in two of the events, and one of the surprises of the afternoon was that rogue, Gay Hampton, taking it into his head to run straight. Whether he had had a double allowance of ginger and whisky we know not, but he gave Maley no rest in the Club Handicap, hunting her from start to nearly the finish, when he appeared to repent of his exertions, and so turned it up, allowing Maley to win by a couple of lengths. It was an amusing sight, though at one time, to Maley's backers, a disagreeable one.

By Red Cliffs and  
Yellow Sands.

How we jump into our stride when the *mot d'ordre* is given "Northward ho!" No more ornate Métropoles, at least for a time; no more the endless procession of the King's Road; no more the hideous yells of 'Arry and his pals; above all, no more "Standard speshuls!" The start—the "Flying Scotchman"—from King's Cross is a better one than even "Mr. Arthur" ever made, for we are all "trying." No one wants to be left at the post, and no one wants delay. We are off for three or four weeks o'er moor and mountain, cliff and scaur; off from the enervating delights of what we once called "the modern Capua," to a more bracing and, let us hope, innocent atmosphere. Talk of "the Sussex fortnight," how can that compare with the Yorkshire month, or it maybe five

weeks!—how the flat shores and still waters of the Solent, with the roar of the German Ocean, as it beats against the rock-bound coast of Eastern Yorkshire! The Regatta week at Cowes is, no doubt, all very delightful—a succession of festivities wherein society relaxes her not too tightly-laced zone, and makes life as pleasant as it doubtless was on those Tunbridges pantiles in the days of the second Charles—

‘when, every fear to slumber charmed,’  
 “Lovers were all they ought to be, and husbands not the least alarmed.”

But one cannot always be playing with the tangles of Nessra's hair, and life on the Solent affords little shade in which to sport with Amaryllis. Besides, our young braves feel that they have other calls on them. Loch, moor, and mountain bid them shake off the, it may be, enervating influences of a life where youth is perpetually at the prow and pleasure at the helm. The crow of the cock grouse, the fight with an eighteen-pounder, the stalk of the “stag of ten,” here is something—we will not mention racing just now—to get us out of the Castle of Indolence, in which we were held, perhaps in too willing thrall. So “Northward ho!”

It stands where it did, most certainly; but, unfortunately, it also stands still. An acquaintance with the place dating from about a quarter of a century, leads us, and has been leading us for some years, to this conclusion. It has not progressed. There is the same charm of quietness and repose—except for an occasional invasion of “trippers”—which made us take to it when we first came here. Its natural beauties have been cultivated; its gardens are unrivalled. The Zetland is still the most comfortable of hotels, but the place does not grow. Handsome villas, erected by the opulence of Middlesborough and the neighbourhood, adorn the outskirts of the town; but as a seaside resort it has not kept pace with its neighbour Whitby. We had expected that the opening of the railway to that place, and its continuation to Scarborough, would have made Saltburn better known and appreciated, and own to being disappointed that it has not done so. We suppose it is a little too quiet for some people, and the row and the perpetual fiddling and strumming of Scarborough is preferred by a certain class. But for those who are content with pure, bracing air, most comfortable hotels and gardens, such as no other Yorkshire seaside resort can show, well—our advice is, let them try Saltburn.

And, if that is too quiet, and they happen to be there in the first or second week of August, they can repair to Redcar, where, to some, the familiar cry of “6 to 4 on the field” may be borne on the breeze. Other cries and sounds will reach their ears; for Redcar is the emporium of respectable middle-class Yorkshire, which comes there to wash and be clean. The big shopkeeper perhaps rather affects Scarborough, or, if he does not, his wife does; but the little tradesman takes all his chickens and their dam to Redcar—and a very lively time do the chickens have of it! But we have not to do with the place in its social aspect. Within sight and hearing of the German Ocean lies, as our readers ought to know—for we have

**Saltburn.**

**Redcar Races.**

dinned it into them for the last fifteen years—one of the best and prettiest courses in Yorkshire, and we are glad to be able to record that the racing this year was above the average, and that we saw more than one or two horses of a very good class. The two days' sport was notable for the success of Mr. Egremont Lascelles, a name identified with sport in Yorkshire, and borne by one who has been aptly termed a "sportsman of the old school." This gentleman had last year what promised to be a good three-year-old in Nunthorpe, who at this meeting beat Workington for the Kirkleatham Biennial, Mr. Lowther's horse being then in great form and a good horse over a mile. This was probably Nunthorpe's best distance, as he subsequently ran badly in the Great Yorkshire; and Mr. Lascelles, the horse having no engagements to speak of, parted with him. But in his brother, Queen's Birthday, who accomplished a double event at Redcar—the Breeders' Foal Stakes and the Kirkleatham Biennial—there is a horse of another colour. He may not have Nunthorpe's speed, but he is, we think, an undoubted stayer, and before these pages are in print he may have proved himself one over Knavesmire. Queen's Birthday is a good honest wear-and-tear horse; not of the first-class, probably, but one to be added to the long list of Leger outsiders from whom, it is on the cards, a surprise may come. He seems to like deep ground, is evidently one of the improving sort, and, if all goes well with him, he may be one of those who will frighten backers of the favourites coming round the bend. Mr. Lascelles had a two-year-old also, Pannonia, a Hagioscope filly, whose dam, Austraria, is by Childeric, and traces back to King Tom. Pannonia is a handsome topped filly, with good shoulders, legs, and feet. Her solitary opponent was Salamis, the first foal of St. Helena, whom she resembles, though bigger. She is, in fact, a raw, overgrown mare, who will probably not be seen at her best until this time next year, if then. It is impossible to say what she may not develop into; but she had no chance with Pannonia here, who waited on her to the distance, and then won easily by a neck. Redcar, in fact, was celebrated for the success of Mr. Lascelles' colours, and consequently for Lund coming in for a share of the congratulations, and also for that well-behaved jockey, Bruckshaw, riding five winners. And a curious fact was it that on one of them he rode, Morebattle in the Aplethorne Welter, his owner, Mr. C. J. Cunningham, had not a sixpence. Certainly 10 st. 5 lb. on that heavy ground did not look inviting, but Morebattle before now has shown his liking for dirt, so we wonder his owner did not trust him with a trifle. We heard, indeed, that Lullaby, his stable companion, who ran in this race, had got the best of him in a home trial. We are as sick of home trials as that unfortunate Japanese gentleman was of "the flowers that bloom in the spring." Then, as misfortunes never come singly, Mr. Cunningham followed this one up by letting his Delta filly run loose in the Wilton Plate, in which Noverre appeared to have the race in hand at the distance, but Chandley, bringing the Delta filly with a rush in the last few strides, snatched the race from Noverre by a neck. It struck us that Mr. Noel Fenwick's colt did not struggle very gamely; but then he was giving the winner 18 lb., and it was very heavy going.

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, the  
Stockton. Mandale Bottoms was a locality we did not love.

Smoky, dirty, rough in its surroundings, and as to its population—we always left the blue sky and the pure atmosphere of Saltburn, to assist at the gathering on the aforesaid Bottoms, with a great disinclination. But things are greatly changed since those days. Mr. Lowther, that motive power which has done so much good to the Turf in so many ways, assisted by Lord Londonderry, Lord Zetland, and other Yorkshire and Durham magnates, swept out the unclean places; and finding in Mr. T. M. Hornby the most efficient clerk of the course, a zealous reformer and organiser, has with his help made, if not exactly a new Stockton, one so much improved out of its old, wretched shape, that on the occasion of our visit this year we had no regrets, only pleasant surprises. The spacious stewards' stand and handsome luncheon-room were completed last year, and we found on this an apartment reserved for the Press, that, with the remembrance of the old room in which the toilets of jockeys, the work of the clerk of the scales, and the work of making history were all carried on in a stifling atmosphere together, we felt the deepest gratitude to Mr. Lowther and Mr. Hornby. There was quite a brave show in the stewards' stand too, for Lord and Lady Londonderry had brought a large party from Wynyard, and rank and beauty were very evenly represented. The sport too was good on the first day; not large fields—on the contrary, indeed. The Wynyard Plate, worth £600 to the winner, only produced four runners, for which, we suppose, the presence of Cleator was the cause. Naturally he was favourite, and a beautiful horse he looked, somewhat resembling his brother, Workington, and built on powerful lines. Bracken, to whom he was giving a stone, seemed his most dangerous opponent, for to think of Chesterfield leading him at 6 lb. never entered our imagination. But this was precisely what happened; and whereas Cleator had won a hundred yards from home, the last bit proved too much for him, and he could only finish third to Chesterfield and Bracken. This would seem clearly to prove that the handsome Cleator is not a stayer. Still, that he should be beaten by Chesterfield, who at Newmarket Second July finished a long way behind Belvidera II., Pierrette, Melody, and St. Cyr in the Soltykoff Stakes, is sufficiently remarkable, though it is true Chesterfield beat Martenhurst at Lewes. We are tired of writing about the ups and downs of our two-year-olds; there appears to be no end to them. We think we have seen a good horse, and he and his owner enjoy a brief career of success, and then when we look upon him or her as a moral certainty, on which you might put your under-garment, comes a collapse. Certainly our two-year-olds, good as we believe some of them are this year, are kittle cattle to meddle with. We spoke, in our remarks on Redcar, of Queen's Birthday, and while giving all credit for his wins there, hesitated to pronounce a decided opinion on his merits until we saw him run again. This we did at Stockton, in the Northern St. Leger; and there, though granting that he met a field of non-stayers and moderate horses, yet he won in so very decided a fashion that we are bound to recognise the fact that he will have to be reckoned with in another

field, where thorough stayers are doubtful quantities, and that the ranks of the Leger outsiders—if indeed Mr. Lascelles' horse can be called an outsider—have received a very formidable addition to their number. Among the field at Stockton was Circassian, a horse who had gained what laurels he had by staying, but was a very uncertain customer, and half believed to be a rogue. There was also the good-looking Margarine, who last year was in the front rank of the two-year-olds, and helped at this very meeting to do what has not been done on this occasion, carry the spots to victory again and again. Lord Zetland's mare was also meeting her Redcar conqueror on 19 lb. better terms; and 19 lb. is 19 lb. She was made the favourite, foolishly, we considered, for her staying was more than doubtful under any weight, and the backers of Queen's Birthday were able to get 5 to 2. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lascelles' horse could have won at any part of the race, as easily at three furlongs as he did from the distance; that when he took up the running, when fairly in the line for home, Margarine was hopelessly beaten, and only Johnny Osborne, on the good-looking Childebart, went on in pursuit of Queen's Birthday, on whom Bruckshaw never moved. To win could not have been well easier, and it made a great impression on all who saw it. It gave an *éclat* to Stockton, and made up, in one way, for the hard fortune that attended the stable of the two great patrons of the meeting. Last year the "spots" and "hoops" well-nigh swept the board; this year they take a very back seat. 'Tis the fortune of racing war, and Lord Zetland and Mr. Lowther will be the first to acknowledge it.

It is a curious fact that in one of the most open  
**The St. Leger.** Legers known of late years, with a formidable band of outsiders threatening the favourites, the daily report as we write is that there is nothing doing. Perhaps it is the very openness of the race that deters the punters; and yet, on the other hand, there are many temptations for a plunge. The field will be a big one, and outside prices are freely offered at the Victoria and the Albert by backers thirsting for blood. Memoir heads the quotations at 5 to 1, and Sainfoin, Blue Green, Heaume, Surefoot, and St. Serf follow each other closely. That Jousiffe is slipping hard work into Surefoot, and is not afraid to do so, is an encouraging fact to the many who still believe in this son of Wisdom. It will indeed be a triumph for his trainer if he could show us that the great speed which Surefoot undoubtedly possesses is not inconsistent with staying powers that will enable him to win a Leger. It is a hard thing to believe, and if the staying depends on what the horse will or will not do, harder still. The Duke of Portland gave us a nut to crack when he announced that Memoir and St. Serf would run untried. It is easy to guess which his Grace would like to see win. St. Serf, as the hero of the Town Moor, would indeed be a valuable successor to his sire, and if half of the stories—some people would call them fairy tales—we hear about him are true, there is a great chance of another speedy miler developing into a Leger winner. Curiously enough, we do not hear so much about Sainfoin, but he, Surefoot, Heaume, and Blue Green are, as we write, on the same mark, while St. Serf is a trifle easier at 100 to 15. There is a formidable band of outsiders, from which may come the much-

dreaded surprise; but if we sift the wheat from the chaff, we think it will be sufficient to name Queen's Birthday, Alloway, Ponza, and Right Away as the four, some of whom may look dangerous from the distance. On public form, we do not believe they are in the same category with the favourites; but we have seen public form knocked into so many cocked hats in our time, that we hesitate to say decidedly that they are not. There is a probability, in addition to those we have mentioned, of Circassian and Gonsalvo being found at the Leger post; and perhaps before we close the list, Lord Durham's horse may have confirmed or marred his reputation. We have mentioned the outside division because there is no doubt it is a strong one—about the strongest we shall have seen at Doncaster for some years. There may be "rubbish" among them, but we cannot affix that term to them as a whole. However, we trust to see a favourite win, and so open is the race we feel we must have three on our side—Surefoot, Memoir, and St. Serf. Which shall be the winner?

Since writing the above we have seen Circassian disgrace himself, and Queen's Birthday, as we have before said, add himself to the very foremost rank of Leger outsiders. We are penning these lines away from the busy haunts of men, where there are no backers, no tape, no "*Standard* speshul!" The last affliction we can put up with, but we should like to know what the Victoria Club think of it? The all-reaching wire will perhaps tell us. The *Yorkshire Post* and the *Newcastle Chronicle* are upon us as we scribble. Yes, we have missed our chance. No more 50 to 1 about Mr. Lascelles' horse, and we envy a fair and noble lady who told us at Stockton that she had secured those odds. What magnificent hedging will she not have, especially if Queen's Birthday wins the Great Yorkshire, for which, fruitful as that race has been in surprises, we do not see how he can be beaten! Shall we add his name to the three we have above written? No, we think not. Glad as we should be to congratulate his much-respected and popular owner on taking the blue ribbon of the North, we can scarcely believe in it. That his horse will run well, and very probably obtain a place, we cannot doubt; that he will beat the three we have selected, we do not expect. A great deal will depend on how he runs at York. If he wins very easily, we shall regret we have not named him as the likely winner. More we cannot say.

Devon and Somerset  
Staghounds.

Once more the grand old sport of staghunting has commenced, and Tuesday, 12th August, saw all the lovers of it that could by any possibility reach the time-honoured tryst, assembled on Cloutsham Ball, luckily in fine weather, for the rain of the few previous days had cleared off, and no sea fog arose to blot out the fair view and interfere with our sport. A brief look round revealed many of the faces familiar to us in "auld lang syne," as well as several whose experience of the ups and downs of Exmoor dates from a more recent period. Of course the Master, Mr. Bassett, was present, as well as the ex-Master, Lord Ebrington, Lady Ebrington, and several other members of the Fortescue family. The Honourable T. Bathurst, M.F.H., was also there; Mr. Lock, the secretary of the Hunt; and, amongst other well-known natives, Mr. Chorley and



Mr. Halsey; while Miss Paramore showed the interest that the daughters of the soil take in the chase in this country. Miles had found an easy task as regards harbouring after the late wet weather, and could report a leash of "warrantable stags" close at hand, in the Horner Woods; while the pack have probably at no period of their existence been in better order to cope with them than they are now, under Huxtable's care. Those who look to the Cloutsham meet in the light of a picnic were doomed to disappointment, as so well did Miles know where his deer were harboured, that Anthony was able to put his tufters on the back of one at once, and ere many minutes he was away over the open for Webber's Post, and we had to choose between losing our luncheons or the run. Of course, the former had to go by the board with most of us, and we were soon following the pack to Webber's Post, only to find that we might have stood still, as our deer had "backed it" over Parsonage Side into the Horner Valley again. The pack raced up the Valley, or rather the side of Cloutsham Ball, until they were under Stoke Pero, and some few old hands thought we should break away for the Forest, as we did many years ago after a brace of deer, when we took one in the sea at Lynmouth. There was a chance of it now, as the pack certainly roused another good deer, but on this occasion they divided, and one party went away over Stoke Common, and then turned to the left, up over the crown of Dunkery Beacon, and down to Dunkery Hill Gate, where a pause was made to join head and tail together; for those who know the ground will not need to be told that the horsemen had become scattered as well as the hounds—

"So shrewdly on the mountain-side  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried."

When let go they crossed the enclosures and over the Coombe, as if for Quarne Water; and, moreover, their deer had suffered them to get fairly close to him, perhaps purposely, as on breaking covert again he turned in the first field, and had a look to see what was causing all the row in his rear, or perchance wondering where all the rest of the pack were, as very few couple showed to the fore here. He never reached Quarne Water, but turned away to the "Rest and Be Thankful," a thing we have more than once done there when getting a tired horse home, and so down into the Water-coombe valley and woods, and here the run was practically ended; although the deer was not killed for some time, yet he never went right away again, but was contented to be run in view over the adjacent meadows, with the hounds close at him: at times set up to bay and breaking again, threading watercourses, and, in fact, resorting to such shifts as only an old stag, who declines to run any more, can think of or employ. At times they threatened to be successful, but one hound or another was at length sure to puzzle out the line again and fresh find him, until his deership could ward off their efforts no longer, and Huxtable was at length rewarded by taking the blood of his first stag, at any rate publicly. A very fair commencement, if not a great day, and enjoyable withal—that is, if you do not mind riding over Dunkery; many object to it, we know, and you, our friend, blooded to-day, boast not yourself of your

prowess, for the stag was a kindly stag, and did not select the worst of it for your edification. We think there can be little doubt that we did not kill the deer we commenced with; albeit he was a very good one with all his rights, and two upon top each side; and such points as would have done signal execution had he proved to be a fighting deer, which few are early in the season. Let us hope the other escaped without much trouble, which we think is likely, as the hounds left behind were said to be much scattered about the Horner Woods, so that did not look, from what could be seen in the distance, as if they had killed as good a deer with as grand a head as the one we killed. Scent was middling at the best, and where sheep intervened, as was too often the case, it came almost to the vanishing point, so there was considerable merit in the kill.

We may add that a good by-day or two had been already enjoyed, one particularly so; but it is scarcely fair to give details of such runs, as masters sometimes do not like these private rehearsals made public, necessary as they are known to be; and those who were not there are quite as content, as a rule, to have them left in silence also. So far, however, as they tend to forecast future sport, we may say that the prospect, judged by them, is most brilliant.

#### The Canterbury Week.

The Canterbury cricket week of 1890 will certainly take its place as one of the most successful of the long list of merry seasons which the recurring years have brought to the ancient city. The cricket matches, the great central events round which the other "diversions" of the week hang, were magnificent expositions of the game as it should be played. Favoured by the finest of weather, there was no drawback to the enjoyment of players or spectators. The home team covered itself with glory, and there could have been but small mortification to the visitors, when they realised what an exceptional array of talent they had been invited to meet. When the stumps were drawn at the St. Lawrence ground, the crowds adjourned to see the Old Stagers tread the boards of the little theatre, or wandered about the picturesque old streets, whose mediæval buildings were gay with banners and drapery, radiant with many-coloured lanterns, and instinct with life and merriment. The two county balls collected an even larger than usual number of fair women and brave men, and on one night the hospitable member for the borough gave a banquet to the Australian Eleven and a large number of Kentish men of light and leading. We have said that the week's cricket was a magnificent exposition of the game as it should be played, and it was only necessary to see the approving smiles and hear the laudatory remarks of the heroes of bygone struggles, who were to be found in the I. Z. tent, to be quite sure that no *laudator temporis acti* could depreciate the skill of the modern champions.

Kent was much to be congratulated on the recent accession to its strength of Mr. Hamilton, who, if he is only half as good a soldier as he is a cricketer, should have a very distinguished military career before him. His score of 117 not out, in the second innings of the match with the Australians, was above praise, and his fielding was a marvel of smartness and efficiency. Kent was unusually strong in bowling also. Martin and Wright did yeoman's service, and in the

Australian match Mr. Daffen bowled four wickets at a critical period of the game. Most unfortunately, Mr. Daffen broke his toe, and could not bowl against Surrey. The best performance among all the visitors during the week was the batting of Lohmann, who played a scientific and brilliant game in both the innings of the Surrey match. If it had not been for his determined stand, it may very safely be said that Surrey would have sustained a disastrous defeat instead of dividing the honours. We have never seen a more exciting finish to a match than that which absorbed the interest of the throng of spectators on the afternoon of the 9th. Two wickets to put down, and ten minutes to do it in. Then one wicket to put down in five minutes. The suspense was breathless, but the last two Surrey men stood firm, though the attacks of Martin and Wright were swift and straight, though Kemp hovered like fate over the wicket, and no one in the field allowed a ball to pass. Time was called, and Surrey's defeat was saved. After so gallant a struggle on both sides, perhaps such an end was best, though if Kent had scored a second victory no one could have denied that they had well deserved the glory. Many familiar faces were to be seen on the ground during the week. Mr. Loraine Baldwin, bearing his weight of years gallantly, Lord Bessborough, Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, Mr. Chandos Leigh, Mr. Nicholson, Sir Henry de Bathe, and others whose names are words to conjure with in cricket circles, all put in an appearance, and discussed the manner in which the jubilee of the Canterbury cricket week may be most appropriately celebrated next year. The one subject of regret that was in everybody's mouth was the absence of Lord Harris, whose proconsulate in the East has removed him from the green sward which he loved, and on which he distinguished himself so much. Tents, drags, toilettes, luncheons, teas, and music—have they not been enumerated and enlarged upon in every paper, society or otherwise? BAILY need not note them. One thing must not be overlooked, however. The Surrey match was for the benefit of George Hearne, and a cap was also made for him on the ground. It is most satisfactory to know that a very handsome sum was thus realised, and it has been thoroughly well deserved by the beneficiary for whom everybody has a good word.

After a lapse of twelve years, a committee of energetic amateurs conceived the idea of reviving the old Thames National. Many, no doubt, remember when such aquatic champions as Chambers, the Winships, Taylors, Bruce, and others swooped down upon us from the North with their angular dip of the oars, to give a lift to the boat, and their sliding on a fixed seat, to get length forward. The first attempt to bring off the regatta took place on Monday and Tuesday, August 18th and 19th. Of course it was not to be expected that success would at once crown the exertions of the committee, in the discovery of new blood which should eventually bring back to the Old Country that aquatic supremacy for which it was so long noted. As far as one can judge from what took place in the various heats, no new star has appeared to shed a ray of hope over the broad and desolate expanse of aquatic futurity. The heats were all won easily, and won by the candidates whom the veriest

"long-shoreman" could not fail to pick out. But who can say that, amongst the spectators, some budding Renforth, or a young Kelly, may not have received his first impetus in the course of aquatic fame? The weather on the second day was disastrous, a strong east wind, with heavy, intermittent showers of rain, driving everybody, of the very few passengers, to situations as near as could be obtained to the warm ironwork of the boiler cases and funnels of the steamboats. Great-coats and rugs were at a premium, while hot tea and coffee, and, in fact, anything "warm with" was highly esteemed. The course—thanks mainly to the inclement weather—was fairly kept, much more so than on the occasion of the Searle Memorial Cup. On the Monday the weeding-out process commenced, with the result of leaving Lloyd, Allen, Harding, Wingate, Carr, and Fernie in for the Sculls (£50). The Brothers, Isleworth Crew, and the Putney Crew in for the Fours £100 (non-coxswain). While for the Apprentices' Sculls, for a Coat, Badge, and Freedom, presented by the London Rowing Club, we saw Pearce, W. T. Goodwin, Lake, and J. Gibson left in for Tuesday. For the Pairs (£50) Canty and Corcoran, G. and T. Gibson, Sims and M. Gibson won their heats. In bitter weather Tuesday's racing began with the contest for the £50 Sculls' prize. D. J. Godwin won the first heat of the second round, with Lloyd second; C. R. Harding won the next, beating J. Allen (second), Carr, and Wingate. For the Heavy Fours, the Middlesex Crew won the first heat, the Portsmouth the second ditto, the Wandsworth the third, the St. John's, Isleworth, the fourth. Then began the finals. In the early parts of the days the heats were rowed from Putney to Hammersmith or Chiswick, with the tide; the finals were decided from Chiswick or Hammersmith to Putney. For the Non-coxswain Fours, East's Crew won very easily in 12 min. 33 sec. (Putney to Chiswick Eyot). At 5.30 the race for the Heavy Fours was decided in the following order:—Wandsworth 1, Portsmouth 2, Middlesex United 3, and St. John's 4, 13 min. 40 sec. For the Pairs, Canty and Corcoran, of Lambeth, won all the way, in 8 min. 53 sec. In the final for the Apprentices' Sculls, J. Gibson won in 9 min. 41 sec., beating Pearce, Lake, and Godwin. For the Sculls (£50), Harding beat Godwin, Allen, and Lloyd, and won by three lengths, in 9 min. 10 sec.

The Agricultural Returns for Great Britain for Agricultural Returns. 1890, of which a summary has been issued, show a considerable decline in the acreage under wheat, barley, potatoes, and hops, and a slight increase in that under oats. It is pleasing to find, however, that the live stock of the country have increased, there being 369,077 more cattle, 1,640,439 more sheep, and 262,806 more pigs than in 1889. The increase is due chiefly to the absence of foreign disease, and to a comparatively favourable breeding season.

During the present month a number of important sales of Shorthorns take place in Cumberland. The dates of these sales are as follow—Scaleby Castle, September 3rd; Inglewood, September 4th; and Carleton Hill, September 5th. The Inglewood sale will excite special interest, Mr. Robert Thompson, the owner of the herd, having for several years been one of the most successful exhibitors at the leading shows.

## Roundabout County Papers.

**SURREY HILLS.**—When the Duke of Wellington wanted to amuse and interest himself he would read the advertisements in our public papers; and if one wishes to know the "land he lives in," what is its worth, what are its beauties, what the charms of rural and sporting life in the country, let him do as the Duke did, read, for instance, the advertisements in such a *Domesday Book of Estates* to be sold, as is issued monthly by Debenham, Tewson, Farmer, etc., and he will know what five, or ten, or twenty thousand pounds can command—how much of England fifty thousand pounds will make one's own. On August 5th, that grand estate, "Norbury Park," Mickleham, near Dorking, containing about 870 acres, was offered for sale. Bids at the auction failed to reach the reserved price, but Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Co. have since sold the property by private treaty. Taking other estates offered by contract for sale in Messrs. Debenham's list as a guide, a residence of twenty bed and dressing rooms, in the lovely district of Leith Hill, with about 106 freehold acres, with stabling, lodge, greenhouse, cottage, and farmery may be had for £25,000. The house is of stone, castellated, and has many oak-panelled rooms and other superior fittings. Hunting with four packs of hounds may be conveniently followed from this country seat.

**TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS** will buy an old Essex manor-house with nine bed and dressing rooms, extensive stabling, pic-

turesque grounds, forty-four acres rich pasture land, situate near Brentwood and Chelmsford—comparing with a residential property in Sussex, of 175 acres, and a modern residence in good repair, containing seven bedrooms, four stall stabling, and other opportunities, offered for about the same money; contrasting with a freehold property at Cannes, in France, only three acres, but house of thirteen bedrooms, for £12,000. Again, with £15,000 for seventy-five acres of land, and a fine family mansion, in Westmoreland, near Lake Windermere.

**BUCKS.**—The Royal Hunt Club of some fifty years ago included amongst its members many noblemen and gentlemen of note. Reminiscences of these by one who knew them form interesting reading. Count d'Orsay, Whyte-Melville, the Marquis of Waterford, Lords Chesterfield, Paget, Kinnaid, Frederick and Augustus Fitzclarence, Clanricarde, Erroll, Granville, and "noble sportsmen" from many a shire came to Aylesbury, where H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lately went on a visit. At the old hunt dinners spinning knives for wagers was a frequent pastime; just as at the same epoch the royal princes and their friends would, as the writer knows, try their luck in pulling out straws from wheat stacks near garrison towns; the longest straw drawn taking the stakes. Count d'Orsay was particular as to his clothes, and would have a change, forsooth, for each meet! So, staying on one occasion for an extra day, nothing would content him but

to send from Aylesbury to London a mounted messenger to obtain from his valet "something to wear" that the members of the hunt had never before seen on this dandy of the day.

#### PICTURE OF THE ROYAL HUNT.

—This noted work by the former President of the Royal Academy, Sir Francis Grant (himself a true sportsman), is taken within sight of the Kennels, Ascot Heath, and the Master of the Buckhounds, the Earl of Chesterfield, on his horse, Sir Oliver, forms the centre of a composition including Lord Erroll, Count d'Orsay, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Wombwell (afterwards Sir George), Sir Horace Seymour, Sir Andrew Barnard, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, the artist, Mr. Grant, Mr. W. Carroll, Sir Seymour Blane, and others; not omitting Paddy, the Irish-runner-with-the-hounds.

#### MORE COACHES ON THE ROAD.

—An oldster may be pardoned for reverting to the old way of travelling behind four good horses, and to the Duke of Wellington. The Field-Marshal at one time posted with four horses, until (between Dover and Chatham) his grace's four-in-hand was passed by a post-chaise and pair. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington afterwards only used a couple of horses! Well do I remember this road, on which—London to Dover—a six-in-hand would often be put for heavy stages of the mail; and to see the coach come spanking along was a good thing for my schoolboy eyes. Once I remember trudging merrily homewards—a weekly boarder from a "Classical and Mathe-

matical Academy" in Sittingbourne—when a mate of mine took the middle of the high road, and a four-horse mail came along in a cloud of dust, before the little schoolboy could get out of the road. He laid down, and the four horses picked their way clean over the lad—as the eyes of the writer saw—and the youngster, unhurt, rejoined his comrades on the footpath. The above anecdotes are suggested from the Post Office announcing that mails from London to Chatham will go again by coach.

BAGS OF GROUSE. — Lord Ripon's party on the 12th is credited with 565 brace (a big bag, but far short of the record made by Lord Walsingham's guns in recent years at Blubberhouse). Of Scotch counties Inverness came first on the 12th with 157 brace from the Glen-tronice Moors; next Arran yielded 120 brace; then Dalwhinnie with 106 brace. On Loch Kennard ground the Orleans Princes got 81 brace, and Mr. Lucas on Cluny bagged 59 brace. On the 13th the weather was better, and bigger bags resulted.

#### MINISTERS AT HOME.—

"Breaking up and going away" from Parliament on Monday the 18th August, our Ministers and other notabilities went off, or are going to. The Prime Minister and Mr. W. H. Smith to La Bourboule, to drink its waters; Lord Halsbury goes back to Cornwall; Lord Cadogan to his new Suffolk place, Culford Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds; the Home Secretary to Hampshire; Sir Wm. Hart-Dyke to his Kentish home, Lullington Castle; Lord Cross

to Lancashire; Mr. Balfour "ayont the Tweed"; the Speaker to Sandy, his Bedfordshire home; the Duke of Bedford to his Devonshire cottage (costing with grounds, etc., some £125,000); Mr. Goschen first to Seacox Heath, and then to Switzerland. Pleasant holidays to the schoolboys of St. Stephens!

THAT LOVER OF COURSING, Mr. S. Cunliffe Lister, seems also a lover of land; for, having bought, a few years ago, Jervaulx Abbey and Middleham Castle estates for over £400,000, he has now purchased, for £192,000, the Ackton Hall Estate, near Castleford, in the West Riding.

THE "WORLD" SAYS — the Duke of Devonshire is unwell at Holker Hall. The Duke of Fife explains the selling of farms in Banffshire and Morayshire is from a wish that properties should be more possessed by resident owners (a similar reason being given by the Duke of Newcastle for parting with Worksop Manor).

VIVE LE SPORT! — The *Figaro*, from its telegram of August 16th, seems to confess that the French language is inadequate to translate "yearling," for it heads the Deauville Sale with the English word. The prices made were £150 to £225 for the best yearlings of the Menneval stud; one of the weeds going at under £20. The Mallidor Stud's single sale was for £195. The "Duc Jean" of the Beauregard Stud went to Count Le Marois for £244, and "Antonia" for £348 to M. de Gheest. Yet this sale of yearlings was attended by such leading sportsmen as Messrs. Henri and Hubert Delamarre, L.

Delâtre, the Barons Finot, de Saint Roman, Count Le Marois, Baron Schickler, Prince Murat, Count de Vauvineux, Marquis de Bouthillier, Messrs. Edmond Blanc, Camille Blanc, de Gheest, Count de Turenne, Duke de Feltre, Messrs. Maurice Ephrussi, Count de Nicolai, de Boisgelin, Deschamps and others—a Deauville edition of Tattersall's Sale after Newmarket.

CRICKET COUNCIL REFERENDUM.—How's that, umpire? may be asked by any county which sends a team to represent it. And the English Cricket Council has honoured with fame in the field the following counties:—

Grade, First-class.—Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Surrey, Kent, Middlesex, Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, and Sussex.

Grade, Second-class.—Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, Essex, Staffordshire, and Cheshire.

Grade, Third-class.—Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, Durham, Glamorganshire, and Devonshire.

Will not the merry men arouse of Beds, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Wiltshire, etc., and claim to be able-bodied counties with the willow and leather?

CORN COUNTIES seem to come in the order hereafter written:—Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Essex, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Devon, Hampshire, Sussex, Kent, and Wiltshire, and in these chief areas the reports issued in the *Agricultural Gazette* forecast over-average crops in 14 returns; average, in 50; under-average, in 33.

## Reviews of Books.

It is honestly believed that the reading sportsman, at least if he be unconnected with the Turf as a medium for betting, discourages the feeling of rivalry. It exists, and will exist, but it is not cherished. A good book is like a good day—common property, in which one's own pleasure is not one bit diminished by the fact that it is open to a hundred others to enjoy exactly as much as we do ourselves. Perhaps the first book upon the list of those forwarded to this office is a rival publication, framed upon the very same lines as those upon which not a few of our valued contributors prepare articles for our own pages. Yet we wish to greet Mr. Finch Mason's "Flowers of the Hunt." Perhaps in his bouquet he has included rather more plants of pungent odour than we should ourselves have selected for our own gratification. What of that? Do not cats love valerian, and foxhounds think no scent upon earth so inspiring as that left behind him by Sir Reynard? So we will not challenge the right to be included among "Flowers" of Captain Dabber and Mr. Benjamin Bobbin. Let each furnish his posy as he pleases. Mr. Finch Mason gives ample choice, and of the forty illustrations it will be hard if some do not call up a pleasant recollection. Mr. H. G. English is one of the rarest of all the many numerous companies into which the *cacoëthes scribendi* is for ever enlisting recruits. He is a genuine enthusiast, whose love of his art forbids to hold his peace. Riding has been, he says in a preface modest and short, "to myself a life-long study

and practice." Sixty years old—and, if one may judge from his portrait, bearing his years as a horse should his rider, without conscious fatigue—he essays to give "some useful hints for those who have long ago ceased to take lessons in the ordinary sense." We cannot question that he will be successful in his attempt, for his little book is full of good tempered observations, taken through many successive seasons of patient watching the mistakes of others. The acquaintance of Mr. English is well worth making. Number three is a second edition of a member of a series of volumes which has been so conceived and conducted that it becomes an impertinence to use to any of the number the ordinary language of laudatory criticism. "Golf" is not a new publication. The editor has claimed the right to include among those who illustrate the sport not only Mr. T. Hodge, whose whole heart appreciates the game, but Mr. Harry Furniss, whose occupation seems to be to bring home the ridiculous side of every company, even those of our law-makers who are assembled at Westminster. Number four was a new publication last May. It contains Tennis, by J. M. Heathcote; Lawn Tennis, by C. G. Heathcote; Rackets, by E. O. P. Bouverie; and Fives, by A. C. Ainger. This volume, too, is profusely illustrated, without a funny man among the group of artists. The volume on tennis is as complete as its predecessors, and one can hardly expect more. Number five includes the two volumes of a series of handbooks published with the



same object as that which prompted the lordly Badminton volumes, and appeals to buyers to whom half-a-crown is "altogether precious," as the schoolboy once reminded an æsthetic, "dying of a rose in aromatic pain." Volume I. of Mr. Bell's books contains—Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Tennis, Rackets, Fives, Golf, and Hockey. Each section is treated by a master, and may be purchased separately, at one shilling per section. At this rate his books should go upon every schoolboy's shelf. Volume II. deals with Rowing and Sculling, Sailing and Swimming. The first named has four, and the last sixty, illustrations of position, pictures being used here to make plain, and not to create ridicule. The sixth book on the list is one which not a few lovers of dogs will welcome, and find pleasure in reading, again and again, as being the record of long days spent in careful watching of the habits and propensities of their favourites. The title seems the least justifiable line in the book. Why this particular account of how one man goes to work to teach dogs should be called "Scientific Education" of dogs for the gun, one does not see. The first step towards converting knowledge acquired in practice into science, is to get to recognise the im-

portance of accurate expression, and the making each phrase convey the fact—no less and no more. Now, to take one instance of many, to write (*vide* p. 119), the dog "would come swinging back a thousand miles an hour, straight to the identical spot" is not to describe a scene with the accuracy required by science. This kind of language is pleasant enough, and would never spoil the interest of a story in the gun-room; but the habit of using it—and there are plenty of instances in this amusing book—disqualifies a writer altogether from claiming to be a "scientific educator" of anybody or anything. The seventh book comes, after the rest, something like a quiet country Sunday to a man who has spent a hot week in town, or at some big show or fair. Mr. John Watson is a disciple whom Izaak Walton would have loved. He writes leisurely, and takes plenty of time to eke out the record of what his observant eyes have seen from the stores of a well-stocked memory. Pleasanter chapters upon fish and fishing there cannot well be. The book is not very big, and not very ambitious; but it comes to a tired reviewer as fresh and grateful as a ramble through the meadows in May, by the side of a rivulet flowing direct from the chalk.

1. "Flowers of the Hunt." By Finch Mason. Illustrated by the author. Messrs. Fores, Piccadilly, London, W. 1889.

2. "The Art of Riding." By H. G. English. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London, E.C. 1890.

3 and 4. The Badminton Library.  
1. "Golf," second edition. 2. "Tennis, Lawn Tennis, Rackets, Fives." Longmans, Green and Co., London. 1890.

5. "Handbook of Athletic Sports." Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Vols. 1 and 2. G. Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 1890.

6. "The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun." By H. H. Sampson Low and Co., London, E.C.

7. "Sketches of British Sporting Fishes." By John Watson. Chapman and Hall, London. 1890.

## Odds and Ends.

**GAMBLING AT CRICKET.**—In the first week of July, 1792, the Earl of Winchilsea backed himself to get more runs than a gentleman described as A. Smith, Esq., for 1,000 guineas. The match was Hampshire against England, barring Kent, and took place in Burley Park, Rutlandshire, and occupied three days. The scores were Hampshire, 87 and 204; England, 88 and 128—a victory for Hampshire of 75 runs. Mr. Smith got 12 notches each innings, whilst his Lordship, who won the wager, scored 25 and 4, being run out the second innings. Great interest was taken in the match, which was watched by a very fashionable assembly. On the Thursday following, Leicester and Rutland counties opposed Notts, the scores being Leicester and Rutland, 51 and 119, with four wickets to fall; Notts, 61 and 107.

THE curious condition under which a hidden receptacle was made for bankers' parcels and other valuables under the box seat of the old mail coach was exemplified, or rather found out, as follows: About 1878 the Royal Horse Guards ordered a new coach from Messrs. Holland and sold their old one to a brother officer, who sent it to the same firm to be done up. When they came to inspect it there was found running along under the driver's box seat a V shaped receptacle in which was an old nest. Doubtless the coach had been put aside in some yard and a pair of birds had

found their way in where none had suspected a vacancy. The Blues bought it and used it for many years after that. As your correspondent saw the nest there need be no question of the fact.

COMMENTS are frequently made on the in-and-out running of racehorses. The following instances of retention of form are, at least, as noteworthy. In 1815, on the Tuesday of the First October Meeting at Newmarket, Mr. Neville's ch. c. Sir Joshua beat, at even weights, the Duke of Grafton's b. c. Whisker, by about a length, for the St. Leger Stakes, D.I. On the Saturday of the Houghton Meeting, in the same year, the two ran a match for 300 gs. A.F., Sir Joshua carrying 8 st. 2 lb. and Whisker 7 st. 12 lb. Sir Joshua again won by a neck. In the Second Spring Meeting, at Newmarket, 1816, they ran another match for 300 gs., Sir Joshua 8 st. 8 lb., Whisker 8 st. 2 lb.; on this occasion Whisker won by a neck, A.F.

A MORE remarkable instance still is that of Lord George Bentinck's b. f. Alva and Lord Glasgow's b. f., by Retainer out of Purity. These ran, in 1843, as two-year-olds, a match for 200 gs., T.Y.C., at even weights. There was a dead heat. In 1844 the same pair ran a match as three-year-olds, at Goodwood, at even weights. This also ended in a dead heat.

# Summary of Prominent Results.

From July 25th to August 23rd, 1890.

## July RACING.

29. Lord Hartington's ch.c. Marvel, by Marden—Applause II., 3 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb. (G. Barrett), won the Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C., at the Goodwood Meeting.
30. Mr. F. V. Gooch's b.c. Papyrus, by Peter—Nitrocris, 4 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb. (inc. 7 lbs. ex.), won the Goodwood Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 300 sovs. added, 2½ miles, at the Goodwood Meeting.
30. Duke of Portland's br.c. St. Serf, by St. Simon—Feronia, 9 st. 1 lb. (J. Watta), won the Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added, New Mile, at the Goodwood Meeting.
31. Colonel's North's b.m. Philomel, by Philammon—Chrysalis, 5 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb. (T. Cannon), won the Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 2½ miles, at the Goodwood Meeting.
31. Lord Bradford's b.c. Cuttlestone, by Retreat—Posthuma, 8 st. 10 lb. (Rickaby), won the Rous Memorial Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 500 added, T.Y.C., 6 furlongs, at the Goodwood Meeting.

## August

1. Mr. Abingdon's br.h. Father Confessor, by The Abbot—Still Room Maid, 5 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb. (T. Cannon), won the Chesterfield Cup (handicap), value 300 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, Craven Course, at the Goodwood Meeting.
5. Duke of Beaufort's bl. or gr.m. Dark Blue, by Petronel—Oxford Mixture, 4 yrs., 6 st. (car. 6 st. 2 lb.) (R. Chaloner), won the Brighton Stakes (handicap) of 500 sovs., 1½ miles, at the Brighton August Meeting.

## August

6. Colonel North's b.m. Philomel, by Philammon—Chrysalis, 5 yrs., 10 st. (T. Cannon), won the Brighton Cup of 300 sovs., 1 mile, at the Brighton August Meeting.
8. Mr. E. W. Baird's bl.c. Flodden Field, by Marden—Sister of Mercy, 9 st. (T. Cannon), won the Astley Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 1,000 sovs. added, 5 furlongs, at the Lewes Summer Meeting.
9. Mr. G. Cleveland's ch.c. Chesterfield, by Wisdom—Bramble, 8 st. 11 lb. (T. Loates), won the Priory Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for runners with 400 added, 1 mile, at the Lewes Summer Meeting.
12. Mr. A. Taylor's ch.f. Minuet, by Exile II.—Country Dance, 8 st. 2 lb. (G. Chaloner), won the Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-year-old Stakes of 800 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Kempton Park August Meeting.
12. Mr. J. Osborne's ch.c. Punster, by Philammon—Fun, 8 st. 12 lb. (owner), won the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 400 added, 6 furlongs, straight, at the Redcar Second Summer Meeting.
13. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's br.f. Ponza, by Springfield—Napoli, 9 st. 4 lb. (T. Cannon), won the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,500 sovs., for three-year-olds, the Kempton Mile, at the Kempton Park August Meeting.
13. Mr. Lascelles' b.c. Queen's Birthday, by Hagioscope—Matilda, 8 st. 12 lb. (Bruckshaw), won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 600 added, for three-year-olds, 1 mile, straight, at the Redcar Second Summer Meeting.
14. Duke of Beaufort's br.f. Simonetta, by St. Simon—

## August

- Ithona, 8st. 5lb. (M. Cannon), won the Berkshire Plate of 1,200 sovs., for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs and 120 yards, at the Royal Windsor August Meeting.
19. Mr. G. Cleveland's ch.c. Chesterfield, by Wisdom—Bramble 9st. 2 lb. (T. Loates), won the Wynyard Plate of 500 sovs., T.Y.C., 6 furlongs, at the Stockton Meeting.
20. Mr. E. Lascelles' b.c. Queen's Birthday, by Hagioscope—Matilda, 9 st. 7 lb. (Bruckshaw), won the Great Northern Leger of 10 sovs. each, with 500 added, 1½ miles, at the Stockton Meeting.
20. Sir R. Jardine's br.c. Sarawak, by Borneo—Queen Bathilde, 8st. 9lb. (J. Osborne), won the Hardwick Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 500 added, T.Y.C., from the Red Post, 6 furlongs, at the Stockton Meeting.

## July CRICKET.

25. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Middlesex, Nottinghamshire won by 8 wickets.
26. At Brighton, Sussex v. Australians, Australians won by an innings and 45 runs.
26. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Gloucestershire, drawn.
26. At the Oval, Surrey v. Derbyshire, Surrey won by an innings and 58 runs.
28. At Derby, Derbyshire v. Nottinghamshire, latter won by an innings and 71 runs.
29. At Maidstone, Kent v. Australians, Australians won by 9 wickets.
30. At Dewsbury, Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 84 runs.
31. At Lord's, Rugby v. Marlborough, latter won by 145 runs.
31. At Bishop's Stortford, Bishop's Stortford v. Royal Dragoon Guards, former won by an innings and runs.

## August

2. At Barnes, Lyric Club v. Australians, former won by 96 runs.

## August

2. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 30 runs.
6. At the Oval, Surrey v. Nottinghamshire, Surrey won by 7 wickets.
6. At Canterbury, Kent v. Australians, Kent won by 108 runs.
6. At Bristol, Gloucestershire v. Sussex, former won by an innings and 5 runs.
9. At Leyton, Past and Present Cambridge University v. Australians, drawn.
9. At Canterbury, Kent v. Surrey, drawn.
9. At Clifton, Lancashire v. Gloucestershire, drawn.
9. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Yorkshire, drawn.
12. At the Oval, England v. Australia, England won by 2 wickets.
12. At Taunton, Somersetshire v. Staffordshire, former won by an innings and 181 runs.
13. At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Middlesex, drawn.
15. At Lord's, Middlesex v. Surrey, Surrey won by an innings and 162 runs.
16. At Clifton, Gloucestershire v. Nottinghamshire, former won by 42 runs.
16. At Portsmouth, Oxford and Cambridge (past and present) v. Australians, drawn.
16. At Beckenham, Kent v. Warwickshire, former won by 30 runs.
19. At Taunton, Somersetshire v. Warwickshire, former won by an innings and 87 runs.
19. At Cheltenham, Gloucestershire v. Middlesex, former won by innings and 22 runs.
20. At the Oval, Surrey v. Lancashire, former won by an innings and 76 runs.
20. At Nottingham, Nottinghamshire v. Australians, former won by 20 runs.
20. At Sheffield, Yorkshire v. Derbyshire, Derbyshire won by 52 runs.
23. At the Oval, Surrey v. Yorkshire, Yorkshire won by 15 runs.

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# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 368

OCTOBER 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portrait of Mr. PHILIP ALBERT MUNTZ, M.P.

Engraving of DUCK DECOY.

## Mr. Philip Albert Muntz, M.P.

A WELL-KNOWN face looks at us from the opposite page; well-known in the House, by the covert-side, in the sale-ring, on the judicial bench—when the merits, not the misdeeds, of the noble animal come up for judgment—and in many other localities; not forgetting the great manufacturing business—now a joint-stock company, and himself the managing director—with which his family have been so long connected. Born in 1839, the youngest son of the late Mr. George Frederick Muntz, who represented Birmingham from 1840 to 1857, he

entered on commercial pursuits at an early age, and though strict in his attention to business, he had that within him which soon made him distinguished in other fields.

Physical education found an apt pupil in Mr. Muntz, and, possessed of health and strength, athletic and sporting proclivities soon developed themselves. Among the former, "sprinting" and the noble art of self-defence were studied with zeal; while as to the latter, they were perhaps to a great extent in the blood from the maternal side, his mother being one of the Devereux-Pryces, of Montgomeryshire, and his grandfather having long kept at Dolforwyn Hall a pack of harriers with the reputation of a bad one to beat over any country. Though a good shot and keen at his work, it was in the hunting-field, we fancy, that he took his greatest delight; and for the last quarter of a century—during which period Mr. Muntz has ridden from 16½ st. to 18 st.—he has been recognised as one of the very best heavy-weight riders in Warwickshire—with the Pytchley or Lord Willoughby de Broke, with the Atherstone, the Cottesmore, and the Quorn. Of course he had to be well mounted, and many were the good horses that made a name for themselves with their master in the saddle. A notable performance of Mr. Muntz was his winning the Pytchley point-to-point race, over a big course, in 1883, on Sir Robert, carrying 16 st. 9 lb., and giving some of his opponents no less than 65 lb. Other good horses had he in addition to Sir Robert, and Warwickshire men well knew Ploughboy, Dashaway, Pilot, Zouave, Hero, Daring, Whalebone, Ironsides, Dauntless, and The Duchess, not to mention others.

That Mr. Muntz is a breeder of stock goes without saying. He began as a breeder of Shropshire sheep, and became a member of the Shropshire Sheep Breeders' Association, taking the Royal Agricultural Society's first and second prizes in 1886-87-88. But perhaps his greatest success has been won as a breeder of the Shire horse. He was one of the first to support Mr. Walter Gilbey in the establishing of the important society that has done and is doing so much for the improvement of this valuable breed. The large Shire horse stud at Dunsmore has made a great reputation, and the stock from it has taken many prizes at the Royal and other shows, while sires from it have found their way to all parts of the world.

It was in the summer of 1884, on the sudden death of Mr. Bromley-Davenport, that Mr. Muntz was selected as the candidate for the Northern Division of Warwickshire, for which he was returned by a very large majority. A short time previously Mr. Muntz, disagreeing with the Government of that day on their Irish policy, severed himself from the politics of his party (which had always been Liberal) and took his seat as a Conservative. In 1885, under the new Reform



Bill, he won the seat for the Tamworth Division of Warwickshire; and, in the following year, he was considered so secure in it that his opponents did not trouble him with a contest. He is well suited to the constituency he represents, for he takes the greatest and most watchful interest in matters agricultural, and, both in and out of the House of Commons, his business-like habits and sound common sense have made his advice and counsel to be sought for and appreciated.

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## What we Saw at Kis-ber.

A FEW weeks ago, during our summer holiday in Austrian Hungary, by the kindly intervention of Count Czapary, we were enabled to inspect thoroughly the whole of the famous Hungarian Government haras at Kis-ber. The genial Mr. John Reeves (who now trains at Marchegg for Count Apponyi) kindly consented to be our cicerone, and to him we owe much of the valuable information we obtained during our "Wanderjahre."

For the benefit of those who may at any time feel disposed to follow in our footsteps, let us briefly say that Kis-ber is by rail about four or five hours from Vienna, and about the same time from Budapest. It is situated upon an extensive sandy plain, and, as the crow flies, about twenty miles from the banks of the Danube, the breeding establishment altogether occupying over 14,000 English acres.

Kis-ber is known to the present generation of Englishmen as having been for a period of over twenty years the home of the expatriated Buccaneer, and this celebrated horse has, together with Cambuscan, laid a foundation of certain lines of thoroughbred blood, to which is due the reputation which Hungary has enjoyed for good sorts during the past quarter of a century. Buccaneer, after exportation, gave to the English racecourse Kis-ber, and Cambuscan produced Kincsem. The former left behind him many sons, and seventy to eighty thoroughbred daughters and grand-daughters at the various Hungarian studs. It is no longer a secret that £30,000 was once offered for Buccaneer by the late Mr. Stephenson, and declined. It is not only on the thoroughbred stock of the country, as we shall show later on, that the son of Wild Dayrell and the Little Red Rover mare, Ostreger, Cambuscan, and perhaps Cotswold have left their mark, but it may be seen on the so-called half-bred stock which have given the Austrian Hungarian Government such splendid remounts for their cavalry, and also on the grand stock which pervades the whole of the country, from the nobleman's paddocks down to the small farmer who keeps his mare to

breed for general utility purposes. Most of the mares and foals we came across on the smaller farms bore traces of the impress of those grand imported English stallions.

The breeding establishment at Kis-ber is arranged into three divisions. First, Kis-ber proper, where are to be found only thoroughbred stock; secondly, the Batthyany farm for half-breeds; and thirdly, the breeding farm at Bâbolnæ for Arabs only.

At Kis-ber village, passing through the old castle of the Batthyany, we found ourselves in the large stallion stables. These are similar to the finest stables of our large London dealers, with spacious boxes, oaked and iron-railed, the back of them opening out into a large sanded ride, thence on to paddocks arranged for each stallion. We found here a number of very old acquaintances, such as the massive chestnut Verneuil,\* the mighty son of Mortemer and Regalia, who cost the Hungarian Government £9,000; our own Doncaster, the still sweet and shapely son of Stockwell, bought as a great bargain for £5,000 from the Duke of Westminster; the chestnut black-spotted Craig Millar, one of our Leger winners, bought for £6,000 from Mr. Hume-Webster; and yet another, but a more recent purchase, in Sweetbread, was bought for £7,000 from Lord Gerard. Gunnersbury (by Hermit out of Hippias), who was bought for £2,000 by the late Count Cavallero from Baron Rothschild, formerly stood here in the English section, but he was in quarantine at Batthyany farm for the season. The purchase money of these five stallions—amounting in all to £29,000—has been, judging by the present prices of thoroughbred sires, a sound investment for the Government. Doncaster has paid for himself well, and, although he stands a little back on his knees, he still possesses the lines of the charming horse we saw during an Ascot week, winning the Ascot Cup and the Alexandra Plate. He still retains the family black spots and the kindly tapering head, so characteristic of Teddington. His stock are highly prized, not only at Kis-ber, but throughout the whole of the country, and his fillies must eventually become extremely valuable.

The other stallions at Kis-ber were some that had been bred in the country, namely—Kis-ber Ocsce (brother to Kis-ber), a grander looking horse perhaps than our Derby winner; Milon, by Cambuscan out of Mildred, by Rataplan; Biro, by Gunnersbury out of Bird's Eye, by Rogerthorpe; Edgar, by Ostreger out of Vile, by Teddington; Balzam, by Buccaneer out of Leonie, by Lord Lyon; Pasztein, by Cambuscan out of Lady Patroness, by Buccaneer; and Czar, by Cambuscan out of Lankè, by Cotswold. Some of these are new hands—Biro and Edgar to wit—and Balzam, home bred, is thought a

\* Verneuil died a fortnight after our visit, of acute peritonitis. His temper of late years had not been of the most agreeable kind.

good deal of by the best judges at Kis-ber. Ruperra, by Adventurer out of Lady Morgan, by Thormanby, unfortunately died last year, and this event has been the greatest loss to the Government since the death of Buccaneer. Ruperra was comparatively a young horse, and although a distinguished performer in our country, was always of a delicate constitution. The foals we saw were so excellent, and his early stock has borne such promise on the racecourse, that we cannot conceive why the Hungarian Government does not seek out, in our country, another son of Adventurer, in order to perpetuate this line of Newminster, which, through Ruperra, seems to have done so well with the mares throughout Austrian Hungary. There is more than one good son of Adventurer still remaining in England.

All the imported stallions we found had pretty full subscriptions this year. Verneuil had twenty-two mares and twenty half-breds; Craig Millar twenty-one mares and twelve half-breds; Doncaster forty mares in all; and the other horses, imported as well as home bred, appear to have had a fair dispensation of feminine favours. Two hundred and nine thoroughbred mares visited this stud during the past season; and twenty-six thoroughbred mares, and one hundred and fifty half-bred mares (all belonging to Kis-ber) were sent to the best resident English and Hungarian horses, but no half-breds belonging to other people were allowed. We were told the stud profits last year exceeded £9,000. The thoroughbred yearlings sold in 1890 were nineteen, but there were only eight living thoroughbred foals in 1890.

The annual unreserved sale of yearlings is held in May, and a singular feature to be seen at the sale is, that every yearling is loosened when led to the rostrum, and allowed to gallop round the large ring for the benefit of buyers, before the bidding actually commences. Everything at Kis-ber is done by soldiers. Each thoroughbred stallion is ridden for two hours daily, previous to paddock exercise, and they are all shoeless.

All foreign mares are charged £10 extra to each stallion. Verneuil stood, therefore, to foreign patrons at £50; Doncaster at £60; Craig Millar at £50; Sweetbread at £50; Brother to Kis-ber at £30; and the home bred sires in a decreasing ratio. The stock are well done at Kis-ber. Separate stables are assigned to all the visiting mares that remain at the establishment. We saw several mares, the property of Count Kinsky and various other noblemen—notably, Garuda, a beautiful mare by Rosicrucian out of Niche, by Melbourne, with a first-class foal by the defunct Ruperra; Black Fly, by Buccaneer out of Violet, by Voltigeur; Thalma, by Buccaneer out of Thalestris, by Kingston, with a splendid foal by Ruperra; Chutney, a grand mare, by Galopin out of Gunga Jee, with a lovely foal by

Buperra, just weaned; Vanity, by Vanderdecken out of a Scottish Chief mare; and Tunica, by Blue Gown out of Dirt Cheap, by Orlando. We had almost omitted Promesse, by Buccaneer out of Peffar, by Adventurer (covered by Verneuil, and certainly in foal), whom we thought one of the grandest mares in this or any other country.

Then we were introduced to the home thoroughbred mares at Kis-ber. The accommodation for these mares, quite away from the stranger mares, we thought most excellent. It vied with what we saw three years ago at Lexington in Kentucky, at the new model stud-farm of Mr. Auguste Belmont (the well-known banker of New York), where stood our Derby winner, St. Blaise. Mr. Belmont's arrangements were good. Isolated buildings to contain four mares and foals were dotted about in a huge park, with suitable paddocks to each set of boxes. At Kis-ber arrangements were made separately for two mares and their foals, each two boxes, having in connection a sanded yard for bad weather, and leading out from this a level old grass paddock of about one acre, well shaded, carefully fenced, and plentifully wooded, where the mares and foals could roam in fine weather. We cannot conceive a better kind of arrangement for the complete isolation of every couple of mares and foals. All these boxes repeated themselves until we thought there would be no ending to them, but the principle was the same throughout.

The inspection of the home thoroughbred mares gave rise to intense interest. Among them we found Peffar (by Adventurer out of Caller-Ou), a grand old mare, still a beauty, with the marks of time lightly borne, and undoubtedly in foal to Verneuil. A young mare, Romp, by Beauclerc out of Bobbin Around, by Newminster, was, too, a very nice mare, having a good foal by Sweetbread, and apparently in foal to him again. Another, L'Eclair, by Hermit out of Fulmen's dam, was covered by Doncaster. Then came the old mare, Scythian Princess, by Thormanby out of Tomyris, twenty years old, and covered by Verneuil and Gunnersbury. Altona, by Cambuscan out of Sophia Lawrance, by Stockwell, was covered by Balzam. Then we came across the old mare, Cataclysm, eighteen years old, looking well, by Lord Lyon out of Hurricane, and covered by Sweetbread; and another still older mare, Verbena, twenty-five years old, by Compromise—the dam of more than one Austrian Derby winner—was covered by Brother to Kis-ber. There were several other beautiful imported English mares; for example, Marie Galante, by Macaroni out of Curacoa, and covered by Craig Millar. Her foal, unfortunately, died this year, but she had a good Doncaster yearling, which sold for a substantial sum this season. Then came a little mare, Spinning Jenny, by Scottish Chief out of Spinaway, with a foal by Gunnersbury.

and covered by Sweetbread. Snapshot, by General Peel out of a Weatherbit mare, had at her foot a foal by Doncaster, which we thought one of the best on the place, and the mare was in foal again to Doncaster, her yearling having fetched, at the May sale, the highest price of 1,100 guineas. Another young English mare, Vertumna, by Springfield out of Simplex, covered by Doncaster, had at her foot a really beautiful filly foal by Bend Or. Here was old Rub-a-dub, by Rataplan, her dam by Teddington, covered by Paszteim. Then a maiden mare, and a very nice one too, Csallam, by Doncaster out of Chilham by Thunderbolt, in foal to Sweetbread. Next followed several recent English purchases, and among them was that beautiful mare, Gaydene, a good racehorse and dam of many recent winners in England, by Albert Victor out of Flora Macdonald, by Scottish Chief, and had been covered by Paszteim. Capella, by Cathedral, dam by Melbourne; her foal by Muncaster had died, and she was covered by Doncaster. Miniver, by Lord Lyon out of Scarf, had been covered by Brother to Kis-ber. Then an unlucky mare, out of a Lord of the Isles mare, which, like so many of the daughters of Favonius, had never had a foal to live. We also came across Apollinaris, by Lord Clifden out of Potash, a small mare covered by Verneuil, and by her side Maria Theresa, by King Tom out of Duchess, who had foaled twins this year and lost them, and had been covered by Craig Millar. Then we saw two first-class weaned foals by Ruperra, one out of Chutney by Galopin, and the other out of Humming-Bee by Ostreger; and in the last lot to which we were introduced was Nyl, by Hermit out of Nyl Gau, covered by Craig Millar, a very lovely mare, with probably the very best foal on the place, by the defunct Paradox. This foal was a real beauty. There was Duchess of Edinburgh, not a very old mare, but looking aged, an own sister to Prince Charlie, and a very fine mare in England, when purchased at Marden Deer Park. She had at her side a foal by Sweetbread, and was covered by him again. Then there were some mares by Bois Roussel with good Verneuil foals, which were of no particular interest to English breeders. We thought the best foals at Kis-ber were by Paradox, Ruperra, Bend Or, and Doncaster.

Everything at Kis-ber is done in the best possible style, and we could not help congratulating our friends, Captain Bardorfer and Captain Luvehr, on the excellence of the arrangements and the value of their stock. Thanking them for their courtesy, and wishing them a friendly adieu, we passed by the monument of Graf Wenckheim, in Kis-ber village, and were speedily wafted on behind a pair of steppers to the neighbouring farm, Batthyany.

A quarter of an hour's drive from the castle of Kis-ber brought us to Batthyany farm, where we found Gunnersbury

in quarantine since March, and he was to continue so until September. This horse, unfortunately, covered a mare in the early part of the year which was supposed to have been suffering from glanders, and, as a precautionary measure, the stallion had done little or no service during the past season. Nevertheless, he has never been sick or sorry, seemed in perfect health, full of life, and in appearance a very grand horse indeed. The Kis-ber people are thoroughly awake to the fact that the stock of Gunnersbury will warrant them in putting, next season, some of their very best mares to him.

On a luxuriant plain we found seventy mares and fifty-nine foals. They were guarded and kept within bounds by mounted soldiers, wearing picturesque Hungarian costumes of red caps and blue blouses, well mounted, and riding on wooden saddles. The manner in which they cracked their whips and maintained perfect control over this large herd was a thing that many an English stud-groom might have taken to heart. In make and shape, and to the eye generally, these mares appeared quite thoroughbred, and their foals likewise. The mares were chiefly bays, browns, and chestnuts, and we found that they were descended from Buccaneer, Cotswold, Ostreger, and Cambuscan—all imported English sires. The foals, well grown and very forward, looked quite thoroughbred; and well might they do so, seeing most of them were sired by the best English stallions now standing at Kis-ber. You could easily pick out the Doncasters by their sweet heads and colour—chestnut with blazes, and whole bays, and the big, coarse-looking ones (chiefly chestnuts) were easily recognised as the children of Verneuil. The natty ones, with lots of white, and chiefly chestnuts speckled with black spots, testified to the parentage of Craig Millar; and many of the whole bay foals got by Brother to Kis-ber, resembled Kis-ber's stock that he left in England.

We noticed a remarkable mare by Verneuil—a real beauty—out of a North Star mare, whose dam was by a Norfolk trotter. She had a beautiful Craig Millar foal at foot, and the high quality of nearly all the mares and foals was so striking that you might have felt you were looking over the best type of thoroughbred stock in England. All these animals were tractable—no kicking or biting, or bodies bearing evidences of scars, but a well-behaved, domesticated party—a very large, happy family indeed, and very pleasant to look upon.

The best colt foals from these mares are kept to cover half-bred mares in the various Hungarian villages, when they are four years old, and at a nominal service fee of about two florins a mare. The best of the fillies are retained to breed from, the indifferent ones being sold as surplusage at three years old. The worst of the colt foals are castrated, and sold out at three years old. There were very few with umbilical

herniæ. When this deformity exists the colts are thrown, and the protruding navel is tied up with gut ligature and cut off short, which is a much better method than the old skewer transfixion so commonly practised in Great Britain.

These mares and foals are taken up at night, and housed in huge buildings resembling gigantic barns, which measure 450 feet in length, over 40 feet in width, and with abundant ventilation. Each mare gets 5 lb. of corn a day, and is racked up morning and evening with a mixture of tares, clover, and fine oat straw. The foals are fed separately in long, portable mangers, running down the centre of the building between the mares, and from the time they are three weeks old whole corn is given, never crushed, but mixed with a little dry bran. This plan is fully believed in at Kis-ber, and we saw the same system carried out at Colonel Alexander's place in Kentucky (where Foxhall first saw the light). Whole white oats, mixed with bran and the cut tops of oat straw, are used as chaff for the foals. We found the Kentucky mares and foals turned out in the summer in a huge park, with square, railed enclosures. The foals passed under the rails to their mangers; the mares, unable to follow, were fed outside, on sorghum (Chinese sugar-cane). In the blue grass country of Kentucky the mares and foals are not taken up from May to September; and we were informed that Count Festetics, at Berzencze, in Hungary, has seventy mares and foals which are kept in a sort of wild state, and are remarkably well-grown and healthy.

On another part of Batthyany farm we found one hundred and twenty-four fillies—made up of yearlings, and of two and three year olds—in one large paddock, herded and guarded in a similar way to the mares and foals previously described. These fillies were got by Doncaster, Baliverne, Ruperra, Verneuil, Craig Millar, Bois Roussel, and Brother to Kis-ber. They were the picked fillies reserved for breeding purposes, and a grand lot they were; no weeds, crooked shanks, spavined hocks, or apparent unsoundness among them—all branded with the Imperial Crown "K-B," and each with her number. The brand is put on when, as foals, they are taken from their mothers, so that no possible mistake can take place. We found two female donkeys running with this herd, who were great favourites with the fillies.

At Kis-ber the grass is all virgin land, and the green crops that were cut and taken to the buildings consisted of lucerne, red clover, and sainfoin—the last named having been lately introduced. Hay was housed in wooden sheds, and kept dry from top to bottom; and the straw grown was short, fine, and sweet scented. The country about Kis-ber was sparsely inhabited. Wheat, rye, oats, and maize were growing in great luxuriance, and the granaries—huge buildings three stories

high, and looking like large London warehouses on the banks of the Thames—were being filled with corn taken straight away from the fields. Shuttleworth and Clayton's threshing machines were there, and in full work.

We drove over several miles of a sandy, flat country, about twenty miles from the Danube in a bee line, through forests of acacia trees, with the Carpathian Mountains in the distance. The heat, which is usually tropical in Hungary during the months of July and August, was during our visit no more than enjoyable, the dry heat being tempered by the breezes which came from the direction of the Danube.

The chief food of the labouring classes is rye bread, potatoes, and maize. The latter, which grows healthily enough, is not so long in stalk as the type found in the southern states of America. The Kis-ber estate, with its fourteen thousand acres, produces all the fodder and necessities for stock rearing, and not the least interesting feature along the country-side were huge geese and pig farms. The prevalent type of Hungarian pig presents a most grotesque appearance, being covered with a sort of long woolly hair.

Bidding adieu to the Rittmeister, we passed on for another hour's drive, and then arrived at Bâbolnæ, the home of the Arabs bred on the Kis-ber estate. Here we were cordially received by the genial commandant, Major. Patzolt, who seemed quite to excel himself in his friendly bearing and desire to afford the fullest information to his English visitors. He entertained us right royally, and to him we owe the great pleasure we enjoyed during our visit among his Arabs which he seemed to love so well. No wonder that he does so, for we venture to say that there are very few people in this country who are aware in what perfection the Arab horse is bred in the great Government haras of Hungary.

There are six hundred head of horses at Bâbolnæ claiming descent from Arab blood, and no English horses are kept there. This stud farm has existed for over one hundred years, and it comprises something over seven thousand acres. The fondness of Major Patzolt for the Arab stallions, mares, and foals reminded us of what we have heard of the friendship that exists between the Arab horse, the sheik, and his family. Every Arab on the place seemed to know the Rittmeister, and the appearance of the Arab stallions when brought out by their soldier attendants, with their manes plaited with the dried, broad native grass, was singularly effective.

These Arab stallions stood but little over 14.2, the mares averaging 15.2 and upwards, and in their make and shape they were so striking that for the first time in our lives we thought the Arab type as nearly as possible approached equine perfection. Those who are sceptical of the real formative type of the Arab should make a pilgrimage to



Bàbolnæ, and assuredly they will come away possessed with new ideas and altered convictions of the Arabs bred in that country.

The mares and foals were herded in the same manner as at Batthyany farm. We found them in three groups, guarded and husbanded by the mounted picturesque Hungarian soldiers, and at night they are housed in the spacious barn buildings, which are protected by a number of lightning conductors (as if they were well acquainted with thunderstorms in Hungary), and the mares and foals are fed in the same manner as that previously described at Batthyany farm.

There were one hundred and sixty-three Arab mares of all kinds at Bàbolnæ, with one hundred and six foals. Many of the mares are of the purest blood, and others are crossed from uncertain children of the desert. They were chiefly greys, curiously marked under their bellies, producing to the naked eye the effect of having been fired by the actual cautery; respecting which marks we were told that in the event of animals suffering from colic, the Arabs burn them obliquely across the belly. The grouping of these mares and foals was a thing that our eye delighted to dwell upon. The bright eye of the Arab, the tapering nose, the straight forehead, the short intelligent pricked ears, and the perfect symmetry, taught us a lesson which we have taken very much to heart. The perfect ease with which these mares and foals were housed, racked up, fed and watered, spoke much for the general management. Major Patzolt is so jealous of his stock that no stranger mare which comes for service is ever allowed to enter Bàbolnæ without first being carefully examined for any possible existing disease, and so successful has he been in drawing the cordon thus tightly, that no influenza has been known among his Arab stock for over six years.

The Arab mares in this establishment first begin to drop their foals in November, and the coverings continue up to the second week in June. The Hungarian farmer who possesses good mares can send them to some of this Arab stock for a service fee of two florins only, and if he requires a very special horse, ten florins. Young stallions from Bàbolnæ are sent off to the village dépôts in March. They are away for four months, and some are sent into Bosnia. The Government are extremely liberal in their arrangements with the breeders, and in some good districts the farmers keep the Government stallions on their farms where there is no village dépôt, and these animals are usually returned in good condition at the end of each season.

There are in all 2,600 stallions scattered over Hungary derived from thoroughbred stock. These 2,600 are distributed among the following dépôts:—At Stuhlreissenburg there are 900 stallions; at Nagy-Körös, 750; at Debreczen, 600; and in Sepsi-Sztent-Tyorgy, 350. The brood mares and stock at the following dépôts are:—At Mezöhegyes, 400 mares

and about 2,000 head of stock; at Kis-ber, 150 mares in all and 650 head of stock; at Fogaras, 100 mares and 400 head of stock; at Bâbolnæ, 150 mares, with 650 head of stock; and these figures represent the number of mares, stallions, and stock generally that are allowed by the Government at each of these breeding depôts. A picked lot of the three-year-old stallions at Bâbolnæ are broken and sent off in October to cover at four years old at the village depôts.

In the stables containing the three-year-old fillies we saw thirty-six for sale—bays, chestnuts, and greys—possessing good shoulders, averaging about 15.2 in height, and got by the best Arab sires out of the best Arab mares, all broken and tractable, and stalled in the most primitive way with the horizontal bar and chain. This lot was of great value, and we found that they are bought up by the best people in Europe. Some sales had recently been effected, notably, with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and six beautiful fillies, as a wedding present, were about to go to Prince Taxis, and the Emperor of Japan gave £700 for three fillies last year. A considerable number are also sent to Paris.

The Arab stallions at Bâbolnæ are remarkable for their beauty, some of them possessing blood of the purest. Several had good knee action, with capital shoulders; and they were all sweet tempered, with intelligent countenances. There was a magnificent fellow, Zarif Sambran, believed to be of the purest blood, and in colour resembling old Scottish Chief, had fine knee action, but he went widish behind. Then a beautiful three-year-old Arab, a flea-bitten grey, but not pure bred. Another specimen of the pure Arab was brought before us in a splendid black stallion, a nine-year-old, a perfect gentleman, and a great favourite with Major Patzolt, and this horse was as nearly equine perfection as he could be. Then there was a unique grey Arab stallion that was shown at the Exposition in Paris, Amurath-Bairacther by name. In all there were two original and, probably, pure-bred Arab stallions imported from Bombay, three half-bred stallions, and one full pure-bred Arab stallion, warranted. There was a 15.3 grey Arab mare, undoubtedly pure bred, with remarkable action; and a Samar mare, whose name is Aiga-Forellen-Schimmel, was worth going any distance to see. I think she also was shown in Paris.

Five Arab mares and three stallions were originally imported to Bâbolnæ at a cost of £3,500, and the great result achieved has been to produce stock from these Arabs averaging 15.2, and providing excellent cavalry remounts. They have toned a great deal of the utility horseflesh seen in Austrian Hungary. There is, for example, no city in Europe that can show such buggy or fiacre horses as Vienna. Many pairs of horses in public vehicles in that city are evidently of Arab origin, and would do credit to Rotten Row. They are so bloodlike, chiefly

bays and greys; and what a ready sale would such clinking pairs meet with at Tattersall's in the season! It is no secret that the Hungarian Government have recently offered enormous sums for our English sires, Barcaldine, Donovan, Gaillard, and others, but without avail. But it is self-evident to anyone who has visited Kis-ber, that the surest way to success on their racecourses, and for the production of the best bred stock in the country, is the purchase of the best possible racing sires that can be got from Great Britain; and, when the animal was to be obtained at all, it seems to us that no money has ever stopped the way.

In early morning we took a friendly, and we had almost said an affectionate, farewell of our host, Major Patzolt, and were speedily borne away towards the Danube by two pairs of fine Arab trotters, which had been bred at Bâbolnæ.

There are several racing establishments in Hungary, presided over by Englishmen, that would do credit to any country. Mr. John Reeves, of Salmhof, Marchegg, had, during our visit, a lengthy string of horses, the majority of whom possessed English blood. Mr. Reeves has won several Austrian Derbies for his patrons, notably for Count Apponyi; and his yearlings (already backed and broken) were, in point of growth, the size of our ordinary two-year-olds, the best of them being by *Insulaire*, *Doncaster*, *Verneuil*, and *Ruperra*. Mr. Reeves usually buys the highest-priced yearlings at Kis-ber. His son, Mr. Herbert Reeves, showed us a string of yearlings that in size, make, and shape would favourably compare with any sale of yearlings at the Newmarket July, or with those at Doncaster. In his string we saw a two-year-old brown colt by *Insulaire*—who is the present reigning favourite for next year's Austrian Derby—ridden at exercise by Rossiter, in truly English fashion, and it was a pleasure to see this jockey again in the pigskin. At a short distance from Marchegg, Mr. Butters (who formerly rode for the late Mr. Merry) trains for Baron N. Rothschild, and he, too, has made his mark in Hungary. The fine, dry climate of the country has probably much to say to the early development of the young blood stock, but be that as it may, the fact remains that the yearlings were much more advanced in growth than those we find at this time of year in England.

HENRY W. FREEMAN.

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GOLF.—The growing popularity of what its admirers call "ye Royal and Auncient" game has led to the publication of a weekly paper called *Golf*. Its office is at Copthall Avenue, London Wall, E.C., and its price is fixed at half-a-guinea per annum, post free. The first number, besides a chronicle of all recent first-class competitions, contains papers by Mr. H. S. C. Everard and Mr. H. G. Hutchinson.

## Lion-hunting at the Cape Sixty Years Ago.

### PART III.

THE first and best of resident European sportsmen that I met with, after joining my regiment in South Africa, was an Englishman named Sheffield. He had in his youth been an underkeeper in England, but afterwards had entered the army, and had been sent to the African corps (a penal regiment) as a severe punishment for putting the Sergeant-Major of his first regiment on the fire. He was Colour-Sergeant of Major Vaughan's Company in the latter regiment, and Vaughan being now with us, the old fellow came to Graham's Town to see him. He lived in a hut of the commonest kind, and when, as I constantly did, I rode out to see him, he always insisted on my taking up my quarters in this hut, while he turned out into a sort of beehive, or in fine weather into the open air. He lived on the Fish River, in a wild and out-of-the-way part of the country, surrounded by an extensive bush, in which buffaloes, elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotami, cuddoos, and all sorts of smaller game were to be found. No one who has not seen the guinea fowl along some parts of this river could believe in what abundance these occurred. Besides his influence with the natives, Sheffield's wonderful knowledge of the habits of wild animals rendered him a desirable and useful companion. On being discharged, he first took to the wild life of an elephant shooter, a precarious trade, which at that time was a highly profitable one.

Sheffield being an old soldier and of established good character, had not been disturbed. Indeed, he had on many occasions rendered great service to the authorities and the colonists, by retaking stolen cattle from the Caffers, entirely by his moral influence, and this had sometimes been done at considerable loss of time and personal risk.

He lived in the centre of the haunts of all those wild animals for which that part of the colony was once so famous. Having a large quantity of cattle and sheep to protect, he always had in his service several Hottentots, and though his station was otherwise undefended and exposed to the Caffers, he had never seriously suffered by their depredations. This immunity was in some measure owing to his having, when occasion offered, conciliated them by trifling acts of kindness, but it was also due to his having impressed on them the belief that they could not plunder him without discovery or with impunity. So large a number of domestic animals as he possessed was, of course, a great attraction to the numerous wolves frequenting

such a wild part of the country, and, in spite of men and dogs, they not unfrequently succeeded in carrying off some of his sheep or goats.

Of all parts of the colony this was the most famous for the rhinoceros; and the hippopotamus was by no means scarce. The hippopotamus is much in the habit of leaving and returning to the river by the same path, but his caution and acuteness of smell make it difficult to waylay him. The best times to lie in ambush for him are in the morning (when he takes the water) or in the evening (when he leaves it), for the greater part of the day he passes in the river, and during the night he grazes about in its neighbourhood. Therefore, unless in one of the above occasions, a chance of shooting him on land by daylight seldom offers. To shoot him in the river, too, requires the greatest patience and caution. Before he ever ventures to show himself he will repeatedly put his nostrils to the surface, and he snuffs in the breeze, to ascertain whether any danger is near. One would suppose that so large and awkward an animal, moving just below the surface, would cause some little commotion in the water, but not the smallest ripple appears to point out whereabouts he is, and only an experienced eye can detect the dark speck that occasionally rises when he has to breathe. The first I saw killed afforded sport to some ladies who were looking on, as well as to Teesdale and myself, who were the performers on the occasion. At the mouth of the Fish River the Commandant, Colonel Somerset, had a cottage. Here I was staying to enjoy the shooting that was to be had on the opposite side, on what was called the Neutral Ground, and in consequence unoccupied by Caffers. On this plain were a great many hartebeasts, some quaggas, and ostriches. The hartebeast is a very fine buck, as large as a heifer, and gallops at a great pace. I shot many at different times; I occasionally also shot ostriches there, but never got one with good feathers. I heard of elands being there, but could never find them. This, I think, is the only animal found in this part of South Africa that I have not killed. I have seen a few, but they have become very rare. The traces of hippopotami being visible about the river, we were anxious to find one, and made several attempts. On one occasion we were a few miles up the river in a boat, and had landed for a short time; on returning to the boat the servant said he had seen a "great beast" leave the water, and go into the bush up the steep bank on the other side. We accordingly went to the place, and the deep furrow in the mud told plainly that the man was not mistaken.

We put our Hottentot on the track, and he at once took up the "spoor," which led us through a dense bush, twisting and twining about along the side of the steep bank. Knowing the animal to be close in front of us, we proceeded with as little noise as possible. All at once we found ourselves in his

presence, and *vis-à-vis*, but he seemed neither to see nor hear us, for, the wind favouring, he had not scented us. The bush was so thick and high that the spot in which he stood was very dark. No doubt, had the Hottentot been less eager, we might all have taken deliberate aim and killed the hippopotamus on the spot; but the fellow no sooner saw him than he raised his gun, fired, and took to his heels as if the devil was after him. For the moment the smoke prevented my seeing the result, but I heard the huge beast rushing away from us through the bush. On following, we found a copious stream of blood in his path; and, so freely did it seem to flow, we felt sure he must soon become exhausted, but we continued the chase till late without coming up with him. It was not till we were completely tired out that we stopped till next day, when we made certain of getting him. The heat had been excessive, and my clothes were torn to rags by the bush. On the morrow we returned and took up the "spoor" again. It led us to the river, to which he had taken—an occurrence on which we had not calculated, for this animal generally avoids the water when wounded. A few days after, Teesdale and I were more successful. We went out in the boat accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Somerset and Mrs. Teesdale. The ladies were to be landed in the event of our meeting with a hippopotamus, and they provided themselves with food in order to have a comfortable picnic. I placed myself in the bow of the boat, that I might the better observe whether any of our amphibious friends were on the move. Having made our way about three or four miles up the river, a speck appeared on the surface; such as I was now experienced enough to know indicated a "sea cow"—(the natives call this animal by this name). We drifted towards it gently, the wind favouring our getting near, and I took a shot at his nose and inflicted a wound which rendered it difficult for him to breathe under water. He now raised his whole ugly head, and another shot made it impossible for him to remain down for many minutes at a time. We were not displeased to find that the ladies became sufficiently alarmed to beg to be put on shore, for it was not unlikely that the animal would attack the boat, and we began to find them somewhat in the way; then Teesdale and I returned to the charge. The animal was now furious; his movements under water were so quick that it was no easy matter to keep near him with the boat. The water, discoloured by his blood, showed how badly he was wounded, and he could only remain under water by short spells. He raised himself out as far as the shoulders, and, after snorting and splashing about, again disappeared. At last he came dashing directly towards us, and when he was about fifteen paces from us he received a shot that seemed to kill him instantaneously. He turned "toes up" and then sank; but he did not float again for about two

hours. In fact, our patience had become exhausted, and we set off homewards, for it was getting late, and the ladies were desirous of returning. We had no sooner passed over the spot where the beast had disappeared, than the carcass rose and floated just astern of the boat. We cut a hole through his tail through which we made fast a rope, and attempted to take the body in tow; but we found it impossible to get on, so we tied the rope to a tree on the bank till next day, when we sent some men to bring home our "bag." The Dutch and natives prize the flesh of this beast; the foot is very like brawn.

Sheffield and I once fell in with an elephant and a rhinoceros fighting. The elephant had been wounded; we came very suddenly close to them, unconscious of their being in front of us. On getting wind of us they both went off at a considerable pace. At the spot where we had first disturbed them, the bush for some yards on each side the path was all trodden into the ground, and the earth was scraped up and thrown about. We followed them till night, but could never come up with them; they both seemed to keep the same path, and to remain in company.

My last shooting excursion was with Sheffield. We slept out three nights, watching for ostriches, but though we had otherwise very good sport, we were unsuccessful with them. We found them so uncommonly wild that it was impossible to get near them; both the speed of the horses and our attempts to steal on them failed. Of hartebeasts we shot plenty, also a very large cuddoo, and a quagga. This quagga reminds me of a curious circumstance that we witnessed. A troop of them were galloping past at about a hundred and fifty yards distant. I shot at one, which fell, and the troop continued their route; but they had not gone more than two hundred paces when the leader of the herd suddenly galloped back to the wounded quagga, and began biting and pawing it, running a short distance, then returning to it three or four times; and before I had my gun reloaded he had actually succeeded in prevailing on it to follow, which it continued to do for some distance, but was at length worn out.

Some of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed at this time were in company with my friend Vaughan and Sheffield. When, after a hard day, we bivouacked for the night, our fires lighted, and blankets spread near them, and each of us provided with a tin mug of hot coffee, we would question Sheffield as to some of the curious incidents connected with his sojourn in that country. These being of a wild and sporting character were ten times the more interesting to us at such moments, when we were on the very spot to which they referred, all the district being as wild and uncivilised as ever. Sheffield's anecdotes, relating to years back, when he was liable daily, and almost hourly, to encounter these animal denizens of the wilds,

told in his modest simple style, were very curious, and attracted the more attention from his known veracity.

The vast troops of elephants, so frequently seen in former times, are now scarcely ever met with; even in small numbers they are rarely encountered. It is well known to have been once a frequent occurrence to meet such immense herds of them as to render it necessary to make a considerable circuit to avoid them. As Europeans, particularly English, have increased, of course the wild animals have retired.

The number of my Caffer friends was reduced to one-half before I left the frontier. Two met violent deaths, and a third was likely to end his days in a similar way. Of these three the first was killed by a buffalo. The enraged animal was too quick even for a Caffer, and tossed him into the air; he fell lifeless, the horns having passed through his lungs. On this occasion the dogs had the animal at bay, but, owing to the thickness of the bush, it was difficult to get a view of him, and the Caffer was no sooner in an open spot than the beast was upon him like lightning.

Although a buffalo when engaged with dogs appears intent on them only, his eye is ever on the alert for his more formidable enemy, and his attack is so rapid and impetuous that it often requires more than Caffer agility to avoid him. The other Caffers made very light of their companion's fate; they merely remarked there were "plenty more good Caffers at Enno's\* kraal."

The particulars relating to the other two are curious. One of them, named "Baba,"† was a sort of petty captain; besides this he was the best and oldest sportsman of their party, therefore he took the lead on each occasion when they accompanied us; the name of the other was Claas. We had followed a buffalo for a whole day and part of a second, and had often been near overtaking him. At length the Caffers declared that the chase was hopeless, and as it had been a wearying one, we consented to give it up. In the course of the hunt some jealousy had arisen between Baba and Claas, of which we knew nothing. We parted company with them, the Caffers going to their kraal, which was near at hand. A few days after this I again sent for them, but my Hottentot messenger returned to tell me that Baba was lying dangerously ill from the effects of poison that had been administered to him by Claas, and that the latter had been formally tried by his Caffer brethren, and by their chief, Enno, condemned to be strangled, which sentence had been

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\* *Enno*.—Their chief.

† *Baba*.—This rascal was engaged in the service of an officer of the 75th when the late Caffer war broke out. He immediately joined the Caffers, taking with him his master's gun. He acted a very prominent part in the war, having, as it appeared, the command of such of the Caffers as possessed firearms. He was shot at last by an officer, and the very gun which he had stolen was found in his hand.



carried into effect. He confessed to having given the poison, and he said that when he was last out with us he had purposely spoiled our sport, and he affected to have accomplished this by "charming the dogs."

I saw Baba some time after, when he was only partially recovered. He pretended to believe what Claas had said as to his having marred our sport by charming the dogs, and he added that he knew him to be "a very bad man, and to have dealings with the devil."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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## The Turf in Scotland.

### PART II.

RACING in Scotland is not what it was in the now far-off days when the late Lord Glasgow, then known as Lord Kelburne, Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, Sir James Boswell, the late Lord Eglinton, and men of that stamp, not only owned horses, as many Scotchmen do in the present time—such, for instance, as the Duke of Hamilton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Sir Robert Jardine, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Baird, etc.—but trained them and ran them at home. Nowadays the Scotchmen who own horses breed them in England, train them in England, and race them in England, and it is only once and again that they send one or two of their second-raters to run at Ayr, Musselburgh, or Hamilton. There is scarcely a single breeding or training establishment of any importance in the kingdom, and even Gullane, upon the Firth of Forth, the home of the greatest family of trainers which the world has ever seen, is well-nigh deserted. It was at Gullane that the late George Dawson, who in the early part of the century had trained at Bogside, in Ayrshire, for the grandfather of the present Earl of Eglinton, settled about the year 1816, and it was at Gullane that his four sons, Thomas, Joseph, Matthew, and John, the two latter of whom alone survive, were born to him, and assisted him in his business previous to coming South. It is upon Matthew Dawson that the mantle of his father may be said to have descended, for he succeeded him at Gullane when he died in 1843, and as you sit in his cheerful dining-room at Exning and listen to the fund of anecdote with which his wonderful memory is stored, you find it difficult to realise that nearly half a century has passed away since he took upon himself the responsibilities of trainer. With regard to Matthew Dawson himself, he tells you how his eldest brother

Tom went to Middleham in 1830 to train for Lord Eglinton, and how he was sent there in 1838 to act as head lad to him. But his stay at Middleham was very brief, for his father, upon whom age was beginning to tell, wanted him back at Gullane. So he returned in 1840, paying his first visit that summer to Epsom, where he was sent by his father in charge of Pathfinder, who represented the eccentric Lord Kêlburne's colours in the Derby that year. Matthew Dawson also trained a few of Lord Eglinton's horses—presumably those not thought good enough to go to Middleham—in Eglinton Park at about this period, but he did not remain long at Gullane, for in 1847 he came South to train for Lord John Scott, first at Cawston, near Rugby, and afterwards at Ilsley.

The story of how Mr. James Merry, whose horses, including the famous Chanticleer bought by him in Ireland, were trained by I'Anson at Gullane in the first instance, purchased the whole of Lord John Scott's stud, has so often been related that there is no need to revert to it here; but it may be remarked that Matthew Dawson did not have charge of all Mr. Merry's horses at once, though by the time that Sunbeam and Blanche of Middlebie had run first and third for the St. Leger of 1858, the Master of Russley, to which place Matthew Dawson had removed, held sole command. The temptation of telling the story of the wonderful success which has since attended him both at Russley and at Newmarket is one that must be resisted, for it scarcely bears upon the subject in hand, but you listen with interest to what he has to say of his three brothers, the two younger of whom, Joseph and John, both served an apprenticeship with their eldest brother Tom at Middleham, before coming to Ilsley. John succeeded Joseph at each place, and it was not long after the former had taken service as private trainer to the late Lord Stamford that John was engaged by Count Batthyany, with whom he remained to the time of the latter's tragic death in 1883. "Joe" was the only one of the four brothers that failed to train a Derby winner, and who will deny that the merits of the flying Prince Charlie were not enough to compensate for the absence of a blue ribbon from the trophies brought in later days to Bedford Lodge? John trained Galopin, the sire of St. Simon, the model of whose beautiful statuette by Boehm faces you in the dining-room at Exning; Matt Dawson has led in Thormanby for Mr. Merry, Kingcraft and Silvio for Lord Falmouth, and Melton for Lord Hastings, while the eldest of the four brothers trained Ellington for Admiral Harcourt, and Pretender for Sir Robert Jardine. And *à propos* of Ellington's victory, Matt Dawson confirms the truth of a story which had always been current in the North of England concerning the adventures which befell his brother's hat box on the Monday after the Derby. Tom Dawson had been to Tattersall's, where he

received between £16,000 and £20,000 for bets won, most of it being in notes, of which he did not even know the numbers. Returning to his hotel, he put these notes into his hat box and started the same evening for home by the Scottish mail, leaving the train at Northallerton Junction, where his trap met him to drive home to Tuppill. On his way home it struck him that he had left the hat case, which was not even locked, in the rack of the railway carriage, but, instead of losing his head and rushing back to tell the people at the station what had occurred, he sent a quiet message to say that his hat box had been left in the train, and would the station-master ask for it to be sent back from Edinburgh, where, as he knew by experience, the train stopped. The day after the hat box came back, untouched and apparently even unopened, so who will say after this that no good thing can come out of Scotland?

Time passes away pleasantly in converse of this kind ; but you want to hear from Mr. Dawson something of the palmy days of Scotch racing, of the time when

“ A tearing nag was Sharpe's Canteen, but now't to old Springkell ;  
Then Chassé was a ganner, and Inheritor as well.

A tougher mare than Modesty the Border never crossed,  
But Cumberland just banged them all with Ramsay's Lanercost.”

This is a time of which he has a very distinct recollection, and his souvenirs are all the more valuable and interesting because no record has been preserved of an epoch which provided sport of such a genuine kind, when the great nobles and wealthy commoners of Scotland raced for racing's sake, and when a halo of romance was cast over the doings of such animals as Lanercost, Inheritor, and General Chassé, and upon the feats in the saddle of Lord Eglinton, Captain Pellat, Mr. Little Gilmour, Sir James Boswell, Sir Frederick Johnstone, father of the present baronet, the present Earl of Buchan, who was seen in the saddle till two or three years ago, and men of that stamp. Most of the above-mentioned were owners and breeders as well as riders ; for Lord Eglinton had his stud at Eglinton Castle, Mr. Ramsay at Barnton, Sir James Boswell, a grandson of *the* Boswell and the son of the Boswell who was killed in a duel at Auchinleck, Mr. Hope Johnstone at Annandale, Mr. Baillie at Jerviswood, and Sir David Baird at Newbyth ; the last named of whom owned a good steeple-chaser called Pioneer, which he used to ride himself. It is the opinion of the few who remember those times that Lanercost was the best horse ever bred in Scotland, an opinion which was confirmed when he won the first Cambridgeshire—that was in 1839—in which, as a four-year-old, he carried 8 st. 9 lb., a weight which, taking into consideration the fact that the minimum impost was much lower than it is now, made the performance all the more meritorious. Mr. Dawson also has a great opinion of Inheritor ; while Sir James Boswell's

General Chassé must have been a good horse, seeing that he carried 9 st. 7 lb. when he won the Chester Cup, and it is a curious thing that the Liverpool Summer Cup, which is one of the oldest handicaps in existence, should have been won three years out of four by Scottish horses, Inheritor having been successful as a three-year-old in 1834, and as a six-year-old in 1837, while General Chassé won in 1835.

But it would be too much to say that these were the best horses which ever ran north of the Tweed, seeing that animals of the stamp of Beeswing came to run at Eglinton Park, which was then a great gathering, very much like what Croxton Park was when at its best, most of the races there being for gentlemen riders, in addition to those named above who carried silk there being the great Lord Waterford. The horses showed their true form there as well under thirteen stone or more as at racing weights, and it is the opinion of Matt Dawson—an opinion not to be lightly put aside—that this is nearly always so with horses of a good class. Nearly all the Scotch stables were at Gullane, where, in addition to George Dawson, F. Quarton trained for the late Lord Wemyss, then Lord Elcho, Mr. Little Gilmour, and others, while old William I'Anson had several horses at Dawson's own stable until he took over the establishment belonging to Quarton, and trained for Mr. Ramsay. One of I'Anson's patrons at Gullane was young Mr. James Merry, whose connection with the Turf in Scotland commenced when he purchased a half-bred called Patriot, whom he rode himself. It was soon after this that Mr. Merry bought Chanticleer, who was trained at Gullane before winning the Goodwood Stakes; while the present Lord Rosslyn's father had a few horses trained by George Dawson at Gullane, among them being Fiddlestick and Shamrock, both thought a good deal of in their day.

Lord Kelburne, who had a breeding stud at Hawkhead, near Paisley, sent his horses to be trained at Gullane, too; but this eccentric nobleman had a great dislike for Mr. Merry and the rest of the "Glasgow counter-jumpers," as he rudely called the people in business there. So when the Lanark and Renfrew hounds, of which he was master, met anywhere near Glasgow, which they did as rarely as Lord Kelburne could possibly contrive, he always tried to draw away from the city, so as to give the people who came out as long a ride home as he could. This was carried so far that several of the men who were in the habit of coming out determined to expostulate, and Mr. Merry was selected as spokesman. Lord Kelburne was very rude, and used the language to which he was so given. Mr. Merry then said: "My Lord, I have not come out here to be damned;" whereupon came the rejoinder, which has so often been since credited to the late Lord Fitzhardinge, "Then you may go home and be damned." Even in those days Lord

Kelburne's horses were as bad as most of those which were afterwards associated with the name of Lord Glasgow, and it is a curious thing that, after years of disappointment, the first animal of any merit to bear the red and white of Hawkhead was a colt trained for some time by a son of the veteran at Gullane, where, as Lord Kelburne, he commenced his racing career. I am referring, of course, to General Peel, whose success in the Two Thousand of 1864 would have been followed upon in the Derby and St. Leger, but for the presence of Blair Athol; and thereby hangs a tale. In the winter preceding the season of 1864, two gentlemen, one of whom is still alive, went over to Tupgill to see Tom Dawson. At that time no one had ever heard of the unnamed son of Young Melbourne, then in the Tupgill stable. Tom Dawson and his guests, after a good lunch and a prolonged symposium, went to see the horses, and the veteran trainer took them through the stables before they drove home. Their memories were not very clear, but as they drove home they remembered that he had slapped one colt on the quarters, and said, "Come up, you old devil! You'll win the Two Thousand and Derby easy enough." As one of them was standing Blair Athol to win him a big stake in the Derby, it was important for him to know what this colt was; but all they could recollect was that he stood in a corner of the stable; so the next day they drove back in search of an imaginary umbrella. This could not of course be found in the house, but perhaps it had been left in the stable. It was not there, but what more natural than to inquire casually as to the name of "that colt in the corner"? The backer of Blair Athol deplored the loss of his umbrella, but soon after this he backed the Young Melbourne colt for a big stake in the Two Thousand and Derby, and had the satisfaction of seeing General Peel win the former, and come home second to his original fancy in the Derby.

I'Anson trained at Gullane for Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, as well as for Lord Kelburne, and it was for the latter that he purchased the famous Queen Mary, as a yearling, at Doncaster. No one has better reason for remembering this than Matthew Dawson, for he himself bid up to three hundred guineas for her, but not having, as he puts it himself, "Mr. Ramsay's purse to draw upon," he stopped bidding at three hundred guineas, and at an advance of another ten she was knocked down to William I'Anson. She carried the Lanercost colours when in training, but at the break up of Mr. Ramsay's stud she was purchased by I'Anson, who put her to the stud at Gullane, where her first foal was Haricot, the future dam of Caller Ou. After that she had a dead foal to Mango, and then I'Anson, who was about to move to Malton, in Yorkshire, sold her to F. Eeles, a tradesman in Gullane, for a few tons of carrots. Eeles resold her to a farmer, who took her to Blink Bonny, in the High-

lands; and it was a year or two afterwards that I'Anson, finding Haricot could gallop, thought it would be well to buy Queen Mary back. He had considerable difficulty in tracing her, and when he found her she was running wild, so to speak, with a foal by a half-bred horse. How he took her back with him to Spring Cottage, and how she became the founder of a famous line through Haricot, Blink Bonny, and the latter's son, Blair Athol, all who are interested in the noblest of outdoor sports, know full well; but Gullane, the Malton of Scotland—where, as writes "The Druid," who has told us all too little about racing in Scotland, "the yellow harvest fields of East Lothian are waving, and Dirleton's woods grow green down to the very edge of the beach"—has never since harboured a Lanercost, an Inheritor, or a Queen Mary.

C. B. PITMAN.

## October with the Gun.

BY CAPTAIN CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., ETC.



THE PHEASANT.

AUGUST, of this year of grace (and of rain!), with its cherished memories of the opening of the campaign against the bonnie brown grouse, and September, with its too scanty show of the little partridge, have both sped their way on the wings of time, and in their

place the sportsman gives a right hearty welcome to October.

We have always been of opinion that the present month has, with the exception, perhaps, of the first fortnight of November, more attractions to the shooter than any other season of the year. For although but very few sportsmen go out on purpose to kill pheasants, at all events to any extent, before the middle of November or even later, when the branches in the woodlands are fairly free from foliage, it is to us a very satisfactory state of things when we put up a gaudily-plumaged old cock whilst our spaniels are hunting a hedgerow, or we are walking through a turnip field, to be able to give him the *coup de grace*, with never a warning cry from the keepers, which so often proved annoying in September when pheasants rose before the pointers.

In the cheery month of October we are permitted by law to kill every beast and bird of the chase, and, provided we have the good fortune to have our shooting ground situated in a wild part of the kingdom, and consisting of varied game, we can then do that which almost all sportsmen find most real pleasure in doing—make a “mixed bag.”

What can be more cheery than starting from home after a good breakfast, on one of those bright October mornings that we all know so well and appreciate so much, when, after a slight frost, the rising sun gives a beautiful appearance to every tree and each blade of grass, which sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight; when the very air is keen and exhilarating, as it blows down from those lofty mountains yonder to the low-lying valley; when our favourite four-footed friends rush delightedly out of their kennel, looking as “fresh as paint,” while we ourselves are as “fit as a fiddle,” and have that curious, but pleasant withal, feeling, which most of us know so well, that, come what may, “one can hold straight to-day”?

We conclude that the majority of our shooting friends, like ourselves, get somewhat wearied of *toujours perdrix*, and even of *always* grouse, with no variety in the bag, however big that bag may be. Of course we all appreciate a really good day, either driving grouse in the North, or a big partridge shoot in those pleasant, enormous turnip fields in dear old Norfolk or Suffolk; but we believe that most true pleasure can be got out of an estate where two or three cheery friends can sally forth, and return home happy, though probably pretty tired, with one of those charming bags which are often to be made, with a little perseverance and a slice of good luck, during October. Such a bag we well remember, when a truly good sportsman, dear old General B——, a capital soldier and a first-class shot, and ourselves, accompanied by a couple of keepers and a brace of retrievers and two setters, had a real “red letter” day in wild, and for the most part marshy, ground at Kenmure Castle, in Kirkcudbrightshire. The game we were after was principally snipe, but we were fortunate enough to pick up a beautifully mixed lot of what old McGuinness called “stuff,” in addition to the longbills, which latter, by the way, sat fairly well, and were pretty numerous. The total of that October day’s sport we jotted down (as we always do) in our gamebook, and well can we recollect that bag spread out on the terrace of the ancient castle when the then owner of that hospitable old castle, herself well over eighty years of age, came out to admire the bag and to congratulate the shooters. We had secured eighty-four snipe (and only lost two birds all day), and besides these we had a hare and a couple of rabbits (we might have killed any number of them, but they of course were kept for covert shooting). Then three and a half brace of duck and mallard; a couple of widgeon (just arrived on Loch Ken from

northern lands) ; eleven teal, one red-headed pochard, a golden eye duck, a brace of grouse, one fine old cock pheasant, a brace of splendid blackcocks (with *such* curly tails !), fifteen golden and a couple of green plovers, two and half brace of partridge, and a water rail ! Sixteen varieties of the aforesaid "stuff," not counting a coot and a moorhen or two, captured by the retrievers. Where, indeed, could such a day be beat ? We know not where in Great Britain ; it may be, indeed, often for number, but seldom for variety.\* This day's sport took place during the past ten years, and how pleased the good General was with it, and also with his own shooting, as, indeed, he had reason to be ; for he *did* "haud straight," as the keepers observed, and few longbills indeed escaped ! Alas, dear old comrade, your shooting days are over ; never again shall we see your cheery face on those delightful moorlands, where we together have slain so many grouse ; never more will we hear the merry laugh as you "wiped one eye" at a ricocheting pheasant, for you have gone, like so many, many more of the best of them, to those, we trust, "happier hunting-grounds" far, far away ! Of Philip Bainbridge, those who had the privilege of his friendship can honestly say—

Sleep calmly on, in honoured peace,  
For all who knew you know  
You'd many thousand, thousand friends,  
And not a single foe !

Then, too, in this delightful month of October we are on the outlook for the "early woodcock"—not, indeed, that unfortunate individual who figures every August under that title, and has a place of honour given it in the county papers (but which has really been bred and brought up in the parish, in the deep recesses of the big fir plantations !)—but we mean the first "flight" of our ever-to-be-welcomed woodcock, which hail from Swedish forests, Danish woodlands, or from old "Norroway over the foam." Towards the end of the month, particularly if there is a full moon and a continuance of easterly winds, we may expect some largish flights of cock, and they will be very welcome wherever we are lucky enough to fall in with them. Many a tired-out woodcock have we picked up amongst the short herbage, or perhaps gorse, not a hundred yards from high-water mark on the sandy, low-lying coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, hardly able to rise from the ground ; and what wonder, after a flight over the North Sea of many a hundred miles perhaps ? We can recollect, on several occasions, our dog catching them amongst the turnip fields near the shores, early in the morning after those moonlight nights of

\* This bag is a fact. The guns were the late General Bainbridge, Royal Artillery, and Captain Kennedy, on Kenmure Castle, the estate of the Hon. Mrs. B. Gordon.



their arrival. And when one gun has brought a good fat cock to bag, did you ever examine that wondrous bill with which Nature has provided him? If not, pray do so next time you take him up in your hand. We came upon the following description of this bird's habits lately in Montagu's "Dictionary of Birds," in which the old colonel truly remarks that the woodcock is a remarkably shy and retiring bird, and having rested in the woods throughout the day, they will, "with common consent, quit the wood nearly at the same instant, and wander over the meadows in search of splashy places and moist ditches for food, retiring to their hiding places again just before dawn. Thus, when most other land birds are recruiting exhausted nature by sleep, these are rambling through the dark, directed by an exquisite *sense of smelling* to those places likely to produce their sustenance, and, by a still more excellent sense of *feeling* in their long bill, collecting it. The eye is not called into use, and, like the mole, they may be said to feed beneath the surface; and by the sensibility of the instrument which is thrust into the soft earth, not a worm can escape that is within reach. The large eyes of the woodcock, like other nocturnal birds, are particularly formed for collecting the faint rays of light in the darkened woods during their nocturnal excursions. The nerves in the bill are numerous, and highly sensible of discrimination by the touch. The enormous quantity of worms these birds eat is scarcely credible; indeed, it would be the constant labour of one person to procure such food for two or three woodcocks." We have ourselves endeavoured to keep these birds in captivity, but never succeeded in doing so for more than a few days, though we have managed well enough with tame snipe, and owls, hawks, curlews, various gulls, plovers, and other birds. At this moment in our garden we have a pair of great black backed gulls, a curlew, a herring gull, five doves, two pigeons, and a green plover, all living happily together, though it is to be feared the poor curlew has a rather rough time of it from the large gulls, who will eat anything, from bread and milk to a rat, from a mouse to a bit of cheese, from a rabbit to a gooseberry; and no doubt some day will make a meal of both curlew and peewit.

We have neither space nor inclination to write about the interesting, but so often discussed, topic of rearing pheasants, and of the "battue." Of course, everyone must form their own opinion, but, for ourselves, we enjoy a day by the hedgerows with a steady old pointer or a brace of good spaniels, and picking up a stray pheasant now and again, or getting a few brace amongst turnips or by the outskirts of the moor, than we do in blazing away a couple of hundred cartridges, and probably going home with a headache and the satisfaction (?) of having helped in the slaying of three or four hundred half tame birds, which a month ago would have flown to your whistle and

eaten greedily out of your hand. But, as before observed, we hope the lovers of the "big pheasant shoots" may have good sport, too, because

"Each to his fancy, and each to his love,  
For there's sport for your money where'er you may rove."

October often brings us a few ducks, and the pretty little teal (with those beautifully pencilled feathers of his which we



THE POINTER.

find so useful in dressing sea trout flies) often helps to mix the bag. The golden plover, too, is a welcome addition, and we make a point, whenever the sun shines hotly, and there is any chance at all of grouse or partridge or any other bird sitting to a dog, of taking out pointer or setter

throughout this month. How often one finds on a still, windless day, with a bright sun, after a hard white frost the previous night, that grouse and partridge, and occasionally even an old wary blackcock, may be found by pointer or setter, and (provided that cover is good) they will sit as well to dogs as in the commencement of the season. We have always been of the opinion that most shooters dispense with their pointers far too early in the autumn; of course it would be folly to take a team of setters out on bare fields in November, but all we know is, with good heath or gorseland, and good weather, we find our pointers do good duty many and many a sunny day in October and November.

The harvest was greatly delayed in the South of England by the wet weather of part of August, while the grain in the low-lying districts of Scotland has been very late, and in some parts of the North operations will not commence till October is well forward.

What fun it is, to be sure, when we know of a good large cornfield in the border—or better still, in the centre—of a good moor, where the good farmer has cut his crop, and has it conveniently placed—just on purpose for the birds, as they probably think—in those nice little "stooks." And now, as we creep up behind that sheltering stone dyke, on which sits a guardian grouse cock (but we have managed to avoid his observant eye), what a sight, as we peep through a "wee" hole in the "stones" of the fence! As we live, but there will be at the very least seventy grouse on yonder corn; and just see

those grey hens ! and busily feeding within a few yards of our noses are half-a-dozen grand old blackcocks. What a gladdening sight ! but it is time old Malcolm and his men were round, so we take up our posts. Here they come. What a pack ! and as they go over our heads and past us on every side, the air seems alive with the "swish" of many wings ; but the three guns have done well, and four bonnie grouse and a brace of grandly-plumaged blackcock are added to our "October bag."

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## Duck Decoying in Norfolk.

DUCK decoying in this county will soon be a thing of the past. It may therefore be worth while before the pursuit is quite forgotten to place upon record some reminiscences of a silent but otherwise interesting sport, which in bygone days was general in the "Broad Country." Pools on the small "broads" are often to be met with which still bear the name of "decoy." Even the pipes, revealing their usages, may yet be seen, and occasionally there remain bits of the netted hoops and reed fences which belonged to them. Their dilapidated condition, however, clearly indicates that the decoys have long been out of use. Forty years ago, when I first became acquainted with the eastern division of Norfolk, there were several of these decoys in working order, and to one of the best of them, which belonged to a near neighbour and friend, I had frequent opportunities of paying a visit.

Most persons have some idea of what is meant by a duck decoy, but there can only be a few who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing the process in actual working. A decoy can only be carried on successfully where perfect quiet can be maintained—lookers-on are quite out of place ; there is nothing for such folk to do, and their presence is more than likely to spoil the sport. Whenever I had permission to visit my friend's decoy, no one else was present but the owner and his decoyman. As we came near the water's edge, we had to walk in silence, carefully screening ourselves by the thick bushes, and carrying each in his hand a piece of smoking turf or peat. This was considered necessary, lest the smell of our bodies should disturb the wildfowl, which are said to be very keen scented. I must not, however, omit to mention that in addition to our three selves, and perhaps second only in importance to the decoyman, there was present a clever little dog, who was a very active agent in the work. He always accompanied us, and used to go through his part with marvellous intelligence.

Any piece of water resorted to by wildfowl may be made a

decoy. The size is not material, but extreme quietude is. The best possible position is a marsh pool (or "broads," as we in Norfolk term them), which is shut in, either wholly or in part, by alder-carries. The surrounding is generally swampy ground, where man and beast can scarcely find a footing, but where wildfowl can revel in its produce undisturbed. On a piece of water so situated ducks will stay to breed; and those that come over from abroad can find a quiet resting-place.

But how are they to be taken? For this purpose each decoy is provided with two or three "pipes," as they are called—shallow trenches, some sixty or seventy yards long—cut inland from the sides of the broad. They are made in opposite directions to suit the different winds; but one, with an opening to the north-east, is deemed indispensable in Norfolk, as being the best suited to meet the arrival of the wildfowl on the coast. At its entrance from the pool each pipe is cut about six yards wide. It has a run of water one and a half or two feet deep, with a margin of smooth grass on both sides. The width gradually decreases until, at the extreme end where the ducks are trapped, it is reduced to about two feet. It is important that the pipes be not cut in a straight line, but that each be curved in such a way that the narrow end cannot be seen from the mouth. It is necessary that, with the exception of the first ten yards or so, the entire length of the pipe be covered with a strong rope netting stretched over wooden hoops placed at intervals. The first of these hoops is about ten feet high, and the rest of them decrease gradually in height until the last hoop over the narrowest end of the pipe presents the appearance of a common bow-net. But this is not all that is required. Some further work is necessary to make a complete decoy. The pipe must be screened from observation, and this is done by a number of reed fences, each about three or four yards long, and just high enough to prevent a man from being seen by the fowl on the water in the pipe. These fences are arranged along the margin on each side in such a manner as to admit of steps or stiles erected between them, to assist the little dog in his manœuvres to entice the wildfowl to the upper end.

Such is this general arrangement of a decoy, and the particular one which in years gone by I so often had the opportunity of visiting answered to this description. A more retired spot, even in those days, it was hardly possible to find. My walk to it skirted the marshes through some alder-carries. These led to the upper end of that pipe which was usually worked, as having its opening to the north-east. The marshes and the upland around were the property of the owner of the decoy, and, although the broad itself was connected with the river, no boat was allowed upon its waters, and the sound of a gun was never heard upon it. The wildfowl, as they came over from abroad—which they did in those days in large flights

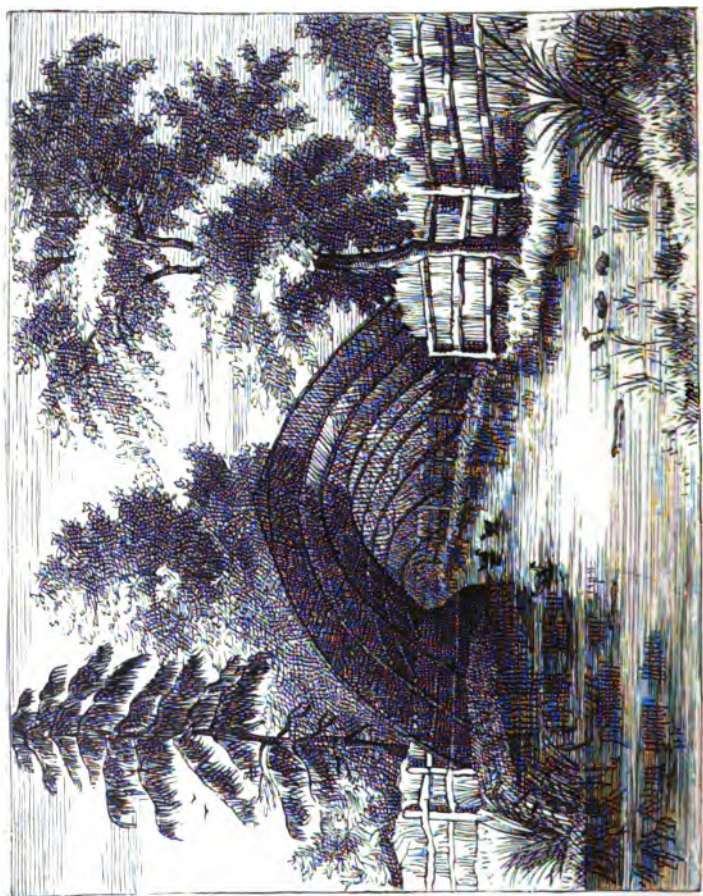
late in autumn and throughout the winter—when upon it were safe from disturbance of any kind. But further to secure their confidence and induce them to remain, a certain number of tame ducks with which they might associate were always kept upon the water. These tame ducks, which were trained for the purpose, were of the greatest assistance in decoying the wild birds. They were bred at the decoy, and were fed daily, at a certain time and place, and taught by the decoy-man to come there at his peculiar whistle or call. Before I had the privilege of visiting a decoy, I was under the impression that decoy ducks were always tamed wild ducks—that is, wild ducks reared under a hen, and with their pinion feathers drawn to prevent their flight. This, however, is not the case. The best decoy ducks were of a variety once common in Norfolk lanes, of a brownish plumage, this similarity of colour being considered the chief requisite.

The decoy was usually worked two or three times a week, but sometimes a catch was attempted daily, according to the amount of fowl upon the water. The noon hour, or shortly after it, was the time chosen for killing, for at midday the fowl are more settled than at any other time. Waiting the first movement of the fowl was most exciting. Yes, it was a breathless excitement as far as we were concerned, for the owner and myself were lying concealed by the brushwood. The decoy-man screened himself close to the reed fence, with the little dog near him. No beauty was this little dog, but marvellously intelligent. How well I remember him! a little half-bred wire terrier, as sharp as a needle, never attempting to give tongue, but watching, with his head on one side, and his eyes fixed on his master, looking anxiously for his orders, and showing as much interest in the sport as if everything depended upon him. The decoy-man's call to the tame ducks was something of a whistle, very soft and peculiar, but quite sufficient to attract their attention. No sooner was it uttered than they began to move quickly towards the pipe, where they knew, from habit, that they would find some food floating about to reward them. Generally part of the wildfowl followed their movement. As soon as a sufficient number had entered the mouth of the pipe (which the decoy-man could ascertain through his spyhole and the reed fence) the little dog began his manœuvres. At a slight movement of his master's hand he would jump noiselessly over a stile, show himself for a moment, and then out again at one further on. The ducks, seeing something strange on shore, as is their habit, moved onward to discover what it was. This dodge on the dog's part was repeated at the other stiles, until the flock was decoyed to the further end of the pipe. Then the decoy-man showed himself, and drove them into the purse-net, where they were secured and captured. It must not be imagined

that success attended every noon-hour's labour. Some untoward accident would at times occur to mar sport and spoil profit, such as a sudden change of wind, the ruffling of the water from a water rat, or a pike striking in the pipe, or an unruly pochard, that would not enter himself nor suffer others to enter. These, and many other like contingencies, would occasionally interfere, and send a whole promising flock of ducks hastily out of the pipe, and perhaps drive them altogether for a time off the water. But a clever decoy-man would generally secure his prey, for he would take every precaution before he made his attempt, and unless he found all things favourable, it would not be worth his while to run the risk of disturbing his fowl.

The wildfowl usually taken by means of a decoy were the common ducks and mallards, teal and the widgeon; but besides these several of the less common sorts of fowl that come over from abroad were occasionally found in the net. Very curious specimens would sometimes come under notice to interest the naturalist. A good decoy in those days was a very profitable concern. A piece of water so used was worth a higher rent per acre than the richest upland. Three thousand fowl in a season, and sometimes more, even at the prices then paid for them, left a very considerable profit after the wages of the decoy-man and all expenses for necessary repairs were paid. If I remember right, the particular decoy which I have in view was let for a period at £100 a year rental. Things are very different now. Decoys have fallen into disuse, because they can no longer be made to pay, and also because the wildfowl from abroad no longer come over with sufficient regularity or in sufficient quantities to give any interest to this kind of sport. Wildfowl, whether home-bred or foreigners, are not now killed on our eastern coast wholesale in netted pipes, but, like other winged game, they fall to the sportsman's gun. The causes which have conduced to bring about the discontinuance of duck decoying are various. The main cause undoubtedly is that duck decoying does not pay, and in stating this it must not be forgotten that every decoy, from the quiet it imposes all round it, is a very great interference with all other sport. One chief reason why the wildfowl do not visit our coast as they used is that they do not find here the quiet which they once enjoyed. The rivers with which these decoys are more or less connected are all navigable, and of late years there has been an enormous increase in the number of wherries, yachts, and steam-launches passing up and down. The constant flapping of the wherry sails, the puffing of the steam-launches, and the shrieks of the railway whistle (which are frequently within hearing) are not any of them very reassuring to our would-be visitors. Let anyone compare the condition of our marshes now with what it was fifty years ago,





DUCK DECOY.



and he will soon see why wildfowl from abroad are not now attracted to them as once they were.

The scarcity of foreign fowl, however, is not altogether due to our want of hospitality. Before these wild birds take their long journey across the North Sea to come to us, they congregate in thousands on the coast of Denmark and Holland, and on the many islands that lie around. I have heard it reported by those who are well acquainted with the island of Heligoland, that that small dependence of the British Crown—which has just been ceded to Germany—is, at certain seasons, literally swarming with fowl of different sorts.

It is a fact—to which even our local markets testify—that our supplies of wildfowl are now imported dead from abroad. Our continental neighbours have found out their value as articles of trade. They, consequently, intercept and kill all they can, and send their dead birds here for sale. They, therefore, are now making the gain out of wildfowl which our people once enjoyed. And in this small matter, as in others of greater moment, they show how alive they are to their own interests—how ready to avail themselves of any opportunity of bartering produce of any kind for English gold.

HENRY V. DUNSTER.

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## Fortuitus Cespes.

BY THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS LAWLEY.

IT will be poor consolation to tell those who originally fancied Memoir for the Doncaster St. Leger, but were afraid to back her because for eight or nine days she never had a gallop, that they do not know the history of the noble sport to which their lives are mainly devoted. There is never a great race in which one or more starters are not over-trained; there is never a year which does not see races won by what are called half-trained animals—that is to say, animals which have not been able to take as many gallops as would have been inflicted upon them had not Nature interposed, and procured for them a temporary rest, to which in some cases they were doubtless indebted for their subsequent victories. Long, indeed, is the list of winners included in this last category who, within the memory of men who are still alive, have baffled expectations and set the seal upon their fame. Take, for instance, the case of Lord Berners' Phosphorus, who won the Derby in 1837 without having left his stable for eight days before the race.

Fifty years since, or thereabouts, there was no railway to Epsom; and the favourites for the great event arrived at Banstead Downs, or at Leatherhead, or Mickleham, or some other place in the neighbourhood, many weeks before the Epsom Summer Meeting came round. It may be paren-

thetically remarked that a diligent and well-qualified delver in the mines of the forgotten past might still succeed in picking up a great deal of interesting information about the history of former Derbies were he to pass a few days at the Swan Hotel, Leatherhead, or at The Running Horses, Mickleham (above which hangs a sign, portraying the dead-heat between Cadland and The Colonel in 1828), or The Shoulder of Mutton, Ashstead, or The Cock at Sutton. It was at The Swan, Leatherhead, that John Scott always stayed while giving the final touch to his Derby and Oaks favourites, which galloped on the adjoining downs; and it was from The Swan that Bill Scott set out on the evening of the day which saw Running Rein come in first for the Derby of 1844—the most memorable race of the nineteenth century. In that race the leg of Mr. Lichtwald's Leander, a four-year-old, was broken by the horse's fellow culprit, Running Rein, and it was Bill Scott's design to dig up Leander, who was shot immediately after the Derby, and buried at Tattenham Co. ner. Accompanied by Markwell and others, the great Whitewall jockey sallied forth after dark, and disinterred the buried horse, but found, to his disappointment, that the jaws had been sawn off. Again, it was at Mickleham that Tiny Edwards' horses, including Cedric, Middleton, Mameluke, Bay Middleton, and Cobweb, were always stabled; whilst The Cock at Sutton is identified with the fortunes of many great horses.

Reverting, however, to Phosphorus! One story ran that he twisted his ankle in a rut upon Banstead Downs about a week before the Derby, and was unable to leave his box until saddled for the great race. The true version is, however, that the horse suffered greatly from navicular disease, and that when the flag fell, George Edwards felt his mount scrambling under him on the hard ground, and drove his spurs vigorously home. The poor beast was frightened by the pain of the spurs into forgetting his navicular troubles, and, being a good horse when sound, he soon had all his field settled except Lord Suffield's Caravan, between whom and Phosphorus the struggle was long and desperate, ending in a clever victory for the latter, who was ridden with great energy and skill by as fine a horse-man as ever got into the saddle. The race was witnessed, among other living men, by Mr. Joseph Osborne, who rode down to Phosphorus's Derby in company with Admiral (then Captain) Rous. Not long afterwards, Mr. Bowes' Meteor won the Two Thousand in 1842, without having really galloped for many weeks before the race. Meteor inherited the unsoundness of Velocipede, his sire, and was lifted home by Bill Scott as if each stride would be his last. Thirdly, we come to an illustrious horse—King Tom—who showed clearly in Andover's Derby (in which he finished a good second) what wonders a great animal can accomplish even when grievously short of

work. Twelve or fourteen days before the Derby of 1854, King Tom, who was trained at Russley by King, came into violent collision with another horse—at least so the story ran—while galloping on the downs. Baron Mayer de Rothschild was very fond of his horse, whom he had backed for a large sum, and whom he refused to scratch, being determined that he should go to the post, even on three legs. In the betting he went to the extremest odds, and the magnificent rush made by Charlton on his back, when he and Andover singled themselves out at the distance, carried terror, for a moment or two, into the heart of Andover's rider, Alfred Day, and also into those of some of the foremost bookmakers of that time.

Fourthly, the famous instance of Mr. Chaplin's Hermit will be fresh in the memory of many who read these words. His story is well known. Not long before the Derby of 1867, upon which depended perhaps the largest sums ever hazarded upon that speculation-provoking race, Hermit broke a bloodvessel in his head. About the same time, The Rake, who would probably have won, broke a bloodvessel on the lungs. Both started, and while The Rake was nowhere, Hermit won. It is not generally known, however, that, but for Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Chaplin would have scratched Hermit for the Derby, and that no one in, or connected with, Bloss's stable expected the horse to be in the first ten. The general opinion was, and is, that, but for his compulsory rest, Hermit would have won no Derby either in 1867 or any other year.

It would be waste of time to dwell upon many other similar cases, such as those of Iroquois and Merry Hampton, both of whom were stopped in their preparation for the St. Leger, which the first won in 1881, and for which the latter was a good second in 1887. Going back to 1834, it will be remembered that Touchstone was only moved from Liverpool (where he was beaten for the Liverpool St. Leger) to Whitewall during the second week of July, and that the Doncaster St. Leger was run on September 16th. The horse was trained for this race, in John Scott's words, "on Peruvian bark and calomel," and was naturally beaten in his trial by Lady le Gros, whom Bill Scott elected to ride at Doncaster. If there be truth in the old military saw, that "he is the best general who commits the fewest blunders," it is equally true when applied to owners of racehorses. During the winter of 1848-49, Lord Eglinton thought Elthiron better than The Flying Dutchman; during the winter of 1850-51 Sir Joseph Hawley expected that The Ban would prove superior as a three-year-old to Teddington and Aphrodite. Fortunately for these distinguished pillars of the Turf, each was cured of his illusions when their respective trials disclosed that the Flying Dutchman and Teddington were something greatly out of the common way.

One other example of the errors committed by the most

sagacious and far-seeing men will, perhaps, serve to console the backers who left Memoir out of their calculation when the flag fell at Doncaster on the 10th of last month. In 1843 the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, founded in 1840, was one of the heaviest betting races in England, and one at which Lord George Bentinck always aimed. It was his ambition to win it in 1843 with African, whom he backed for a very large sum, and who started first favourite at 3 to 1. On the day before the race Lord George's confederate, the late Duke of Richmond, resolved that he would start his four-year-old filly, Balena, for the Stewards' Cup, although she had been tried as being slightly inferior to African at the weights. They were, however, so near together that Balena was thought to be dangerous, and Lord George was obliged to back her, partly to cover his outlay on African, and also to make her a good winner. At the last moment it unfortunately occurred to him that he had backed The Whaler, a three-year-old belonging to the Duke of Richmond, heavily for the Goodwood Stakes, and that Kitchener, who then weighed less than 3 st., was to ride him. Thinking that it would give the little boy confidence if before the Goodwood Stakes he had a mount in another big field, Lord George desired John Kent to send for Yorkshire Lady, and to start her with Kitchener on her back. Yorkshire Lady was a four-year-old handicapped at 6 st. 4 lb. in the Stewards' Cup, but having been amiss she was totally untrained. A boy was immediately dispatched on John Kent's hack to the stables at Goodwood, and he galloped back to the course on Yorkshire Lady as hard as she could lay legs to the ground. With her ordinary shoes on her feet, and blowing like a grampus, as she had been fed and watered, she was just in time to get to the starting-post, with Kitchener up, before the flag fell. There were several false starts, during which Yorkshire Lady regained her wind, and, to the horror of Lord George, the end of the race resolved itself into a struggle between Yorkshire Lady and Balena, the former winning by half a length. In the race African met with two or three disappointments; but the lesson taught by Yorkshire Lady's unexpected victory was never forgotten by Lord George, and to this hour is frequently referred to by John Kent as a signal instance of the glorious uncertainty of the Turf. It was the first race that Kitchener ever won.

As regards Memoir, her sensational victory in the Doncaster St. Leger admits of easy explanation. It will be remembered that her dam, Quiver, was so irritable and so difficult to train when under the charge of Joseph Dawson, that her owner, General Peel, was obliged to relegate her at an early age to the stud, in the hope, as he expressed it to his son, Mr. Archibald Peel, that "she would forget all about racing." Quiver inherited from her sire, Toxophilite, the quick and nervous temper which he, in his turn, derived from his dam, Legerdemain, by Pantaloon. The first seven foals dropped by Quiver

were almost worthless for racing purposes, but her eighth foal, who, being by St. Simon, was named Memoir, would probably have won the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger had she been engaged in all three races. Like her flying predecessor, Queen of Trumps, the Duke of Portland's mare trained herself, as the phrase runs, in her own loose box. It will not be forgotten that Quiver's ninth foal was this year knocked down, at the Hampton Court Sale, for the largest sum ever given for a yearling in this country.

For weeks before the Two Thousand of 1842, "The Druid" tells us that the boy in charge of Meteor, at John Scott's, used to hunt the horse round the box, in order to wake him up, and give him such exercise as would suffice to make him less unsound before he was asked to canter upon Langton Wold. Just the reverse kind of treatment was necessary in Memoir's case. So susceptible is she to noise, and so excitable in her temperament, that the strictest orders were given to keep everything in her neighbourhood quiet between stable hours. As her preparation advanced her irritability increased *pari passu*, and it is by no means impossible that, in consequence of the stoppage in her work, she was a better animal on the St. Leger Day than when she won the Oaks and the Newmarket Stakes, and had the One Thousand at her command. Her St. Leger victory was accomplished with the greatest possible ease, and the two lengths by which she won might, in the opinion of her jockey, have been doubled or trebled. The lesson taught by the Memoir episode is irrespective of time, as it was known to Robert Robson, "the Emperor of trainers," and to Thomas Dawson, one of the finest judges of racing and of trying horses that the present century has seen. And the lesson is, that with animals of a nervous and fretful disposition, and especially with mares, very little work is sometimes needed to make them cherry ripe. It is not generally known that for the last four or five days preceding the accomplishment by Virago of her unparalleled feat she did hardly any work. On the Sunday before she won the City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan Handicaps on the same day, her trainer, John B. Day, passed twenty-four hours in bathing her hock with hot water, to repress a curb which she had suddenly sprung. Mr. Padwick's commission—a very heavy one—had been fully executed before the curb appeared, and it was of the utmost importance to him to land a big sum of money at that moment. Few of those who saw Virago win the Metropolitan Handicap—her second race—in such style as to make it clear that she would have beaten Mr. Greville's Muscovite, aged five years, at even weights, would have presumed to call her half-trained.

The second lesson—it is less pleasant to emphasise it than its predecessor—taught by the Doncaster Autumn Meeting of 1890 is that the "storm of hooting and hissing" with which the victory, or rather the in-and-out running, of a horse or mare, is occasionally received, reflects discredit, as a general

rule, only upon the thoughtless and ignorant mobs which indulge in it, and are capable, in their blind fury, of the most desperate and criminal acts. It is satisfactory, in the interest of the Turf, to remember that some of its most princely patrons have, as Lord Penrhyn was at Doncaster on the day following the St. Leger, been undeservedly outraged by the scum of the racecourse. The most celebrated of these outbursts was that in which Sir Charles Bunbury—then a steward of the Jockey Club—took part at Newmarket, on the occasion of the victory gained by the Prince of Wales's Escape, in a Subscription Sweepstake for four, five, and six year old horses, over the Beacon Course, which was run on October 21st, 1791. Everybody knows that H.R.H.'s b.h. Escape, by Highflyer, aged six years, ran on two successive days at Newmarket, and that he was easily beaten in the first race, while he easily won the second. The first race, run on October 20th, 1791, was "Ditch In," a distance of two miles one hundred and five yards. For this four horses started, with the following result :—

Mr. Dawson's Coriander, 5 years	..	...	...	1
Lord Grosvenor's Skylark, 5 years	...	...	...	2
Lord Clermont's Pipator, 5 years	...	...	...	3
The Prince of Wales's Escape, 6 years...	...	...	...	4

The betting was 2 to 1 against Escape, 4 to 1 Coriander, and 5 to 1 Skylark.

Previous to the race, the Prince told Sam Chifney to make strong running with Escape. This Chifney thought imprudent, as he believed Escape to be short of work, and said so to Mr. Warwick Lake, one of the managers of the Prince's stable. Mr. Lake, acquiescing in Chifney's opinion, reversed the Prince's orders, and promised Chifney that he would hold him harmless with his Royal master. The race came off, and immediately afterwards Chifney told the Prince that Escape would be all the better for his gallop, and advised him to back the horse if he started him next day.

On the 21st of October occurred the second race, which is imprinted so deeply upon the history of the British Turf. It was over the Beacon Course — four miles one furlong and one hundred and forty-three yards, or more than double the length of the previous day's race. The starters were as follows :—

The Prince of Wales's Escape	...	...	...	1
Lord Barrymore's Chanticleer	...	...	...	2
Lord Grosvenor's Skylark	...	...	...	3
Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed	...	...	...	4
Lord Clermont's Harpator	...	...	...	5
Mr. Barton's Alderman	...	...	...	6

The betting was 7 to 4 against Chanticleer, 11 to 5 against Skylark, 5 to 1 against Escape, and 6 to 1 against Grey Diomed. Scarcely had the winner passed the judge's chair before the storm burst. Riding up to H.R.H., Sir Charles Bunbury, with fury in his face, told him that if he continued to put up Chifney

no gentleman would run against him. In the investigation that followed it was proved conclusively (as anyone may ascertain by consulting "Huish's Memoirs of George IV.") that in the first race the Prince backed his horse for £200, and that he had only £60 on him for the second. In his "Genius Genuine," Sam Chifney published his certified affidavit that he did everything in his power to win both races. The Prince believed him, and refused to discard his favourite jockey. Sir Charles Bunbury and his friends sulked, and the result was that, while continuing to patronise country races, the Prince "boycotted" Newmarket for thirty years. In 1805 the Jockey Club repented of the fit of temper which Sir Charles Bunbury got them to display in 1791, and addressed a letter to H.R.H., "deeply regretting his absence from Newmarket, and earnestly entreating that the Escape affair may be buried in oblivion." Many years were yet to elapse before the Royal colours were again seen at Newmarket; and the only conclusion at which dispassionate readers of the evidence can now arrive, is that Sir Charles and his friends made fools of themselves by exhibiting irrational suspicion.

There have been many similar manifestations of public wrath during the present century, but upon only two of these have we space to dwell. By far the most significant was that which occurred at Doncaster in 1854, when Lord Derby's Acrobat won the Doncaster Stakes easily, beating Lord Zetland's Ivan, who was second to Mr. J. B. Morris's Knight of St. George for the St. Leger, in which Acrobat was beaten many lengths. In the St. Leger betting, Boiardo, ridden by Alfred Day, was made a great favourite, but finished nowhere, which was also the fate of Lord Derby's other starters, Dervish and Acrobat. When the last-named horse won the Doncaster stakes on Friday, the uproar of the mob was tremendous. Sim Templeman, who had ridden Acrobat in both races, was almost torn from his horse when returning to scale, and was frightened out of his wits. Fortunately the police rallied round him and saved his life. Poor John Scott, who had watched the race from the rails overhanging the course, was caught by a lot of Barnsley and Sheffield roughs as he was returning to the weighing room. From the Stewards' stand, Lord Derby looked down helplessly upon the *mêlée* which had sprung up so suddenly, and in another minute John Scott would probably have lost his life or been grievously maimed. There was, however, a very effective protector close at hand, and never was there a grander sight seen than the determined rush made by Harry Broome, the prize-fighter, to John Scott's assistance. It resembled the impetuous onslaught in Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Ivanhoe" of the Black Knight upon the three assailants who fell simultaneously upon Sir Walter's hero in the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch,

two of whom the Black Knight laid low with a couple of blows from his battle-axe. In half-a-dozen seconds Harry Broome knocked down as many men, and cleared a space for John Scott, in front of whom he stood, glaring at the dastards who were "crowding" an old and feeble man. Other friends of the famous trainer rushed in to the rescue, and his life was preserved. Never, however, was the ascendancy of a single powerful and courageous champion over a cowardly mob more marked than in Harry Broome's case, and we regret to add that no public subscription was raised, as it undoubtedly ought to have been, to give him a fitting reward.

Reviewing the Acrobat imbroglio nearly forty years after its occurrence, we do not hesitate to affirm that its ultimate effect was to drive Lord Derby off the Turf. Whenever the name of Acrobat was mentioned in his presence, his face darkened and fell, for whatever guilt there may have been in connection with the running of Boiardo and Acrobat—and we firmly believe there was none—it was notorious that their noble owner backed the former for a thousand pounds for the St. Leger, and had not a shilling upon the latter for either race. Much swifter and more drastic was the operation of the unseemly ebullition of public indignation of which Sir Joseph Hawley was the object when, in 1869, he scratched Vagabond for the City and Suburban, and started him next day for the Metropolitan Handicap, in which the horse was beaten out of place. After the race a lot of roughs surrounded Vagabond and his jockey, and hooted them and the cherry jacket to their hearts' content. It transpired afterwards that a tout, who was chief agent in the De Goncourt frauds in 1869, had backed Vagabond for the City and Suburban—a race for which the horse had no chance. Furious at losing his money without having a run for it, this baffled tout made it so hot for Sir Joseph that the lucky Baronet—a proud, reserved, and shy man—sold all his horses, with as little delay as the circumstances of the case admitted, and retired into private life.

Into the details of the race lost by Noble Chieftain on the St. Leger Day, and those of the race won by him next day, it is unnecessary for us to enter, beyond saying that Lord Penrhyn's horse is a miserable miler, but very smart indeed at five or six furlongs. It was not to be expected that disappointed backers, as ignorant as they are suspicious, should take into consideration such matters as that different horses have different courses, and that, in Admiral Rous's words, "men are always far more ready, when they lose their money, to impute fraud to others than to write themselves down as fools." With one final reflection we dismiss all further allusion to a most unpleasant incident, which will not, we trust, have the effect of driving Lord Penrhyn off the Turf. Is it not wiser, in the present condition of the betting market, for rich men to run their horses for stakes alone?



## What's the Price?

AH! how few of us, nowadays, muster up courage to ask this momentous question. Yet it must sometimes be put, in the forlorn hope that a horse which takes your eye may, in his owner's opinion, be only worth what you are pleased to think is a fair price. How often the answer given stalls you off, especially if the animal has been exhibited in a show-yard! How rarely, nowadays, can you get to close quarters with the seller, if a prize ribbon once has adorned his horse's brow. Why, only last week, at a country show, I had my breath taken away by being asked £150 for a two-year-old cob that had just received a second prize; I knew that his conqueror had, not long before, been purchased from a friend of mine for £30. I tried to look as serious as the owner did, but the effort failed. Two years more to keep him, and a century and half to the bad by way of a start, to say nothing of the risks of breaking and handling! "Isn't he worth more, sir?" was all the change I could get from the proud owner.

Must we not all confess that "horseflesh is riz," as the Yankees would say; and that to buy beauty, rank, and fashion, in horses, requires nowadays not only a long purse, but also pluck and decision? Wonderful as it may seem, the fact stares us in the face that when we leave an animal about which we have a fancy, and are stalled off by the price, no sooner have we turned our backs than someone else steps in, and buys it above our mark. It is well, perhaps, that it should be so, because it is of good omen for the prosperity of the market; and, above all, it ensures improvement both in the number of horses bred and in their quality when brought to market.

Probably the healthiest sign of the times, as applied to the present high prices of horses, is that a greater number than ever change hands under the hammer. At Knightsbridge, Aldridge's, and the Barbican (in London), hundreds weekly find purchasers, as well as at Leicester, Rugby, York, Reading, Birmingham, Liverpool, Norwich, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Shrewsbury, and other places in the provinces, so that it is not so needful, as in old days, to ask, "What's his price?" All you have now to do is to stay the course, *i.e.*, bid on till you get him, or go without him. There are some men (I know several) whose timidity in buying is so great that they will attend sale after sale, and come back defeated. "Could not buy one"—"Bid for two or three, but all those I fancied went beyond my price." Poor fellows! They cannot march with the times. They fail to see that where one man wanted a horse of a certain character a few years back, twenty are now on his track; and of course the price goes up, in response to the

increased demand. Happy omen this for breeders ! Good for us all who love horses ; although it may, now and again, make the poor sportsman groan when he finds himself left behind in the bidding, and knows that his purse will not compete with that swell young broker or cotton lord, who really knows as little about a horse, and how to ride him, as the boy by your side. The Cockney determines to try, however, and, as often as not, really succeeds in the end.

Take the present prices of thoroughbreds. Everyone will admit the immense jump up in value that has taken place during the last two or three years. Messrs. Tattersall's sale books alone must have doubled. I reckon that this season at least fifty yearlings have been sold at auction for 1,000 gs. and upwards. One has reached 5,500 gs., another 4,000 gs., and 3,000 gs. are becoming as plentiful as blackberries. This, no doubt, in a great measure arises from the increased value of the stakes to be run for ; still, I venture to think that, above all, it is due to the big purses that are opened, and the high-handed competition that is aroused in many quarters to possess the best that money can buy. Here the seller also has taken up the gauntlet. Better and better is the quality ; aye, and more and more is the quantity that he brings into the market, to feed the insatiate maw of the sporting merchant princes of to-day. Men of every nationality, creed, and business are now found nodding their thousands for horseflesh—for yearlings with every risk and trouble to face, with enormous liabilities in stakes to encounter, to say nothing of trainers' bills, with desperately severe trials of muscle and sinew to withstand, before they can appear on a racecourse, to grace or disgrace their proud owners' silk jackets.

How things have altered during the last fifty years ! What a sensation it was for the sporting papers when Mr. Orde refused £4,000 for Beeswing, after winning the Chester Cup !—one of the best mares of the century, and the dam of Newminster. Then Emilius alone stood at the stud at 50 gs., Touchstone was at 40 gs., and Melbourne at 10 gs ! Now it is easier to fill a fashionable stallion at 200 or 250 gs. than to win one Derby !

Is it healthy ? And will it last ?

Answer this for yourselves, dear readers, each in his own way ; but to " Borderer's " notion the rise in the price of horses is permanent, subject, of course, to the fluctuation which bad times, wars, and such like horrible catastrophes may bring upon us. There is so much more invested capital in racecourses and racing than of old, and the national competition thus engendered must keep up the value of stakes, and with it must be maintained its aristocratic elements, while following in its train must as surely be the patronage of the merchant princes, who thus gain a rise in the social scale. It is a levelling up

process which makes racing the most aristocratic, and yet the most radical, sport in the world.

When we descend from the racehorse to the hunter, I do not think that the rise in price has been so great. A hunter very seldom now touches £500, though more of them reach £300 than of yore. The demand for high class hunters extends over a wider area; but not in the same ratio as we have applied to racehorses. Probably, fifty men require good hunters, in the best sense of the word, where one sought after them half a century ago. And, somehow or other, thanks to the Emerald Isle, the supply keeps fairly pace with the demand. I say, "thanks to Ireland," for recently I have personally prospected sufficiently in the South of Ireland to know that hunter breeding there is a reality, of which our friend Paddy has learnt to appreciate the value. It is a fact that, within a radius of about ten miles of the celebrated Cahirmee, there stand forty thoroughbred sires at the command of the public at low fees; and you need not be surprised to know that, despite the country being scoured for weeks beforehand by dealers, upwards of 6,000 horses passed into that big field at Cahirmee on the fair day on July 14th last; and, as a consequence, several hundred thousand pounds passed into Paddy's pocket, in exchange for a most marketable commodity.

Hunter breeding is once more, I rejoice to say, taking root in England, Wales and Scotland. All thanks to the Royal Commissioners who have had the matter of its encouragement in hand, and little thanks to the Government with such a nice surplus in hand, when they refused a trifle of additional help at the moment most opportune for its being granted. Let us try to be forgiving. A horse's worth is hardly the care of our Government, until they find themselves in a strait for war horses, and then they buy furiously, without judgment or compunction.

Hunters go in all forms; and it is not always the high priced ones, or those that have passed the vets, that see the end of the best runs. It is to the riders that very often the credit is due; and many a screw have I seen that habitually cleared out the 300 guineas lordling, the pride of a big stable. "Nimrod," fifty years ago, was an adept at horse dealing; and being a good horseman, the men of the Shires with big purses were glad to pay for his schooling and hands, in the same way that they pay now about half a dozen men I could name, whose prowess over Leicestershire on young'uns is a picture of elegant horsemanship. Nimrod tells many stories of his deals; and the following are *à propos* to our subject. He had bought an extraordinary horse from a farmer named Darke, near Worcester, and this horse he had christened "Turnpike," because he had, for a wager, jumped a turnpike gate with Mr. Darke before he bought him. He thus tells the story of him:—"The purchase of him was a triumph of my judgment of a hunter over that

of a veterinary surgeon, whose judgment in horses was also much looked up to in the neighbourhood. He had fired this horse for the largest ringbone on his near foreleg that I had ever seen on any horse, and had given it as his decided opinion that he never could stand sound under strong work, and consequently valued him at £15. Notwithstanding this, I gave £80 for him, and I should like half-a-dozen such at the price to-morrow. I sold him to Mr. Mytton for 150 gs., and I have his letter now in my possession, in which he says : ' Turnpike is the *only* hunter I ever possessed,' with three strong dashes of the pen under 'only.' He was certainly a most complete hunter, and I did with him what I never did before, and, am quite sure, never shall do again. I rode him over a gate near High-on-Wood, in Staffordshire, with Mytton's hounds, taking his footing from a high bridge over a wide ditch, in the centre of which was a large hole, but he was too cunning to step into it."

Nimrod gives an account of twenty-three hunters that he sold for 5,012 guineas, and their purchase price was 2,207 guineas. Thus he made a profit of 2,807 guineas, from which he deduces the fact that "it is possible to enjoy the pleasure of hunting at no very great expense."

Another good story of Nimrod's I cannot resist rechauffeing, because it has its moral in our hunting-field deals of to-day.

Nimrod was one day riding a hunter he called "Baronet," a very good looking horse barring one point, his fetlocks. A certain general feasted his eyes on him, and exclaimed, "That horse would suit me; what price shall I give you for him?" "Two hundred and sixty guineas," was the reply. No objection was made to price, but, on a signal being given, a friend of the general's called out, "This is the best way," popped over a fence into a field, Nimrod following. Another fence, and another was hopped over, much to the general's satisfaction, finishing up by a slapping gate being jumped, and landing well into a lane.

"He is mine," exclaimed the general. "And now comes" (to use Nimrod's own words) "the only bad part of the story. 'I'll gallop back to Bicester and get another horse, and I can be there before watering time,' said I, but I was overruled. 'You shall ride the horse to-day,' said the general; and who can disobey a general? Here, however, for once I was prudent. 'I'll not ride this horse to-day,' I said to a friend as we were finding our fox. 'I have done a good day's work, and I had better not undo it.' For once I was prudent; it is but a negative virtue, and it cost me £100. After a splitting run of half-an-hour, 'Where's A——?' said one. 'Where the devil was A——?' said another. Why, the fact was that I was playing the general, and wishing to avoid thorns, overreaches, or strains, had been coming quietly along with the second horsemen and the slow and sure division. The general came

up to me and said he had a favour to request. It was to let him off the bargain for Baronet, as, on reflection, it was more money than he wished to give for a horse. I made the following note in my book of experience: 'If ever' said I to the inner man, 'I ride a horse again with hounds after I have sold him, but before he is gone from my stable, may he give me a worse roll than ever Hercules gave Antæus, and also as precious a squeeze.'"

Selling horses by auction occasionally has its risks, as I know to my cost in years gone by, for I once had the ill-luck to send up a very nice entire horse in Colonel Ryan, by Buccaneer out of Ambassadors, by Plenipotentiary, that came out of old Mr. Formosa Graham's stable. He was only six years old, and of such exceptional blood and quality that I did not doubt but that he would sell fairly well. I was prevented going up to London myself at the last moment, and did not put a reserve on him. Fancy, dear readers of BAILY, my dismay when I was informed, on the following Tuesday, that he had realised exactly six guineas! He went into Dorsetshire, and there sired many good hunters, dying at a ripe old age, full of honour, except in the opinion of your humble scribe. On the other hand, I once sent up a horse, with others belonging to a friend, that was an incorrigibly bad one, nearly always lame, and obliged to be turned out. I did not put the slightest reserve on him, and should have considered him well sold at 25 guineas; he made, to my astonishment, 70 guineas!

Lord William Lennox tells a very good story about "a gift horse," which is too long for repetition in this article, but it fairly carries out the old and good adage, "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth." I never knew a case of one doing anyone any good. My nearest experience to a gift horse, however, turned out the reverse of a bad bargain. I gave a small rick of hay for the dam of Rêve d'Or, her then owner, a farmer, having taken her over as a bad debt for corn supplied, and being so sick of her that he at last persuaded me to try my hand with her. She did not, however, turn out trumps until after I sold her to the Duke of Beaufort. Being a very shy breeder, she brought me one dead colt, and had had two of the same kidney before I had her. It was her West Australian blood (her dam Couleur de Rose was by West Australian) that induced me to part with a rick of hay in exchange for a very thin and mean-looking animal, although she afterwards filled out into a good-looking mare. It was a dreadful mistake that we made when we parted with Musket to the Australians; his blood would be invaluable now, if we had more of it.

When we come to hackneys, and consider the price that they now fetch in the markets as compared with old days, the change is most marked. Everything now depends upon their being entered in the "Hackney Stud Book," which is kept up as

religiously as "The Stud Book"—and certain blood is sought and paid highly for, as if it were Hermit or Isonomy strains. I have recently paid some attention to hackney blood; and can hardly wonder at the way in which prices have gone up for it, considering to what perfection it is being brought. Hackneys lost a good friend when poor old Grout, of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, died, for he had devoted his life to their perfection, as witness such horses as Fashion and Reality, besides a host of others. Anyone ignorant of the value of high-stepping hackneys has only to post himself on the Thames Embankment any day in the summer from 10 to 11 a.m., and watch the rivalry in style and action in which the city men (stockbrokers especially) indulge with their neat turns out, trotters, and tigers; most of them pull up near Blackfriars Bridge, and jump into hansom cabs, their tigers racing back against one another in envious style. Of course hundreds of others find their way into the Park, both in harness and under saddle, and the old Park hack is becoming a thing of the past.

The old Cleveland coaching blood also is having a wonderful revival, thanks to some enterprising breeders in the Pickering district, and still farther north. No one who admires a good pair of bay London carriage horses, fit for any ducal equipage, would have failed to be struck with the style and fashion of the Clevelands at the Yorkshire show at Harrogate, last month. They certainly, in some instances, compared favourably with the thoroughbreds for level contour; good legs and action, without a speck of white about them. For these there will always be a good market abroad, should the fashion of an English aristocracy for big carriage horses ever be on the wane.

Of Clydesdales, Suffolk Punches, and Shire Horses, the same story may be told, and it is really dangerous to repeat the question of my heading too often where they are concerned. To profess a knowledge in this direction, which I do not possess, is contrary to *bonos mores*.

How apt we are to brag over our victories in the purchase of cheap horses, and to gloss over our defeats with the dear ones. After all, I only console myself with the idea that the one balances the other. How nervous we sometimes find ourselves when leading up to the momentous question, "What's his price?" There is always the curiosity to know whether the owner's estimate of the animal in the least degree accords with your own. It is always interesting to put your own price on mentally in the first instance, and then you have to go through the hardening or softening process of your heart, as the case may be, when the decisive question comes to be answered, "Shall he be yours at the price?" Of course, to such men as Baron Hirsch, Colonel North, and a few others, the question may

present itself in a different form. "Is he so good that I must prevent anyone else having him, cost me what it may?" is probably what passes in their mind, and having had the approving nod of their trainer or adviser on this crucial point, they bid their thousands with complacency, and thus the world wags merrily.

We are perfectly inundated with horse shows nowadays. There is not a week from March till October when there are not several of them, and yet the entries come in, the people patronise them, the owners support them, and the animals seem to enjoy them. They help to inflate prices, teach the public to know and appreciate form, help the schooling and manners of our young ones, and, above all, encourage horse-breeding to a vast extent. Some old-fashioned-people exclaim against the thing as being overdone. "Borderer" is not of this class. He believes in bringing home to the door of every one, in its purest and best form, that thing of beauty, an English horse. He may not become as dear to us as we are told the Arab horse is to his master, but he should become our friend and staple commodity. We are not obliged to ruin ourselves in betting on him, although if we must bet, he is about the most honest creature that we can find to bet upon, when used aright. What's his price? That question will be asked until the end of the world, in spite of railways, electricity, and all the other inventions for flying locomotion; and that it will continue to be answered in an ever-increasing ratio of tone and degree, by pastoral Englishmen, is the creed we preach, and one that your readers will always, I am sure, endorse. Never again shall kingly wit exclaim—

"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse."

BORDERER.

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## The Cricket Season of 1890.

I SHOULD fancy that the Gentlemen, and the Players also, must have put aside their bats without a sigh, as they have had a very full season. It is not often in the middle of September that matches of much interest, beyond the gate money exhibition matches, can be brought off; but for the fourth season running the good people of Hastings have been singularly fortunate with their Cricket Festival, as the first on September 11—13, between North and South of England, was played in splendid weather, and on a very good wicket, between two very strong elevens, which comprised many of the best amateurs and professionals in England, and resulted in a win by the South by nine runs only.

The second match was between the South of England and Australia on September 15, 16, 17. The latter eleven suffered much owing to the absence of Ferris, who was lame, and also by the partial crippling of Murdoch, Trott, and Lyons. However, the play was very good, and the visitors to Hastings had the opportunity of seeing the Doctor make one of his grand innings of 84 runs, for the South, and also some fine batting by Abel, W. W. Read, and Lohmann, who was in rare hitting form throughout in both matches of the Festival. The South were in nearly all the first day of the match, and their score was 262 runs. The Australians, who scored 138 in their first innings, followed in, and made 142, and the South got the requisite number, 19, with all wickets standing. Burn, Murdoch, Turner, and Trott were the largest scorers for Australia. Anyhow, it was a rare cricket holiday and admirably managed.

The Australians completed their season on the 20th, having won 13, drawn 9, and lost 16 matches. They have exactly realised the prophecy made of them when they finished their practice at Chiswick Park in May last, viz., that they were a party of cricketers who had thoroughly learnt the game, and who, without any particular form, were always likely to give a lot of trouble at any time; and so it came off. Of course they were beaten very hollow in some matches, especially by the Players of England at Lord's; and in many of their matches they had to meet the very *élite* of the English bowlers of England again and again. But they struggled on very pluckily. They had the worst luck in the draws, as if the drawn matches against Middlesex at Lord's, the North at Manchester, Derbyshire at Derby, Gloucestershire at Bristol, and Cambridge Past and Present at Leyton had been finished, they stood well to win, and the last match at Manchester was almost a certain win. At the same time the return with Surrey was almost a certain defeat for the Colonists, but for the draw; Cambridge University at Cambridge, and Oxford and Cambridge Past and Present at Portsmouth, were real good fights, and were draws in the most literal sense, as Australia would have had a stern chase for 196 runs if the Cambridge University match had been finished, and time allowed a second innings for them. Oxford and Cambridge Past and Present was also a grand fight as far as it went, as Australia having "declared" with five wickets down for 300 runs in the second innings, left their opponents 199 to win in two hours, and in this two hours they actually made 112 for two wickets down. Looking at the career of the Australians from start to finish, they tried too much, and were under-manned—as it is against all chances that thirteen cricketers will go through a long season without several being sick and sorry at intervals; but they have proved that they know how to fight an uphill game; and at times



most of them have made a stubborn defence, and also a determined attack, and shown brilliant form in some of their batting and bowling and at all points of the game. Some arrangements ought to be made in the future as regards inter-colonial visits ; but as regards money ventures, there is a large section of those connected with cricket in England, amateurs and professionals, who are quite as ready and willing to run " a money boom " as the Australians are said to be. So as regards the L. S. D., we may cry " quits." The Committeemen rejoice in the increase of the funds of their clubs by means of the Australian excitement ; and the professionals are very keen after the extra *honorarium* consequent upon Australian matches, and are ready enough to leave their county for the extra pay ; and it is no secret, that not only have the Australian incursions increased the exchequer of many clubs, especially that of Surrey, who have always had the lion's share of the matches, but, as Lord Bessborough remarks in his article on " Old Cricket and Cricketers," their visits have done much for our cricket ; as rivalry is always good. As companions on the cricket-field, our cousins have been boon companions and good fellows.

And now as regards cricket in general—where are we ? I think that most cricketers will say that the game is in a much more healthy state now than it was a few years ago. We were in much trouble about " throwing," " padding and legging," and " waste of time ; " and doubtless the strong expression of opinion about these evils, *plus* the five-ball overs, has tended to improve the game. As regards the game itself, if we look at modern bowling, wicket-keeping, and fielding in the best matches, little is to be desired beyond what we now have, and our amateur and professional batting is very brilliant. The bone of contention between the old school and the modern is, whether it is good or bad policy to leave the rear wholly unguarded behind wicket-keeper when a quick bowler is in. Every " fourer," bye, or " tip " which turns the ball out of wicket-keeper's reach and goes to the boundary for the same number of runs, is agony to old cricketers, who maintain that the " waste-pipe " is equal to a twelfth innings given away. When the Veterans played the " Boys " under forty, in the Jubilee year, Mr. I. D. Walker prided himself on the fact that the " Old 'uns " only gave three extras against a quick bowler, whereas their younger opponents had a long bill of extras.

And it is not only amongst the old stars of the counties which have occupied the front place on the cricket stage that this excellence is noticeable, but many of the other counties whose funds are very small compared with those of their chief rivals can boast of amateurs and professionals who are quite in the front rank. We still have to deplore the scarcity of amateur

bowling power, but trust that some efforts will be made to meet this defect. This defect is very patent amongst University and Public School elevens. Mr. Streatfeild, of Cambridge, has been quite a *Deus ex machina* this year, and proved very effective as a bowler, and amongst the rising cricketers Mr. McGregor has made a great mark as a wicket-keeper. So now we have nothing to do but to look forward in hope to the year 1891.

F. G.

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## Bicycling and Tricycling.

It is an open question whether mechanical improvements, or the participation of better trained and more capable men, have exercised the greater influence upon the progressive developments of speed with which the sport of bicycle-racing has come to be identified. In spite of the high standards previously attained, 1890 has been as fruitful of "records" and extraordinary feats as any year that preceded it; and it necessarily follows that the accomplishments of this season must exceed in merit anything that has gone before. A considerable part of the credit due to those who have this year upset path records is attributable to the improved conditions under which the feats have been accomplished. By the system of "banking" the corners—which is an indispensable feature in the construction of every track which aims at attracting racing men—the rate of travelling has been perceptibly accelerated. By "banking" is meant a gradual raising of the path, from the inner to the outer side, round corners or bends, so that the angle of inclination of the bicyclist, when taking those corners, may be fairly met by the surface, and at the same time the safety of the tricyclist be assured by the raising of his outside wheel, as he swings round the bend in the path. This banking has been increased little by little, until, in some instances, it mounts to as much as one in six: still, it has by no means reached its limits, and there is no doubt that in the future the gradient will be still further increased.

Not only are modern racing men favoured by the shape and banking of the paths on which they ride, but the old soft and yielding cinder-track, constructed for the use of pedestrians, has given place to a surface of greater smoothness and solidity. These causes have greatly conduced to speed in wheel races. Then, again, "pacemaking" has been extensively cultivated, and a rider who attempts to ride against time, besides adopting the ordinary precautions of selecting a fine and still evening for the task, and getting into his best condition, arranges for relays of fast men, who take it in turns to lead him along for

a lap or so at top speed. Pacemaking has both a moral and physical effect upon the speed of the runner-up; and it is generally accounted as indispensable to those who attempt to excel the fast times which now obtain. The moral assistance lies in the proximity of the pacemaker and the encouragement which his presence affords. But a material aid is also given, which, in the opinion of many, is of even greater value. This is in the shelter which the second man obtains by riding close behind and in the track of the other. At these high-speed rates the opposition of the atmosphere exercises a more prejudicial influence upon the progress of the rider than all other obstacles combined; and, could the air be made to keep pace with the rider, some phenomenal times might be expected. Efficient pacemaking has become a most important factor in the accomplishment of records. The value of example in conducing to speed must not be left out of consideration. The man who now makes his calculations with the knowledge that a mile may be covered in 2 min. 20 sec., or so, is sure to attain a higher standard than he who, training fifteen years ago, regarded 3 min. for this distance as the limit of human capability.

The advantages enjoyed by present-day riders in the superiority of the machines they use is also considerable, and in discussing the more recent developments of speed, we find these are partly attributable to the employment of a new type of bicycle—the rear-driving safety—and inflated tyres. In certain circumstances the small machine possesses advantages over the ordinary bicycle, and now that the idea has gained currency that it is faster than the latter, the majority of those who race have taken to it. The high gearing undoubtedly favours speed when the conditions are favourable, and the lower elevation of the rider renders the opposition of the wind less formidable. The principal item of interest in the wheel world during 1890 has been the inflated tyre, known as the pneumatic. This was brought out in Ireland last year, and has taken a prominent place over here during the present season. It consists of a rubber tube about two and a half inches in diameter, into which air is pumped under pressure. It is obvious that its place is on the road, where it is of great use in mitigating the effects of rough surfaces upon both machine and rider. On a hard smooth track its value is but slight. Yet, as the best means of advertising a novelty—whatever its character—is to place it in the hands of racing men, the true value of the pneumatic tyre has yet to be determined. It is not necessary or desirable here to enumerate the many improvements in speed rates. One of the most remarkable is the mile time of R. J. Mcreedy, who covered that distance in 2 min. 26 4-5 sec.; and his grand performance of 2 hr. 29 min. 55 1-5 sec. in the fifty miles safety-bicycle

championship is equally meritorious. Even this extraordinary mile time of Mecredy's has only retained the pride of place a few short weeks, as on September 9th W. C. Jones thoroughly eclipsed it by riding the mile in 2 min. 20 3-5 sec. This remarkable performance points to the possibility of the bicycle beating the trotting record at no distant date. The difference of about 12 sec. is not a great one, especially when the more favourable conditions under which the trotting record is made are taken into consideration. The mere fact of the horse having a flying start, whilst the bicyclist leaves the mark at the report of a pistol, which is also the signal for the starting of the watch, accounts for some 3 sec. difference in the times. Then again the smaller tracks used by the latter involve more bends and turns, and perceptibly diminish the speed. These records were accomplished at the racing track at Paddington on rear-driving safeties, fitted with pneumatic tyres. In road-racing, the principal performance of the year is the 24 hours' ride of M. A. Holbein, who covered no less than three hundred and thirty-six miles between two midnights.

The public attention recently attracted to the enormous advantages of non-vibrating appliances by the introduction of the pneumatic tyre has stimulated the energies of inventors. The desirability of intercepting vibration before it reaches the machine—or, more properly speaking, of preventing its being set up—by the use of tyres of ample elasticity, has been recognised generally, as it was many years ago by practical men. A second device of considerable merit has this year been in use. This consists of an inch and a quarter tyre, having a hollow centre nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Though it does not possess the same elasticity as the pneumatic, it has a great advantage over the solid tyre, and in price and lesser liability to injury it has also a superiority over the former. An appropriate name has been found for it in the "cushion" tyre, by which it is now generally known. It is made with the ends joined together and sealed, but the air within is only under the normal atmospheric pressure. Holbein, in the ride above mentioned, used a safety with these cushion tyres. Comparing them with the lightest tyres of the solid kind suitable for road work, the additional weight of cushion tyres is about 7 lbs., a drawback, however, that is more than counterbalanced by their increased ease in running. As they can be supplied at about half the cost of the pneumatic tyres—viz., about £2 15s. per pair for safety bicycles—and are not so liable to be injured, we expect to see them next year come into very general use.

A case which was tried at the Bristol Assizes on August 6th, has drawn attention again to the rights and liabilities of wheelmen in their use of the public roads. In descending a steep hill in Somersetshire, a bicyclist overtook some men walking in the road, with one of whom he collided, and the

pedestrian was so injured that he subsequently died. The defendant, who was riding a safety bicycle, does not appear to have been travelling at an excessive rate, whilst it was not disputed that he gave due notice of his approach by ringing a bell. The case is illustrative of one of those experiences with which every rider is familiar. People walking in the road will frequently take no notice of the warning given by a bicyclist overtaking them until he is but a short distance away. They will then, without looking round, suddenly make for the path or side of the road, perhaps crossing the only available space they have left for the rider, just as he comes up. It was so in the case in question, and the defendant was acquitted. Though pedestrians have free use of the road, it is surely incumbent upon them when there, and in the presence of vehicles, to act in a rational manner. Many accidents, too, might be avoided if pedestrians would observe the rule of the road at such times. It constitutes contributory negligence of the most flagrant kind for anyone to rush blindly across the path of an approaching vehicle. Bicyclists, when there is room for them to pass persons who may act in this senseless way, often abstain purposely from giving notice of their approach. In this event they are not unlikely to be upbraided for their forbearance, whilst in the other event, when their warning does not endanger or precipitate a collision, they are, as often as not, assailed with the impertinent interrogatory, "Do you want *all* the road?"

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### "Our Van."

THE wind blows keenly from the north-east, and  
**By Northern Seas.** the "white horses" of the German Ocean ride on  
a sea of violet and emerald. As the tide flows  
the wind rises to half a gale, and the rollers break on cliff and scaur  
with a defiant roar, pleasant to hear from a secure coign of vantage,  
and while the great waves rush into the cavernous recesses of the  
rocks to rebound from them in clouds of spray, grand to see, the  
incoming tide fills the harbour, and makes more picturesque the  
river beyond. Here, in contrast to the turbulence of the ocean, all  
is peace. Shut in by sheltering headlands, the river and the  
dwellers on its banks know nothing of the war of elements so near  
them. Home and haunt of lordly salmon, the river, rising in far  
away moorland, cuts its way through shale and sandstone, and  
babbles musically as it goes. A country of contrasts! The roar of  
the ocean on one side, the peace of exquisitely beautiful hill and  
dale on the other. The woods of a lordly castle fringe the sea  
shores on the west; on the east the iron-bound coast fights its  
everlasting battle with the ocean. A land of brave fisherfolk, whose  
harvest of the sea sometimes makes wives and mothers "most  
despairing"—a land in which the warm Yorkshire heart and the

outspoken Yorkshire mind are always in evidence. And over all the ruins of a stately abbey dominate land and seascape; and Past and Present blend in a certain harmony.

Is that term patented by *the* profession? and will a poor scribbler be prosecuted for using it? He is not exactly resting either. Lives there the man who in this rapid world ever entirely ceases from his labours, unless a sick bed chains him? And even then, perchance, the active brain frets against its prison. Resting! Yes, from the ravings and imbecilities of the silly season—from "beneficent murder"—the inability of many women to get married, the *pro* and *con* as to whether Brown, Jones, and Robinson should live in or out of London, and the pedigree of "Little Driver." From all this there was blessed resting indeed. But could we rest while Memoir was still in her box, and St. Serf "tiring in his gallops"? Could we rest when, within ten days of the Leger, we see Queen's Birthday quoted at 9 to 1, and thought, in bitterness of heart, of that 50 to 1 which we had missed by an hour or two? And, by the way, what a burst of enthusiasm there was on the Knavesmire when he was seen to be winning the Great Yorkshire so easily! A forecast, it may be, of "the Yorkshire roar" we shall have to refer to a page or two further on, when his colours are seen in the van coming round the bend. Should he win, the "roar" of Apology's year will be repeated. Resting! Yes; but what is the reason of the hostility to Blue Green, and how quiet Sainfoin is in the market, and how is it that Heaume has passed Surefoot in the betting? Is it French money that has done this? A restlessness mingles with our resting; a longing to be, like the historic bird, in two places at once; to be within sound of the great city, and, at the same time, hear the lapping of the water on the crag. Can we do both? Let us see.

Derby.

A sound of battle is in our ears. Familiar voices mingle with the roar of another war in progress at our feet. What do the wild waves say? Is it fancy, or does something—about "the field" and "bar one"—mingle with the crash on scour and nab? We know many of our friends are racing at Derby to-day, and, moreover, we distinctly see them. They are at this moment repairing to the luncheon room, with what appetite they may, to try and forget the untoward win of Father Ambrose in the Portland Plate, a big-weighted three-year-old, anything but fancied by his connections. And then, having swallowed that bitter pill, they have another administered to them, by the defeat of Bumptious in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, and the odds of 100 to 60 scattered to the winds. The wild waves certainly did not predict this, and how Bumptious came to be beaten—carrying as he did the belief of his stable that he had made great improvement since he was last seen—we cannot understand. Something we catch about his "hanging," but we prefer to believe that the weight he was called upon to give some smart ones was too much for him, good horse as he is. Gone Coon and Springtime had both a good reputation, and the latter was said to be not so very far behind Orrieto. We did not like to hear of Bumptious running on the slightest approach to shiftiness, and hope he won't do it again. It appears that he and Springtime were locked together

from before the distance, so it may be a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. What else did the waves tell us? Well, they told us that clever people with good memories should have recollected how well Wishing Gate ran in the Hunt Cup, and then perhaps they would have quietly taken 10 to 1 about her, and allowed Mortaigne and Carabinier to slide. And, by the way, many well-informed people have entertained an idea that the last-named horse was a good one in disguise. He never gave us that idea, and in the race just mentioned Richard Chaloner could do nothing with him. We have heard him hinted at—but not by the wild waves, who are, in a general way, too well-informed—as a likely winner of the Cesarewitch, but evidently, from a glance down the handicap, Major Egerton has not been made aware of the fact. But do not let us in this, one of the first of the Van's parcels, allow the Autumn Handicaps to get into our brain. Time enough when we have settled the great contest on the Town Moor, seen the acceptances, and gleaned, as best we may, the intentions of stables. To return to Derby. Perhaps one of the chief incidents of the racing was the way that Ponza held Morion in the Breeders' St. Leger. The Springfields have a very in and out way of running sometimes, no doubt, but looking at the way Ponza was disposed of by Queen's Birthday at York, Morion's slovenly win at Derby made the backers of Mr. Lascelles' horse naturally rather pleased with themselves. However, until we see that race confirmed by subsequent running, we shall believe that it was a false run one, and that Major Egerton's Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire estimate of Morion to be the correct one. Inverness showed himself very smart in the Devonshire Nursery, as he was going easier at the finish than at any other part of the race. Lord Randolph's son of Cymbal has evidently been doing well lately, and he looked the gentleman of the party in the paddock, we hear. Favourites did well in both Nurseries, for Euphony, carrying a very respectable weight, was backed at 9 to 4 for the Elvaston Handicap, and he won a very game race by a neck from Troubler, who did not run over kindly at the finish, though probably he is not a lazy horse. Mr. Coventry had a good deal of trouble at this meeting, and the starts were often tediously delayed. Horses were restive, and as far as we could make out, they were to blame, and not their jockeys. Repeated were the breaks away in the last important handicap of the day—the Hartington—and in this backers who had been going well previously, came to grief. Formidable, more leniently handicapped than she was at Goodwood, was in great demand. She had been very satisfactorily tried, too, since that meeting, so 5 to 2 was very freely taken about her chance, though many others were backed, and Bel Demonio, Miss Ethel, St. Symphorien, The Gloamin', Miser Davis, and Noble Chieftain were all good business. The favourite showed well in front at the distance, but could not resist The Gloamin's challenge, and Mr. Maple's horse had the race in hand a hundred yards from the chair. And so good-bye to Derby until November, when we promise to be there in the flesh, and not in the spirit, as the luncheon room shall testify.

"With all thy faults we love thee still," thou  
 pretty, evil-smelling, extortionate little town on  
 the banks of the Don. Thy faults are so in-  
 digenous, grafted into thy being, as it were, that perhaps we must

Doncaster.

not be too hard upon thee. Indeed, if it be true, as we have read somewhere, that merrie Sherwood once extended to Dona-ceaster, it may be that thy inhabitants are descended from those jovial robbers who once held sway under the greenwood tree—the robbers who took from the rich to give to the poor: a rule of life doubtless followed by their kinsfolk of to-day. So though thou dost "stick it on," though thy cookery has made us use profane words, and thy odours have roused our wrath, still, when we set our faces towards the Moor, and walk up the splendid avenue that leads to thy course, we forgive thee these, wicked old Danum—we do indeed. Moreover—but this is in strict confidence—we have found a way of doing without thy charges, thy cookery, and thy smells, and for the future only know thy course. It is a secret that we will not divulge, but feeling, in consequence, in charity with thee, we will shake off thy dust from our feet and part in peace.

Truly there is some wonderful attraction about Doncaster as a race meeting, such as no other place in the United Kingdom makes us feel. Chester has it in a slight degree, perhaps; it may be that York, too, shares it, as both are old world places as well as centres of sport. But no racecourse stirs us as does the famous Town Moor. Other courses have their traditions, but what are they in comparison with those that linger about that of Doncaster? The antiquity of the place (there were races on it, and a race stand before the year 1615) has something to do with it; the grand contests it has witnessed, much more. We can only record the fact, which perhaps many will own, that the Town Moor has about it an attraction—call it what we may—such as we feel nowhere else, and that we should especially feel it on this anniversary, with the prospect before us of a Leger more than usually exciting, goes without saying. We talk glibly of "open" races, often referring to some wretched five furlongs affair, to be contested by a dozen selling platers; but this year there was an open race at Doncaster in which racehorses were to figure. Not racehorses of a very high class, but the best we could boast, and so very "much of a muchness," to use a colloquialism, were the qualifications of the lot, that the unprecedented occurrence of 5 to 1 being offered on the field only a week before the race stamped this the one hundred and fourteenth St. Leger, with a history all its own. Long was it before we found a favourite, and when Memoir met with the mishap that seemed to place her *hors de combat*, there were half-a-dozen horses at about the same dead level of 6 to 1. Very wonderful was it, too, that a temporary favourite was found in Surefoot, for if ever a horse had shown himself to be a non-stayer, it was this son of Wisdom. We were bidden, however, by his stable to disregard his record, and to believe that staying was his forte. The training reports gave daily accounts of mile and a half, two miles, and two miles and a half gallops, and the amount of work his trainer was subjecting Surefoot to, so impressed the racing community, that, like sheep, we hastened to follow the leader and be on the good thing. Then came the French money for Heaume, at least it was said to be French money, though we suspect it was largely supplemented on this side the Channel; and while a week before the Leger something like a cry of shame went up from Albert Gate and the Victoria Club that



5 to 1 on the field was the shortest odds, by the time Doncaster was reached we had done away with our reproach before men, and Heaume became something more like a favourite at 7 to 2. The first day's sport was good, but nothing very remarkable, unless, indeed, it was the defeat of Orvieto in the Champagne, and that, as it confirmed an impression made on many people who saw him succumb to Révérend, when the former made his *début* at Manchester, was not perhaps quite unexpected. We had been admiring him in the paddock, where he looked a picture, therefore it was melancholy to see him decline to struggle when Haute Saone challenged him. Like other of the Bend Ors, he does not possess courage, for he had won his race, and it would not have cost him much effort to shake off Haute Saone. It was rather strange how Silver Spur was overlooked for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. The Stockton running of Lily of Lumley deceived us (not the first time that Stockton running has done that), and Silver Spur, who must be a better mare than we think, scored a very meritorious win. The Leger morning, though it dawned somewhat gloomily, turned into a lovely forenoon, and the expectations formed as to an exceptional attendance were fully borne out. Looking back through the years we have witnessed the aspect of the town and course on the morning of the race, we can safely say that we never remember such a sight as both afforded on the day. We have been accustomed for more years than we care to count to the long and endless procession from the station to the racecourse, that is in itself a sight, but all previous processions were surpassed by this one. The crowd was denser; its continuous stream flowed from an earlier to a later hour. The course, viewed from the summit of the Lincolnshire stand, was a more wonderful sight than any we had previously seen. The expression that it was possible to walk on the heads of the people did not look at all extravagant. The mass of human beings extended further down the course; the pressure near the winning post was much greater. Of course, the various subscription stands were packed, and to get a ticket for one of them for a stranger was difficult. Never had there been such a Leger day. In other respects there might have been something to desire, notably in the character of the field for the great race which had brought together this goodly company. It was not of a high-class, most assuredly, nor was the show in the paddock such as we have been accustomed to. One or two good-looking horses, notably Heaume and Surefoot, and perhaps we might add Right Away and Blue Green, the former, as he paced round, foreshadowing by the way in which he moved his breakdown in the race. If there was one horse that looked more unlikely to win than another, it was Memoir. She was rough in her coat, and had a fretful look that augured badly; and yet what a good mare she must be! For, granted that they were but a moderate lot that she beat, how did she beat them? We shall hear no more what was frequently dinned into our ears in the summer, that "where Memoir is, Blue Green is bound to be." He is a good honest horse, no doubt, but not "bound" to be anywhere particular. Surefoot looked much lighter than at Ascot, and, for him, behaved decently, but we did not much care for him in his preliminary canter, in which, by the way, Heaume, Sainfoin, and

St. Serf we thought took the prize. Alloway sweated a good deal, Queen's Birthday looked fit, and Gonsalvo was not looked at at all.

The race—what shall we say of the race? That it was an exciting one those who did not see it may be assured; that it was a curious race we think those who did see it will admit; and that it was a very eventful one few will deny. Derbies and Legers have had names attached to them before now. A year or two ago there was a Leger in which they crawled instead of galloping, and we forget what opprobrious term was given it, but now we think the Leger of this year should be called "the Leger of collisions," with a rider attached—"the collisions that nobody saw." For the race was signalled by accidents that certainly in one case might have been fatal; and the said accidents, or, to speak by the card, collisions, were not seen by the thousands of keen eyes bent upon the race. Some of us, it is true, had an idea that something had taken place in the straight, but what it was not one in a thousand could say. And that single fact makes it a curious Leger. Our race readers of the young generation—we are speaking here of the reporters whose province it is to describe the race to their companions—boast among their ranks of one or two gifted with the ability to grasp a large field from the fall of the flag to the final struggle; that is to say, to be able to describe what makes running, to tell where and when such a horse drops back and another takes its place—in fact, all the incidents of the contest, be it over five furlongs or two miles. That such descriptions have sometimes to be supplemented, and perhaps corrected, by information from those who took part in the race, is only saying that racing reporters set up no claim to infallibility; but the general accuracy of these readings cannot be denied. Curious, therefore, is it that among the many keen eyes directed on the race from the Press Stand, beyond a vague idea that there had been some kind of a scrimmage, no inkling of the real truth dawned upon the reporters until long after the race had been decided. What was not inaptly named "a game of skittles" was, in fact, played in the last half mile, and the only wonder is, now that we know the incidents, that some fatal consequence did not ensue. Who or what began the game is still a little doubtful, though the fact of Heaume being struck into by Surefoot approaching the bend, marks the first incident. Whether Heaume fell back, or whether the closing up consequent on his being struck into affected the others, certain it was that while we were trying to pick out the winner from what appeared a compact body approaching the bend, "the game of skittles" was in full swing. Sainfoin was nearly knocked off his legs, Blue Green was sent on to the rails, but the worst happened in the rank behind the leaders. Here were those two "line-of-battle ships," as the *Sporting Times* called them, Alloway and St. Serf, and when they collided our readers can perhaps imagine what took place. The latter horse and his rider, Tommy Loates, appear to have been the greatest sufferers, and the safety of that very clever jockey was assured by the coolness and presence of mind of Tom Cannon. That admirable horseman appears to have kept his head, and, it is not too much to say, saved Loates from a very serious accident if nothing more. When horses are so close together that

the jockey of one finds himself quite as much on the saddle of the other as on his own, the situation would seem grave; but assuredly there is "a sweet little cherub" who looks after other men than sailors, and beyond the lamentations that "Tommy" expended on his lost chance—for St. Serf, we have Cannon's word for it, was going stronger and better than anything else—no harm was done. Alloway, too, must have suffered quite as much as St. Serf, though how he was going at the moment when these two "battle ships" come together in a space in which neither could manœuvre or extricate themselves, is not clear. It was Memoir's handiness, we are told, that got her clear of these collisions, and while approaching the bend, most of us were unable to name the winner, in another moment or two we saw Memoir clear, and the race was over. Blue Green ran an honest horse, but he could make no impression on the Duke of Portland's mare, who won very easily, while Mr. Gretton, not for the first time, supplied the surprise of the race when Gonsalvo beat Sainfoin. Right Away, who was as good-looking a horse as could be seen in the paddock, broke down in the race: and it was small consolation to John Porter that the Kingsclere horses got each place but the right one.

And very wonderful is it that the noblemen and gentlemen who train in the Kingsclere stable elected to know nothing about their horses, and the five ran on their devil-take-the-hindmost merits. We suppose there is something of sportsmanship in this, but it is not business. The Duke of Westminster, Sir James Miller, Mr. Low, and Mr. Gretton, surely would have done better for themselves, their friends, and their trainer, if they had put their horses together and found out which was the best. We should much like to hear an explanation from "the boss" of the stable, whoever he may be, as to the why and wherefore of these tactics. Of course, there is a certain amount of old-fashioned sportsmanship in letting the best horse win, but it should be remembered that racing is a terribly hard and matter-of-fact sport nowadays. Racing, as we all know, means money, and we presume the Kingsclere noblemen and gentlemen are not above betting. Did it never occur to them, and to those who adopt a similar course, that the man who knows nothing about his horses cuts a rather ridiculous figure? That, surely, is neither sport nor business. Again do we ask for the why and the wherefore.

#### Discord.

Pity was it that in the most brilliant and successful gathering which has been witnessed on the Town Moor for some few years there should have happened anything to mar the picture—a false note to destroy the harmony of the composition. It was one of the pleasantest days, too, of a week in which the weather had been perfect; the sport was exceptionally good, and though a gloom had been cast over the party at Tranby Croft by the sudden death of Mrs. Arthur Wilson's brother, and the Royal guest had left for York on the previous evening, the great majority of Doncaster visitors were still there, and the off day was, as far as company went, a contradiction to its name. The start for the Portland Plate had, it is true, sorely tried our and Mr. Coventry's patience, and it would be well for the public if the authorities would remember that these large fields for five furlong

paces almost of necessity entail delay, and that half-hour time for these and their kindred affairs—nurseries—is utterly ridiculous. More than half an hour was cut to waste before the flag fell for the race in question, and the rest of the card was hurried through in an unsatisfactory manner in consequence. The Portland Plate gave us a brilliant race as an amend for our waiting, certainly; and L'Abbesse de Jouarre showed herself at her best and gamest. She was well backed, though King of Diamonds had the call of her in the market, and though some knowing people warned us that danger was to be apprehended from Linthorpe, the same thing was said about so many in the race that the warning passed by us as the wind, unheeded and forgotten. Indeed, the quoted price of Linthorpe, 33 to 1, was not encouraging, but many of us, no doubt, as he and the Abbess came away from the half distance, neither apparently with the advantage of a nose of the other, wished we had even a modest 100 to 3 about the good son of Charibert, who was doing his level best to wear down the Oaks winner. But it was not to be. The mare, thanks to a superior effort of Watts, just squeezed her head in front at the post, and the judge said it was a short one. If we had been asked, we should have said it was a nose, for so it appeared to us from our eyrie; and, indeed, if Mr. Ford had directed the hoisting of the double zeros, we should not have been at all surprised. A good mare, for she was giving her year and 11 lbs. to Linthorpe, while behind her were Shillelagh, Formidable, King of Diamonds, Wild Berry, St. Symphorien, Morebattle, and other speedy ones. Lord Randolph, who was the guest of Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes, of course came in for much congratulation, and perhaps we do not greatly err if we conceive the Abbess was a very bad horse for the ring. Then Chesterfield re-established himself in the Rous Plate, and made some amends for his defeat by Old Boots the previous day in the Tattersall Sale Stakes; after that the one discordant note. Noble Chieftain, on the Wednesday afternoon, over a mile course, had been defeated in very hollow fashion by a commoner named Ransom. Those who know anything about racing know that a mile is beyond Noble Chieftain's tether, but we suppose Lord Penrhyn believed he could show his heels to the very moderate opponent he was meeting. However, he was, as we have said, beaten easily, and was pulled out on Thursday for the Wharnccliffe Stakes, over six furlongs. This has been generally looked upon as a furlong more than he likes, but still he has won over the course, as witness his squandering Fullerton, Dog Rose, Scotch Earl, and Love-in-Idleness, in the Newmarket July last year. Aintree was made the favourite for the Wharnccliffe, but Noble Chieftain was well backed, and he won easily. No sooner had Weldon ridden him back to the saddling paddock than there was a rush on the part of the roughs apparently to assault the jockey, which was prevented by the police protecting him to the weighing-room. Then commenced a most disgraceful scene of uproar. The hostile demonstration, the groans and "booing" of the crowd, continued for some time, and were painful to hear, especially by all friends of Lord Penrhyn and his Master of the Horse, Mr. Clayton. Painful, too, was it that such an uncalled-for demonstration should be made by Yorkshiremen—not such scum as disgraced the Oaks

day the year Fille de l'Air won, but men who know something of racing and the form of horses. The crowd ought to have remembered the difference of the two courses, and that in the Wharnccliffe Lord Penrhyn's horse was on his own. We have a faint hope, we own, that it may be yet proved that Yorkshiremen had no part or parcel in the disgraceful attack, and that the latter was the work of outsiders. For that it is a stain on the character of the meeting there can be no doubt, and we trust Lord Penrhyn will leave no stone unturned to discover the leaders of the gang. That noble Lord has only done what was expected of him when he immediately wrote to the stewards of the Jockey Club, asking them to at once institute a searching inquiry into the running of Noble Chieftain in every race since he has been Lord Penrhyn's property. It would be an insult to Lord Penrhyn to suppose for a moment that there is the slightest cause for this, and we feel confident that the exhaustive inquiry he has asked for will prove it. Lord Penrhyn's many friends will, at the same time, deeply sympathise with him on the pain and annoyance this untoward event must have caused him.

Very much upon us is that momentous time to-  
Cesarewitch-tide. wards which so many hungry and thirsty eyes have long been strained. We were told good things for it at Goodwood, and probably, if we had cared to listen, might have heard of them even earlier than that. It is always some consolation when these dreadful forestallers come to grief with their tips, and find that the handicapper has been quite as knowing as themselves. Major Egerton appears to have done his work well in both the long and the short races, and we have heard very few protests, except in the case of Snaplock for the Cambridgeshire, where Major Egerton somewhat overrated, in the opinion of many people, this son of Fetterlock. With the exception of Tyrant and Morion the list of acceptances does not contain much that is high class. The Rejected, supposing he runs, will be asked to do a thing so much out of his course that his success would be a great surprise, and Morion, good horse as we know him to be, has yet to prove his stamina over a long course. Naturally, in the Cesarewitch this has to be done by many, and probably, with the exception of Tyrant, Papyrus, Silver Spur, Gon-salvo, and Lord Fingall, it would be difficult to find a real stayer. Perhaps we ought to have mentioned Sheen and the first favourite Alicante, but we own to having doubts about the latter, though it is said she represents Puchero at 7 st. If we were quite satisfied that this was true, combined with her late performance in France, it would make her favouritism for the Cesarewitch much more genuine than it now appears to us. Again, Lord Fingall, a sweeper of the board in Ireland, has this against him, that we do not know what he beat, and so it hardly wanted the information that his owner is not responsible for his price in the market, to cause people to hold their hands; and Papyrus and Silver Spur, both good stayers, may yet find a superior class to contest their claims. When the handicap first appeared we were much taken with Fallow Chat, and were not at all disheartened by his Doncaster running, which was on a mile course. However, Mr. Vyner's mare, after being quoted at 100 to 6 or thereabouts, beat a retreat in the market,

for what cause we are ignorant. Still, we think she will take her part in the race, especially if her owner declares a pound or two over for the services of John Osborne. Vasistas will, perhaps, be found the most reliable of the Kingsclere string, and he ought at his weight to beat Fitz Hampton. Of course there is Gonsalvo, a good honest stickler, who would go on for ever at one pace, but is he good enough to win? We were much inclined to fancy Royal Star on that close race he ran with Houndsditch, in the Northumberland Plate, but we learn he has been lame since that, and there seems a doubt as to his seeing the post. Shall We Remember has her grand blood and a great reputation to recommend her, and as Grand Prior, who is said to be greatly inferior to the mare, has won a race at Leicester, she must be respectfully considered. Moreover, we should do well to remember that Ascot race in which Blue Green, giving Grand Prior twelve pounds only, just got home by the skin of his nose, as it were. There are those who always mark Findon as dangerous, and this year Judith, that Mr. George Lambert purchased when a two-year-old, has been selected by some well-informed people. She is, however, credited with a temper, and the other Findon candidate, Spell, has been probably taken care of by Major Egerton; at least, we hear nothing about her. There is one horse, however, that Major Egerton certainly has not taken care of, in the racing acceptation of that term, and that is the third in the Goodwood Stakes—Brackley. It appears to us that whoever beats him will win, but we hesitate at the present writing to say decidedly, as there is a rumour that he will be tried with Galway, and the result of that trial may upset previous form. Still, we must not leave him out of our selected three, and with the observation that, at the date on which we are writing these few remarks, the eve of the first October, with an unreliable market and uncertain intentions, it is almost presumptuous giving any opinion at all, we will name Fallow Chat, Shall We Remember, and Brackley as likely to beat more than beat them.

If what we hear from Newmarket is true, and we The Cambridgeshire. sincerely trust it is, not only for the sake of her thoroughly sporting owner, but also because she is such a grand mare, the winner of the Cambridgeshire will not require much finding. Signorina is not the Signorina of the spring and early summer—not the weak, spiritless mare that we saw at Epsom and Sandown, but the Signorina we saw dash up the hill in the Middle Park Plate and make tracks of her field both there and on other occasions. We will, until we hear to the contrary, put aside all other reports and rumours, and believe this. We care not if, as we are told, Mr. Merry is perfectly satisfied with Surefoot's weight, and that Alicante will win even with a Cesarewitch penalty, or, if she cannot, that War Dance can. We will put aside even Morion, a very good horse, as we know—we put aside the horse that is to be a second Laureate, Garter. The French horses look dangerous, and there is a colt in Jewitt's stable, a colt quiet in the market just now, that we are strongly warned will do the trick. But we care for none of these things. If Signorina is herself again—and surely she was at her best this time last year—we may close our glasses as they come out of the Abingdon Bottom.

Haddon.

Since my last writing, says our Devonshire correspondent, things have gone on smoothly with the staghounds without being sensational, and the best day I have to record occurred in the Dulverton district, on August 29th, when was the fixture, and we had a run quite out of the common with these hounds; a good field met them, and there was more than one good deer awaiting us in this great woodland tract. This gave one old stag, who evidently knew every move in the game, a chance to slip away, while the tufters were enjoying themselves with a brace of his brother monarchs (antlered, of course), which he did into the Bitscombe woods, and thus gained more than an hour's start of the pack—no mean advantage with a hot August sun shining in full brilliancy, but the scent of a deer lies a long time, and these hounds are accustomed to difficulties, so that it was with bright anticipations that we saw them swoop on the line on Chipstable Common; however, we had to endure cold hunting and checks until Huxtable arrived at the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to draw Bitscombe, and fresh find his stag if possible. Crafty as deer are, they will seldom keep travelling on when imprisoned if there is a chance to lie fast, and our deer was no exception to this rule, and suffered for his laziness and over confidence. Fresh found near the top of the wood, and forced away with the hounds close to him, he had no time for shifts, and I think it more than likely that we must attribute the line he took to this cause. He simply led us over the enclosed country instead of seeking wood, heather, and water after the manner of his race. Tear not your hair, my bruising friend, that you were not there to see it; rather rejoice that your swagger nag was still doing gentle exercise instead of pounding twenty miles an hour up a rough, hard Somersetshire lane. The hounds did go fast with a vengeance, and here as a rule under such circumstances, we leave the luxury of jumping to the deer and hounds. I much doubt if you, sir, who can cut out the work from Cream Gorse or Bramston could ride the line and tire with them on the very best nag you had between your knees, and I am quite sure, unless you were unusually lucky in the matter of gates and hardened your heart to jump them, a Devonshire man would beat you hollow on his cob by sticking to the lanes. We did this to Bullard Plantation, from which our deer broke again, after soiling in the brook behind, and forced us to "take the country," though not over the gates, until a green lane rejoiced our hearts and led us to Little Hill Plantation, near Wiveliscombe. Having passed the town, the stag suddenly found himself in the midst of harvest operations, and was naturally blanched, and turned to Harwood's Coppice, where they checked, and those who had been tailed off—perhaps you, my Leicestershire friend, amongst them—came up hot and perspiring, and did their best not to look too exultant at having caught us again. When started again, a few seconds' delay in seizing possession of a lane allowed a flock of sheep to cut in before and delay matters, as it was impossible to pass them. If I told you, Mr. Van Driver, what we said, you would not print it; what we felt, words could not express, until the muttons found an open gate and let us free. Then, with recovered temper and full of hope, we pressed on through Brampton Wood to Brampton Ralph, and saw the Quantocks

looming before us. Would our deer reach them? was the question. I fancy many hoped he would not, for we had come far, and the hounds were still going fast. No, he doubles like a beaten deer at Clatworth, and has been viewed by some labourers as he jumped into a thick double fence. Another check where he has foiled and doubled; some beautiful work by a single hound, and they all scramble on the bank, when out jumps the deer, and a gallop in view down to a little stream below sees the end; as although he fought gallantly for life, he was set up to bay, and killed at Huish School—time, nearly three hours and a half. I wish those who say there is no sport in deer-hunting could have seen this, for the hound tried past, and secured him as he lay fast in the fence with never a whimper, until that single hound owned it, and was blamed for securing heel till events proved he was right. This is how the wild red deer beats the cleverest huntsmen, and saves his life. No sport, forsooth!

The next Tuesday they were at Leeworthy Post, but the deer that had been seen was *non est* when wanted, so to save the day the master allowed us a flutter after a hind. It should have been a nice forest gallop, and was a fair one, but much spoilt by those who, not able to ride to hounds, will ride before them when they know the line the deer has taken. Sending hounds home would cure this. They had a bad day for Cuzzicombe on the Friday, and then went to the Quantocks, where, as you know, I never follow them, so I shall possess my soul in peace until they return from that land of tourists and picnics.

**Royal Dublin Horse Show.**

Dublin is seen at its best during the Horse Show week, and a stranger to the Irish capital will find plenty of entertainment if he times his visit so as to hit the August Meeting at Ball's Bridge, the largest show of horses which is held in the United Kingdom. Very different is it to the shows he will have been accustomed to visit on this side of the Channel, for it partakes largely of the nature of an important market, where the best animals find a ready sale, and where anything with pretensions to being a hunter finds an eager purchaser—even, or perhaps because, he chances to possess a few honourable "trade marks." The show, which opened on Tuesday, August 26th, was the largest ever held at Ball's Bridge, the entries numbering 1,276, an excess of 265 over last year. The only drawback was the weather; the rain, which had interfered sadly with the comfort of those who attended the Leopardstown Meeting on Monday, came down in earnest on Tuesday, when rain overhead, and a plentiful supply of mud under foot, made the surroundings anything but pleasant, and on the other days it was the same, only more so. But the ardour of the visitors was by no means damped, and large crowds of interested spectators keenly watched the classes as they were being judged.

Amongst those present were the Earl and Countess of Zetland, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Chesham, the Rev. Cecil Legard, Mr. Michael Lee, Mr. Tresham Gilbey, and a host of good men and true, on the look-out for a likely hunter, whose names would nearly fill the "Van." The principal English dealers were also there in force. Mr. Jack Goodwin was seen to advantage on one after



another of T. Donovan's good-looking weight carriers; and Mr. George Richardson of Leeds was eagerly looking out for something to follow in the footsteps of the famous "Tommy Giles," whilst Mr. George Mulcaster was to the fore, ready to buy a "chaser" capable of emulating the performances of M.P. and Weather-itch, if such an one was to be found. There was no show of stallions for the Government premiums, that part of the show being wisely postponed till the spring of next year; but thoroughbreds mustered in force for the Croker Challenge Cup, and Lord Lonsdale, Messrs. Dunne and R. Bell had a lot of high-class horses from which to make a selection. Last year's winner, Heart of Oak, could only get third place this time, the winning rosette going to the well-bred Ascetic. The brood mare classes were rather disappointing, though the winners showed great merit, and perhaps we expected too much; but the thoroughbred yearlings were a fine lot, and would have excited keen competition in the sale rings of Newmarket or Doncaster. Mr. Trench sent a lot of handsome colts from Loughton, most of them by Castlereagh, whose name also has an Ashgill flavour, and to one of them, from May Queen by Claret, went the first prize. By Kendal, from Lizzy by Windhound, her dam Tryback by Harkaway, is a fine racing pedigree, and its owner Lizzie Kendal, the property of Mr. Costello, won in a very good class of yearling fillies. Weight-carrying hunters, judged by Messrs. Forbes, Maunsell, Richardson, and Wallis, numbered 97, middle-weight hunters numbered 153, and weight-carrying four-year-olds 44. The Earl of Coventry, Col. Rivers Bulkeley, and Col. Meysey Thompson had a hard task in the light-weight class, which obtained no fewer than 234 entries, the other two classes which came before them numbering 94 and 20 respectively. Lord Combermere, Major Studdert, and Mr. R. E. Wemyss had the most interesting section of the show to judge, viz., the young horses likely to make hunters. The three-year-old classes were especially good, and the four-year-old classes contained many animals of great merit. The prizes amongst the Hackneys and harness horses, which were judged by Sir C. Pigott, Mr. H. L. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. C. T. Tunard, were principally won by animals belonging to celebrated English dealers.

As we close these pages we hear, with deep regret, of the death of Mr. Wyndham Portman. He was best known to the press as proprietor and editor of *Horse and Hound*, while horsey men found in him a constant supporter at Messrs. Tattersall's Monday sales. It was rare that any important race meeting passed over without Mr. Portman being present, and his knowledge of the intricacies of horse-breeding was extensive and thorough. By the death of Wyndham Portman many readers of BAILY have lost a sincere and valued friend.

A good deal of mild fun is sought to be made by some of the critics out of the dramas that the Drury Lane lessee annually puts before the public; but, on the principle that those laugh longest who win, we think Mr. Augustus Harris can afford to disregard it. Of course we can

Drury Lane.

all see—no one more clearly, perhaps, than Mr. Harris himself—that *A Million of Money* is a high-seasoned play of a type for which, though long custom has made us familiar with it, no contempt—in a Drury Lane audience at all events—has certainly yet been bred. On the old lines, with the villain very villainous, and the hero even a greater fool in every particular than they make them; "up to date"; a sensational Derby and a very sensational "hill," with real coaches and what are called "spanking teams," real ladies and luncheons, and, we trust, real champagne; the French Exhibition, and the Welcome Club; a departure of the Guards, but *not* to Bermuda; all this, and a great deal more, is given with the "go" and the attention to details that has characterised the plays at this house ever since Mr. Harris has been at the head of affairs. It is the hackneyed story of the prodigal son, with the attendant scoundrel in whom he implicitly believes; a fascinating adventuress into whose toils the prodigal falls, or appears to fall (for Harry Dunstable is a good young man as prodigals go); a heroine who believes her husband unfaithful; with those admirable artistes, Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Harry Nicholls to work out the comic element in their own sweet way, what can the great Drury Lane public want more than this? The *mise en scène* is admirable. We are apt to say of everything that Mr. Harris does in the way of scenic effect, that his last effort surpasses everything that has gone before. Certainly the Epsom scene and the departure of the Guards are as nearly real as anything we can remember, and the drilling of crowds of supers is beyond praise. About the dialogue of the drama we can say but little, the fact being we heard very little of it. Some ill-natured cynics might remark that in that much we were the gainers; but where there is so much to see, what matters what we hear? We certainly heard Mr. Charles Warner, and we must note a very fine piece of acting of Mr. Charles Glenney, as the broken-down vagabond husband of the adventuress. His death scene was highly dramatic. That *A Millio of Money* will bring thousands to the treasury is more than probable. It has undoubtedly caught on, and will hold sway until the processions of pantomime sweep it from the stage.

Difficult is it, with the time and space at our disposal, to speak in measured terms of the *première* of *Ravenswood* at the Lyceum. That Mr. Irving may be congratulated on the distinct success of his bold venture is certain. That it was a bold venture, few, we think, will deny. An old world romance, a story of fate and gloom, perhaps unread by the majority of the spell-bound listeners; a story with very little light to illuminate its darkness; sad and gloomy from its first striking scene to its pathetic close, when, over a vast expanse of sand and sea, the dawn is breaking, and the faithful old servitor is seen reverently stooping to grasp the raven's feather, all that remains to tell him of his master's fate in "the Kelpie's Flow." We have spoken just now of realistic scenes in the popular dramas of the day, but here was a reality that touched the heart, the solitary figure of Caleb Balderstone standing in mute grief before his master's grave. To the beauty of the idea Mr. Hawes Craven had given the beauty of realisation, and we shall be much surprised if that one scene is not thought the finest in the play. A bold venture, for the keynote

of coming evil is struck from the very first, and the deepening shade deepens to its close. There is really nothing to relieve, for the quaint, dry humour of Caleb has been suppressed, and probably tightly suppressed, by the dramatist. But yet how grand is the gloom! The presence of old Ailsie Gourlay as the curtain rises recalls the weird sisters who led Macbeth to his doom; and the words of the old prophecy as to the fate of the last Laird of Ravenswood seem to impel Edgar to fulfil them. Mr. Irving has not added to his reputation by his delineation of the hero—that would be impossible; and besides, the scope of the character does not admit of much novel interpretation. The love scene in the third act, one of the few opportunities given Miss Terry, finds Mr. Irving, we think, at his best, though his entry in the scene of the last interview with Lucy, and his picture of dazed despair, was very fine. But it is not on one occasion, certainly not amidst the excitement of a first night, that we can appreciate the beauty of such a play as *Ravenswood*. It will bear to be seen again and, it may be, again.

## Roundabout County Papers.

**HORSE COUNTIES.**—Bovine and ovine breeds seem more localised than those of the equine race, for if the "great war-horse" belongs especially to the Shires, and the hackney to Norfolk, yet "light horses" appear to make themselves at home all over England. Pastures, however, favour horses in some districts much more than in others, and it is stated a thoroughbred colt will be three weeks earlier on the Eltham turf than at Newmarket. Early in August the "Compton Stud" Show roundly asserted its claim as producers of good hunting stock, and that Dorsetshire, as Wiltshire, may claim to be horse counties. Buyers were at Templecombe from all parts of England, and many from the Continent, as they also were at Horncastle, of which the Horse Fair Charter dates from Henry III. English hunters made 70 to 250 guineas; carriage horses, 75 to 150 guineas; matched pairs, 400 to

500 guineas; hackneys and cobs, 60 to 75 guineas; Irish hunters, 60 to 200 guineas; cart horses, 30 to 45, and 60 to 70 guineas. In reference to horse counties, naturally Yorkshire comes first, but then there is Derbyshire, with its Buxton Show; Hampshire, Essex, and the West of England to put in their claims for light horses, and to infer that other counties, not yet known as horse counties, may well look alive to take their share in the horse-breeding boom which promises to make English blood tell all over the world, in the world's markets.

**SALE OF A DUKERY.**—Rarely have commoners the chance of possessing a dukery estate; but Mr. J. Robinson and others lately bought, at the Wharnccliffe Hotel, Sheffield (Sir Whittaker Ellis being the knight of the hammer), the fine historic estate of Work-soppe Manor and several farms. They obtained for a little over

£100,000 what, fifty years ago, one duke sold to another duke for £375,000. The whole estate was offered in some 43 lots, most of which were sold, but the historic "Shire Oaks," and its 735 farm acres, remain on hand. The Great Midland mansion, park, and about 1,640 acres of land, once belonging to the Earls of Shrewsbury, and with a roll of honour through several centuries, went to Mr. Robinson, a Nottingham brewer, for £30,000, with a condition of paying £25,000 for the timber thereon. The entire estate comprised over 5,000 acres. The following notes are interesting:—

- In 1161, King Stephen was a guest at Worksoppe Parke.
- „ 1530, Cardinal Wolsey visited, and Leland described it with its compass of 7½ miles, and its 800 fallow-deer, then owned by the Earl of Shrewsbury.
- „ 1546, Henry VIII. granted the manor of "Shire Oaks" to Robert and Hugh Thornhill, who sold it to citizen Hewet, of London (1559-1560), a relation to Sir Wm. Hewet, Lord Mayor of London, whose daughter was ancestress of the Duke of Leeds.
- „ 1575 - 99, other Hewets, relatives of Sir William, bought and lived on the "Shire Oaks" Estate.
- „ 1583, Mary Queen of Scots visited Worksoppe Manor, whilst a prisoner to Earl of Shrewsbury.
- „ 1603, King James made a journey of fifteen days from Scotland, arriving at Worksoppe April 20th, and his Queen and children subsequently visited this noble domain.
- „ 1616-17, King James made

it his half-way house on his way to Scotland.

- In 1636, the park contained 2,303 acres, and the house had a frontage of 303 feet, containing 500 rooms.
- „ 1663, another Royal visit was made by Charles I.
- „ 1756, the property having descended by marriage to the Dukes of Norfolk, a visit was paid to it by a neighbour, the Duchess of Portland.
- „ 1761, the mansion was burnt down, the loss being estimated at £100,000, besides the value of a rare library. The property remained with the Dukes of Norfolk down to 1840, when it was sold to his Grace of Clumber, the Duke of Newcastle, the owner now selling it.

The timber on this estate is remarkable, realising nearly as much as the acres and mansion.

In 1865 a beech - tree was blown down; it had covered a space of 1,000 square yards, and yielded 40 tons of wood; whilst another tree, referred to by Evelyn in "Sylva," extended over 2,827 yards—a space allowing standing-room for 942 horses! A third tree noticed, furnished wood enough to build a fine barn with five bays.

One of the 16th century wits, referring to the rich London merchant buried in St. Paul's, said—

"He was wise because rich, and now you know all,  
And see! he is buried in the Church  
of St. Paul."

The comment I have to make is, that for £30,000 for house and 1,600 acres, and £25,000 for timber, Mr. Robinson has been able to get this big slice of the heart of England, with much of the history of England thrown in as make-weight.

**MR. RICHARD RUSSELL.**—To many BAILY readers the name of Mr. Richard Russell, of Otford Castle, near Sevenoaks, will be very familiar. Dick Russell, as he is familiarly called, has been farming and hunting in West Kent for the last forty years. For upwards of twenty years he was hon. sec. to the West Kent Hounds, and he held 1,000 acres on the top of Otford Mount for fourteen years, for the express purpose of preserving foxes. In consequence of the agricultural depression, and the total failure of his hop crop last year, evil times have overtaken this fine old sportsman. With pecuniary misfortune has come the affliction of ill-health, and it is with great difficulty that Mr. Russell is able to move about and attend to affairs. A distress has been levied on his house at Otford, and ruin appears to stare him in the face. In this extremity some of his friends have rallied round him, and it is proposed to get up a subscription to enable him to clear off his liabilities, and the following sums have either been received or promised:—

	£	s.	d.
Colonel North, M.F.H. ..	100	0	0
Mr. Tom Nickalls, M.F.H. ..	50	0	0
Lord Hillingdon .. ..	20	0	0
Mr. P. Nicholls .. ..	10	0	0
Mr. Wilkinson .. ..	10	0	0
Mr. Mildmay .. ..	25	0	0
Mr. R. Hodgson .. ..	25	0	0
Mr. Smithers .. ..	10	0	0

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate.

**YORKSHIRE**, in the St. Leger of 1890, had a triumph in the interest of its great race, as a spectacle, and as a record of one owner—the Duke of Portland—winning the contest for two successive years. In this column reference is only made to note that 160 trains, ordinary and

special, were dispatched from the platforms and sidings of the Doncaster stations. The house-parties of the four special railway trains were (1) from Tranby Croft, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson entertained the Prince of Wales, Lords Coventry and Edward Somerset, and General Owen Williams; (2) from Work-sop—the Duke of Portland and his house party; (3) from Elsecar, Lord and Lady Wharnccliffe and guests, including the Duke of Cambridge; and (4) from Nostell, Lord and Lady St. Oswald, with whom were Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Dudley, Lord Alington, the Hon. Mildred Sturt, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Mr. James Lowther. Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, former hosts in the neighbourhood, who, before, engaged specials, brought their friends in saloon carriages attached to ordinary and express trains, and it is believed this decrease in the number of private special trains removed an element of risk during the race week, when the traffic is crowded.

**COUNTY CRICKET.**—Mr. L. M. Griffiths, of Clifton, has done the following sum from the returns of the season's cricket matches, the percentage of wins being—Surrey 75, Lancashire 70, Kent and Yorkshire 66, Notts 50, Gloucester 45, Middlesex 27, Sussex 8.

**COUNTY YACHTING CLUBS.**—Southampton Waters are the headquarters of yachts from many counties, yet the Royal Southampton Club has its own large squadron, and when the cruising season was brought to a conclusion early in September, the Vanduara, gaining the first prize in a handicap, was able to fly eighteen winning flags. ZODIAC

## Odds and Ends.

ON Monday, June 7, 1790, a common hack horse, the property of a person near Birmingham, trotted for a wager of 20 guineas, upon the turnpike road leading from thence to Halesowen, three miles in 12 min. 5 sec. It then walked three miles in 36 min. 15 sec., and next galloped three miles in 8 min. 20 sec., occupying on the whole task a period of 58 min. 50 sec. It had been undertaken that the horse should perform the nine miles within the hour. A lot of money in bets followed the wager, and the excitement towards the close was intense.

ACCORDING to a correspondent who wrote from Bath on January 26, 1791, a Mr. Vagg (an ingenious farmer of Norton Down, well known by the name of Turnip Vagg) betted with a rich neighbour a large fat ox against half a dozen of his neighbour's sheep that he would produce a cabbage, of his own growing, which should weigh more than a man and woman who were then in Bath, and engaged to be married to each other. The singular wager was determined January 25, when the owner of the sheep was introduced to the Right Hon. Lady Morgan and to the little gentleman to whom she was to be united. Upon weighing her ladyship and her intended, against the cabbage, it was actually found that it outweighed the lovers by 5 lb. 4 oz.

A FIGHT was decided on January 17, 1791, between Big Ben and Johnson, in a field adjoining the town of Wrotham, which created an unusual amount of

interest. It was freely canvassed prior to the day, and betting was fast and furious. The equestrians, pedestrians, and carriage folk on the ground numbered upwards of 2,000. Colonel Tarleton and Major Hawyer officiated as umpires, and Mr. H. Aston was the arbitrator. The men fought furiously for twenty-nine minutes, when Johnson received a heavy blow on his right ear, which felled him, and in the twenty-fourth round his seconds threw up the sponge. Johnson was knocked down seventeen times, fell once by accident, and several times dropped on one knee. The men fought with great animosity, and seemed to forget their art. They hit with the utmost fury, and one of the rounds was mentioned by the amateurs as having been the finest that was ever seen for the number and violence of the blows struck. By his defeat Johnson forfeited 29s. per week, which had been allowed him by the Jockey Club. He was to enjoy this during his life, if he was not beaten before he attained the forty-third year of his age.

EARLY BIRDS.—Whilst some persons were at plough, March 13, 1790, on the farm of Mr. Chancellor, at Winterbourn, near Newbury, Berks, they sprung a covey of three brace and a half of young partridges sufficiently fledged to take wing the distance of a gun-shot. In the same week, in a field upon a farm at about the distance of a mile and a half from thence, a nest of partridge's eggs were destroyed by accident. Young birds so early in the season were never remembered by the oldest sportsmen.

# Summary of Prominent Results.

From August 26th to Sept. 25th, 1890.

## August RACING.

26. Mr. J. Lowther's ch.c. Cleator, by Charibert—Hematite, 9st. 8lb. (J. Watts), won the Prince of Wales' Plate of 1,000 sovs., T.Y.C., at the York August Meeting.
27. Mr. John Charlton's b.f. Silver Spur, by Chippendale—Silver Heel, 4 yrs., 6 st. 13 lb. (car. 7 st. 1 lb.) (T. Loates), won the Great Ebor Handicap Plate of 1,000 sovs.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles over the old course, at the York August Meeting.
28. Mr. E. Lascelles' b.c. Queen's Birthday, by Hagioscope—Matilda, 8 st. 12 lb. (Bruckshaw), won the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 500 added,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, at the York August Meeting.

## Sept.

2. Mr. D. W. Low's b.c. Gone Coon, by Galopin—Hors de Combat, 8st. 2lb. (G. Barrett), won the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,000 sovs., about 5 furlongs straight, at the Derby September Meeting.
2. Mr. J. V. Lawrance's b.f. Wishing Gate, by Balfe or Tibthorpe—Bide-a-Wee, 4 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb. (H. Morgan), won the Peveril of the Peak Plate, a handicap of 850 sovs., the straight mile, at the Derby September Meeting.
3. Lord Hartington's b.c. Morion, by Barcaldine—Chaplet, 9 st. 4 lb. (J. Watts), won the Breeders' St. Leger Stakes of 1,000 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for starters only, about a mile, at the Derby September Meeting.
3. Lord Dunraven's ch.c. Inverness, by Cymbal—Belle of Scotland, 8st. 13lb. (J. Watts), won the Devonshire Nursery Handicap Stakes of 1 000

## Sept.

- sovs., about 5 furlongs straight, at the Derby September Meeting.
4. Mr. B. Maple's gr.g. The Gloamin', by Philammon—Early Dawn, 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb. (T. Loates), won the Hartington Handicap Stakes of 800 sovs., about 5 furlongs, at the Derby September Meeting.
5. Colonel North's b.f. Nitrate Queen, by Marden—Lady Herschell, 8 st. 10 lb. (M. Cannon), won the Sandown Nursery Stakes (Handicap) of 500 sovs. by subscription of 3 sovs. each, 5 furlongs, at the Sandown Park September Meeting.
9. Mr. J. Charlton's b.f. Silver Spur, by Chippendale—Silver Heel, 4 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb. (T. Loates), won the Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate of 1,000 sovs., Old St. Leger Course, at the Doncaster September Meeting.
10. Duke of Portland's br.f. Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver, 8st. 11 lb. (J. Watts), won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each for three-year-olds, Old St. Leger Course (about a mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yds.), at the Doncaster September Meeting.
11. Lord Churchill's bl.f. L'Abbesse de Jouarre, by Trappist—Festive, 4 yrs., 9 st. (J. Watts), won the Portland Plate of 500 sovs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, Red House In, at the Doncaster September Meeting.
12. Mr. F. Barratt's b.f. Florence, by Royal Hampton, dam by Mirmillo—Harmony, 6 st. 10 lb. (W. Wood), won the Prince of Wales' Nursery Plate of 1,000 sovs., 7 furlongs, at the Doncaster September Meeting.

Sept.

12. Mr. A. M. Singer's b.h. Tyrant, by Beauclerc—Queen of the Meadows, 5 yrs., 9st. (Calder), won the Doncaster Cup value 300 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, Cup Course (about 2 miles and 5 furlongs), at the Doncaster September Meeting.
16. Mr. D. Baird's ch.f. Phyllida, by Philammon—Lady Gower, 8 st. 11 lb. (Warne), won the Badminton Foal Plate of 1,000 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Leicester Autumn Meeting.
17. Sir J. Duke's ch.c. Evil Eye, by Robert the Devil—Side View, 7 st. 9 lb. (car. 7 st. 11 lb.) (Calder), won the Midland Nursery Handicap of 500 sovs., 5 furlongs straight, at the Leicester Autumn Meeting.
18. Baron de Rothschild's b.c. Mardi Gras, by Robert the Devil—Skotzka, 8 st. 6 lb. (F. Barrett), won the Lancaster Nursery Handicap Plate of 1,000 sovs., for two-year-olds, 5 furlongs, at the Manchester Sept. Meeting.
20. General Byrne's ch.c. Amphion, by Speculum or Rosebery—Suicide, 4 yrs., 10 st. 2 lb. (T. Cannon), won the Lancashire Plate of 11,000 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for starters, for all ages with penalties, 7 furlongs, at the Manchester September Meeting.
23. Lord Hartington's b.c. Morion, by Barcaldine—Chaplet 8 st. 12 lb. (J. Watts), won the Twelfth Great Foal Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 700 added, one mile and two furlongs, straight, at the Newmarket First October Meeting.
24. Mr. H. Mann's b.c. L'Abbé Morin, by Trappist—Festive, by Carnival, 3 yrs. 6 st. 10 lb. (R. Colling), and Mr. Rose's ch.c. Bel Demonio, by Robert the Devil—Lady Abbess, 3 yrs. 6 st. 10 lb. (Blake), ran a dead heat for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each with 500 added, Bretby

Sept.

- Stakes Course, 6 furlongs, at the Newmarket First October Meeting.
25. Mr. E. Lascelles' b.c. Queen's Birthday, by Hagioscope—Matilda, 3 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb. (Finlay), won a Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 1,000 added, last 1½ miles of Cesarewitch Course, at Newmarket First October Meeting.

August CRIKET.

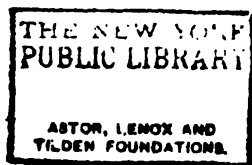
27. At Maidstone, Kent v. Yorkshire, drawn.
27. At Manchester, England v. Australia, abandoned.
29. At the Oval, Surrey v. Kent, Kent won by 8 wickets.
29. At Brighton, Sussex v. Yorkshire, Yorkshire won by an innings and 78 runs.
30. At Manchester, Lancashire v. Notts, Lancashire won by 68 runs.
30. At Stoke, Staffordshire v. Australians, Australians won by an innings and 23 runs.
30. At Scarborough, Gentlemen of England v. I Zingari, former won by 93 runs.

Sept.

3. At Scarborough, M.C.C. v. Yorkshire, drawn.
3. At Leeds, Australians v. A North of England Eleven, Australians won by 160 runs.
3. At Trent Bridge, Nottingham v. Derbyshire, drawn.
3. At Leyton, Essex v. Surrey, Surrey won by 55 runs.
6. At Scarborough, Lord Londesborough's Eleven v. Australians, Australians won by 8 runs.
10. At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Australians, M.C.C. won by 4 wickets.
12. At Hurst Park, Hurst Park Club and Ground v. Australians, Hurst Park won by 34 runs.
13. At Hastings, North v. South, South won by 9 runs.
17. At Hastings, South of England v. Australians, South of England won by 10 wickets.
20. At Manchester, An Eleven of England v. Australians, drawn.



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Randolph Churchill  
1890

# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 369

NOVEMBER 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portrait of Lord RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

Engraving of A GOOD HUNTER.

## Lord Randolph Spencer Churchill, M.P.

TIME was, and that not so very long ago, when the combination of statecraft with a love of sport was not viewed in a favourable light by many excellent persons. The late Lord Derby was, we remember, the recipient—particularly from political opponents—of many open and covert sneers on his fondness for the Turf; and Mr. Charles Greville has left on record that even his not over-susceptible nature was much shocked by what he considered an *abandon* on Lord Derby's part, where racing and racing men were concerned, unworthy his position as a Minister of the Crown. We well recollect, too, on the occasion of a

discussion on some important question of the day in the Upper House, the leading journal, commenting on the absence of Lord Derby, remarked, with severe irony, that "that distinguished statesman was at Epsom, seeing Olympia—lose." We have lived down a good many prejudices and dislikes since then. Our statesmen and politicians, on both sides of the Houses, follow the pursuits of English gentlemen in the brief time at their disposal. They hunt, shoot, fish, play golf, and race. Probably, as the Turf in the eyes of intense respectability is still in some sort the accursed thing, the racing man occasionally comes in for some more or less spiteful criticism spared his fellow-sportsmen. The original of the portrait on a preceding page may not have experienced this, but if he has, he has learned, doubtless, to estimate it at its true value, and to pass it by on the other side.

It would be insulting our readers to dwell for any length on the pedigree of the Churchills. The fame of the general who was to make the name of Marlborough celebrated for all time belongs to English history. Originally seated in the west of England, the ancestors of the great Duke were country gentlemen of unblemished lineage, who, long before Blenheim, had served the State in peace and war. One had fought at Steinkirk and Linden; another had been a distinguished naval officer, and a third an eminent lawyer. It remained for John Churchill to make illustrious the name, and to transmit to his descendants what Disraeli has called "the legacy of heroes." We believe it has been guarded well.

Lord Randolph Churchill was born in 1849, and after two or three years at a preparatory school at Cheam, went in 1863 to Eton, where he was in Mr. Carter's house; and thence, four years later, matriculated at Merton College, Oxford. While *in statu pupillari*, Lord Randolph hunted a good deal with the Heythrop, and subsequently kept a pack of harriers, which he hunted over a wide stretch of country around Blenheim for three or four years. He took second-class honours in Law and History, and with his B.A. degree closed his University career in 1870. His political one we shall touch on before we close. It is his connection with the Turf that our readers will probably consider should have the chief place in a magazine devoted to sport; and Lord Randolph's first appearance as a racing man was sudden and somewhat dramatic. It was on a summer day in 1885 that a more than usually distinguished gathering surrounded the sale-ring at Marden Park, where Mr. Tattersall was disposing of Mr. Hume Webster's yearlings. Among the many drags present was that of Lord Londonderry, who had by his side his cousin, Lord Randolph Churchill. A well-known name, and an equally well-known face by that time, there were yet some inquiries among the crowd of spectators

as to the identity of the youthful-looking figure seated by Lord Londonderry, and when curiosity was satisfied, and Lord Randolph began to bid, many and various were the comments on all sides. For it was a memorable time. On the previous day Mr. Gladstone's Government had suffered defeat, and the breaking up of his Ministry it was generally thought could not be a matter of indifference to the man who had made such a decided mark in political life, and whose strong individuality had stamped him as among the foremost politicians of the time. But here he was, in the midst of a great political crisis, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of thoroughbred stock, and thinking more of the two fillies he bought, in partnership with Lord Londonderry—and which turned out, as far as we remember, worthless—than of the probable consequences of the adverse vote he had contributed to bring about. In the following year Lord Randolph bought two more fillies, Arqua, by Petrarch, and Velleda, a daughter of Robert the Devil. Trained by Gilbert, the former was worthless and the latter unlucky. She ran up now and then, but failed to win, and her owner parted with her presumably in disgust, when she immediately, as is so often the case, began to mend her manners, and before the end of the year had paid her way. It was in 1887 that Lord Randolph, who had previously trained with George Dawson, and afterwards with Gilbert, went to Robert Sherwood, and in the Leger week of that year was fortunate enough to light on a yearling that altered the ill luck hitherto attending his colours. In partnership with Lord Dunraven, he bought L'Abbesse de Jouarre for 300 guineas, and St. Serge for 500 guineas. How cheap a purchase "The Abbess" was we need not say. Making her *début* at Croydon in the early part of the year, and where it was no disgrace to finish behind Amphion, she won her first race at the First Spring, and earned one or two more winning brackets in the summer. Towards the close of the year she did not confirm her spring form, and not having, we believe, wintered well, she came to the post for the Oaks friendless. Minthe had won the One Thousand from a moderate field, but still, what was to beat her at Epsom? was the general question. Sweetbriar, as sweet a mare as her name implies, was amiss; Wishing Gate hardly of the class from which Oaks winners spring. At 20 to 1, and very few takers, L'Abbesse de Jouarre went to the post, and, after a fine finish with Mr. Vyner's favourite, won by a neck. Her subsequent running that season did not enhance her reputation. She was beaten by Pinzon at Stockton; she was nowhere in the Leger, and started at 1,000 to 15 for the Cambridgeshire. This year she has proved herself wonderfully good on many courses. She showed her heels to such speedy ones as St. Symphorien, Tortoise, Whistle Jacket, The Gloamin', etc., over the five

furlongs at Sandown Park ; over a mile and three-quarters at Manchester she beat a field of excellent quality, and she won the Portland Plate under an impost that but few four-year-olds have carried.

We do not propose, with the space at our disposal, to dwell further on the racing career of the subject of this biography ; our readers can fill up the omissions themselves. Lord Randolph Churchill has played a higher rôle than that of an owner of good horses and "good things." From the day in 1874 when the House of Commons "heard a speech delivered from a back Ministerial bench, by a slim young man of decidedly *blasé* appearance," down to the present time, Lord Randolph has been, save for a year or two of retirement, a public man. He has been also a very original one. A Tory of the Tories, with the traditions of his house to strengthen personal convictions, he has yet shown himself a free lance in politics, and from almost his first appearance in the House of Commons the conventionalities of political life have been disregarded by him after a fashion that has both angered and amused. On two several occasions he has bearded the lions in their dens—one of the lions being the leader of his own party. Moreover, he came out triumphant from each encounter, and gained such an assured position in the House that his claim to high office when the time came could not be gainsayed. We have before mentioned Lord Randolph Churchill's appearance at Marden Park on the day after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and in a few days after that the noble Lord was made Secretary of State for India, in the first Administration of Lord Salisbury. Defeated at Birmingham at the dissolution in 1885, Lord Randolph was elected for South Paddington ; and when, consequent on the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, a second appeal to the country was made, resulting in Lord Salisbury being again called on to form a Government, Lord Randolph became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

His subsequent career, still fresh in our memories, need not be recalled here. His whole parliamentary life has been so brilliant, and in some respects so strange, that it would be a tempting theme for abler pens than ours to handle. We must content ourselves only with expressing a hope that it is not closed. We profess no knowledge on the subject, nor can we tell the amount of truth or falsehood in the rumours that float around. It has been said that Lord Randolph Churchill's increasing fondness for the Turf will interfere with, and damp his ardour for, the strife of the political arena ; but that we do not for one moment believe. A man who has put his hand to that plough does not easily look back. We often speak of the microcosm of the Turf as a battle-field, and so it is, and very grand and exciting are the contests thereon. Very exciting,

though not grand, is also the perpetual warfare which has for its battle-cry, "Six to four on the field." But there is something grander and more exciting in that strife of tongues through which Lord Randolph Churchill has fought his way; fought, too, against odds that appeared overwhelming, the cold averted looks of friends, the invectives fierce and sarcastic of opponents. He had given and received no quarter, and over all the member for Woodstock, as he was then, triumphed. Long before his advent to office he was a recognised leader of the Conservative party, and had risen from comparative parliamentary obscurity to the front rank of debaters. Because he seeks a well-earned repose at peaceful Newmarket has he abandoned noisy Westminster? Did his great ancestor sheath his sword after Blenheim and Ramilies? No, Lord Randolph Churchill has won not only fame, but, we truly believe, the admiration of his countrymen, be their politics what they may. So while we wish him a continuation of many "Abbesses," and trust to see his colours often in the van, we hope also to see him in the front of the political battle whenever hard blows are given and exchanged, confident as we are that whether it be a forlorn hope or a great victory, there will be the high courage and the stainless honour.

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## Winter Sports in the Engadine.

WINTER weather in the Engadine really varies as much as it does at home, though the devotees of the climate would be loath to admit as much. And it is true that its variations are always within certain well-defined limits. St. Moritz is never plunged in darkness by a yellow fog, nor are the arrangements which have been made one day for skating, curling, or tobogganing liable to be frustrated upon the next by a sudden thaw. And yet in one year enough snow may have fallen by the end of October to admit of tobogganing, and skaters may find amusement on the smaller lakes, while in another the snow may not come till Christmas, and the month of January may arrive before the large lake, that lies immediately beneath the town, is sufficiently hard to be skated over.

What all St. Moritzers pray for, as the winter comes round, is that flakes shall be seen early, and that the lake shall show no signs of freezing until the first heavy snowfall of the year has taken place. Then, if severe frosts follow, there is likely to be superb black ice, undisturbed for some weeks. If, on the other hand, the lake gets a thin coating of ice before the snow comes, there may be no lake-skating at all, though there is just a chance that a big wind may come and break it up, and

so give skaters a fresh opportunity. There are, of course, always the rinks. These are of moderate size, and kept in good condition by nightly flooding; but though they are large enough for figure skaters, they afford a very different arena to the splendid expanse offered by the lakes, not to speak of the picturesqueness of the latter as an element in the enjoyment. The rinks are not usually ready before the middle or end of November, for the ground must be frozen hard as a preliminary to flooding, otherwise the water, being turned on while the bottom and sides of the rink are still soft, would sink in, and cause "cat" ice, which must always be removed before there can be another, and satisfactory, flooding.

The winter last year was, as compared with previous seasons, very late in coming. In 1887 skating commenced on the Crestalta Lake on October 31st, and a few days later twenty inches of snow had fallen. In 1888 there was skating on the Statzer Lake, between St. Moritz and Pontresina, on October 22nd, and tobogganing also was in full swing. But it was the middle of November, 1889, before there was ice enough to bear, and at the end of December snow had to be brought from a distance in order to make the toboggan runs. Still, when the ice did come it was very fine in quality, for there was no snow till some weeks later. Pander (the Dutch amateur champion) and Kingma (the Dutch professional) came over early to train for the International races, held in Amsterdam in January. A course was soon marked out for them on the Statzer See, by means of little fir branches stuck in holes in the ice, and round this they careered twice daily at full speed, seeming almost like swallows in their swift flitting to and fro. First class figure skating and first class speed skating are two completely distinct arts; and it is interesting to compare and study their different styles. The Dutch skaters lean the body very much forward, and swing the arms across the chest from side to side, and opposite to the direction of the skating leg, thereby getting up great impetus. On turning the corners of their laps they run round with the outside foot brought right over, and in front of the one on the inner side of the track. In figure skating the position has to be upright and firm, with the muscles braced, the arms close to the body, and the unemployed leg perfectly still, the foot turned at right angles to the one making the stroke.

No doubt the leaning forward position is felt to be a necessity for speed skating, as it is so generally adopted; there is, however, one exception, that of Donoghue (the American amateur), who remains upright. To lean must necessarily offer less resistance to the air, and, in case of wind, make a very substantial difference to the pace. The racing rules published by the Dutch Skating Association now regulate most of the important speed races in Europe and America. They gave much satisfaction



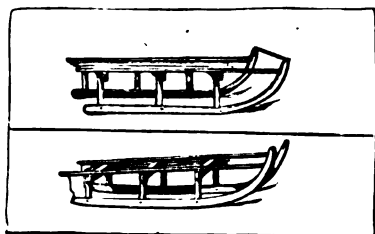
last year, when the National Skating Association for Great Britain held their meeting under them, and will most likely in future be adopted universally. Their chief feature is the double track system. "Two tracks are made up side by side, each consisting of a straight run, a curve of about half a circle, another straight run, and another curve that joins the original starting point. The tracks are each 5 metres wide; the outer is 769½, and the inner 738½ metres to the lap." These lengths are measured by an official Government surveyor, at a distance of 1 metre from the inside of each track. Two competitors only race at a time, each having a separate track, and the difference of 31 metres between the inner and the outer is obviated by each competitor having to change his track each lap at a given crossing point. Thus each skater uses alternately the outer and inner track, and so the distance traversed by each is equal. The half, one, five, and ten miles are all arranged on this system, which has the merit of admitting rivalry to ensure the greatest speed. The old method, whereby all the competitors, sometimes numbering fifteen or twenty, set out together on a single track, gave rise to many abuses. Naturally the one getting the inside position had a great advantage, and so they tried to cut each other off, to avoid the wind by skating one behind the other, and other ingenious resources which injured the racing as a sport, and greatly retarded speed.

Pander, the Netherlands representative, has beaten all the professional speed makers in the world, doing 10 miles in 34 min. 19 sec., on January 18th, 1888; but Godager, an amateur from Norway, did the distance in 33 min. 21 1-5 sec. on the same occasion. The skates used by both Dutchmen at St. Moritz in their training were of the old Friesland form, *i.e.*, very low, with an extremely narrow blade—not more than 1-16th of an inch wide—extending beyond the foot some five or seven inches. The height at the heel is the same as at the toe, and the blade ends at the centre of the heel. The skate is used with a low shoe, to which it is not made fast, but is attached by leather thongs that tie across. For figure skating, on the other hand, the skate—now generally adopted everywhere, and quite in universal use at St. Moritz—is the Mount Charles. It is formed by a blade, fixed into two small pates by nut screws, which pates are screwed on to the boots, and remain so during the season, one pate being fixed on to the sole and the other on to the heel. As no straps are used, but all the strain falls on the boots, these should be laced, with strong uppers, and the soles be of moderate thickness. The welts should be narrow, the heels low, and, together with the soles, very strongly put on to the uppers. The skates are provided with two blades; one called the Dowler, and the other an ordinary straight one. The first was the invention of Captain Dowler, of the Skating Club, and it is ground upon the

two side concavities to a fourteen feet radius, and the face to one of seven feet. The curvature, produced by hollowing the sides, allows more of the blade to come in contact with the ice, and thus a much larger bearing surface is given, which lessens fatigue, and results in a feeling of greater security. These skates used on a boot with a heel not exceeding an inch in height and a sole of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch, are those which the St. Moritzers hold to surpass all others. We must not leave the subject of skating in the Engadine without saying a word as to the St. Moritz "form," which differs fundamentally from that of the London Skating Club. There is no doubt that the old inhabitants of St. Moritz, by cultivating the art with zeal during four and a half months of several consecutive years, have arrived at great perfection, not only in records but in style. And there is also no doubt about the enthusiasm with which they prosecute it. Every day, for three or four hours, may be seen groups of two or three experts slowly circling round oranges or little, soft red balls, in every available space upon the rink. Their contempt is almost as great for those who persist in looking on skating as an amusement rather than an art, and who like the expanse and variety of the lakes, as it is for the unfortunate individual who does not know what to do with his "unemployed leg."

We hear a great deal about the unemployed leg out there; and on the position of that member does the reputation of the skater rise or fall, however first class he may be in his figure skating. It is amusing enough to see the skating club man—who has a great reputation at home—performing before a critical audience on the St. Moritz rink, and to hear the strictures passed upon his performances. The difference between the two styles, which is very apparent to the observer, may be briefly described thus. In the one the skater swings the unemployed leg in the air—in front of him when going forward, behind when going backward; his arms, too, are often in movement, and his figures generally are cut very small. He is addicted to crossing his feet in his evolutions on the different edges; and his body generally is kept flexible during its various movements. The characteristic of St. Moritz "form" is great reserve; the figures are cut very large and bold, greatly aided by the powerful strike which the Dowler blade admits of. The body is kept throughout stiff and motionless, and the unemployed foot rests against the other, and at nearly right angles behind it. The turns in the figures are made very sharp, without the least scraping, and also without the slightest tendency to jumps. Any observer comparing the two styles will not long doubt which is the more dignified and the higher form of the art; and even while he smiles at the self-complacency of the skating colony at St. Moritz, he will be ready to admit that they have good grounds for satisfaction.

The other amusement, cultivated with as much or even greater enthusiasm, is tobogganing. As a sport it is indigenous to America; the term "toboggan" being derived from the Red Indians, and in Canada is applied to a machine made of wood or bark, quite flat and turned up in front, which is very good for soft snow. But the Swiss have always known the "schlitte" as a means of transport in winter. The postman uses it, when, as so often happens in the mountain villages, his letter delivery lies down hill. The townsfolk transport their goods and parcels on it, instead of on a handcart or barrow. Even the children ride theirs from school, or amuse themselves in the holiday hours by spinning down snow slopes on their tiny sleds.



SWISS ORDINARY AND SLOPING SWISS.

Wherever the Englishman goes there springs up at once the organisation of any form of sport that the locality happens to admit of. As soon as Davos became an English colony, tobogganing was developed into an art, and races were run. The first race took place in 1882, between the Hotel Buol and Belvidere, on the footway leading from the wood past the Villa Am Stein to the Buol Hotel. Mr. J. A. Symonds, who throughout his sojourn at Davos has done so much to encourage friendly feeling between visitors and natives, instituted the International races, in order to encourage the inhabitants to raise tobogganing to the rank of a native sport, and gave a cup to be competed for by both visitors and natives. The first race for the Symonds' Cup was run on the Klosters course, near Davos, on February 12th, 1883. The first "made" run soon followed, and was probably the first in Europe. It has always

been used since for the International races, with the exception of the year 1888.

The Swiss 'schlitte,' for many years the only form of sled used in the Engadine, is constructed as shown in the accompanying sketch



SWISS TOBOGGAN.—RIDER SITTING.

The runners are of flat iron, screwed to the frame like the rim of a wheel, and this form prevails both in the

large transport sled, used for carrying merchandise across the passes in winter, and in the pleasure ones ridden by one person. Until the winter of 1887-88 the "schlitte" was used by visitors and natives alike, and the races were run on it. It was always used sitting up. Although the Swiss had never required pegs or seats, these were soon instituted as necessitous to racing on a course having "corners" and "leaps." The cushion affixed is a sort of sunk saddle, the front part having a raised pad, which prevents the rider being jolted off by "turns" or "drops" in the run. The feet are placed one on each side of the sled, and do not touch the ground except for the purpose of occasional steering. The machine is guided by the pegs, held in each hand, and rather behind the body. Sometimes, when going round corners, the feet have to be used as well, but as the speed is at once lessened thereby, steering is confined, as far as possible, to the pegs. These pegs have generally at the end a spike or projection of iron, which gives grip if a smooth surface. The other end is used for "pegging," as it is called; that is to say, propelling the sledge when the speed given by the incline is not sufficient of itself.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## November Shooting.

BY CAPTAIN CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., ETC.



THE WOODCOCK.

in towns and cities closely associated with dense fogs and heavy rains, we, who love the country and the sports of the field appertaining thereto, give a hearty welcome to this sporting season of our calendar.

And why should we not, in truth, welcome the month? Does not the heart of the lover of "hound and horse" rejoice, as he once more (after a too-lengthy period of enforced idleness) mounts his favourite hack and trots gaily away to the

NOVEMBER — "chill November," as we so often hear the present much-abused month designated by those poor mortals who know no better—is once more with us; and though it is a season feared by those whose vocation or pleasure it be to dwell

covert-side? And do not his spirits rise with a "spurt" as the notes of the well-known horn and the opening chorus of the familiar pack fall on his ears once again? Talk to us of music—to us of operas and *prima donnas*? Bosh, sir! stuff and nonsense! Just come into the cheery hunting-field, far away from your stuffy theatres and crowded drawing-rooms, and we will let you hear such a chorus—a perfect burst of real melody—as will make you, we fully believe, as keen even as we ourselves. No, sir, stay at home and follow the nearest pack of hounds, and you'll be happy, we warrant you, for

"In your travels abroad did you ever hear tell  
Of the Belvoir, the Pytchley, or Quorn?  
Can the operas of Italy ever excel  
The notes of a Leicestershire horn?"

No, of course they can't, and they never will; at all events, to the ears of a true-born British gentleman.

But it is not only to the lover of the "spotted beauties" that November, which may be called the opening month, to most of us at least, of the regular hunting season, brings pleasant anticipations and recalls many happy memories of "good things" of the seasons that are, alas! long gone by; but to the salmon fisher the glories of the closing season with big fish, such as the great monsters of the Spey and Tay, the month we now enter brings the promise of a good finish to an average good year's angling. You don't, however, much care, say you, my piscatorial friend, for those great red-looking fish that you will rise, and we trust hook also, at this time of year in the North. Well, nor do we much—that is, not very much; and far, far rather would we have the good old "green-heart" in our willing hands some raw day in early March, and do battle with one of those truly glorious fresh-run "spring salmon," as fresh as a silver crown from Her Majesty's mint, with the sea-llice yet sticking to his gleaming sides, as he fights a gallant fight, and, though perchance we find him weighing only nine or ten pounds, well, he *was* worth killing. Never mind, friend, the "springers" of 1891 will come, please God, to you and to us also, if we are spared till the proper season; and, meantime, *carpe diem*—it's always the best and the wisest course, believe us; get as much fun for your money as possible—innocent, legitimate sport we mean—and, therefore, go in heartily for the big ruddy salmon, and may you have good luck, and do battle with one of those mighty ones of thirty to forty pounds.

But, you ask, we fear a little impatiently, what has all that to do with shooting? Not much, we grant you; but we cannot help jotting down just what turns up in our mind at the moment, so please forgive us. And now for the shooter's prospects.

Well, we always *have* hailed the advent of October with feelings of keen pleasure, with its grouse and partridges, its

pheasants and hares, its blackcocks and rabbits ; but November is better still, for do not the first moonlight nights bring our little friends the woodcocks "over the water" to our hospitable shores? And, then, those early storms of wind and driving sleet, and even snow—unpleasant though, we grant, they be—do they not carry to British lakes and ponds and streams countless flocks of wildfowl—geese and widgeon, mallard and duck, the dear little sporting teal and the red-headed pochard, with golden and grey plovers, fresh consignments of snipe from Holland and Norway, to say nothing of possibly (if we are shooting near the sea coast, and especially in the North of Scotland or the West of Ireland) one of those large flocks of glorious wild swans!

Then, both to the youthful sportsman, and also to many and many a more sedate lover of the gun, there comes plenty of that capital sport, ferreting the little rabbit! What fun it is, to be sure, when no better sport with nobler game is to be had, on some bracing, sunny November morning, and accompanied by our own particular terriers—both "Skyes" and fox-terriers—we sally forth with good ferrets to some warren or hedgerow bank where we know there are "bunnies" galore.

The fern is all fading away over the wide expanse of the moorland warren which is to be our *rendezvous* this fine autumnal day. The heather, lately so purple in its August beauty, has become almost of a brown hue with the influence of the early frosts, and the lovely tints which remind us of grouse are things of the past. The short white grass waves in the gentle breeze, which, coming as it does to-day from the northward, is keen, but very pleasant withal. Yonder we can see a clump of very ancient Scottish firs, which stand out nobly against the bright blue sky, with the sun's rays bringing out into clear relief the red stems of the old trees. Here and there a few solitary weeping birches nod their now leafless branches in the wind, and on yonder stone wall we can see two gallant old blackcocks sunning themselves securely enough, for it is quite out of the question to think of "stalking" those wary birds, as they can see for miles around their position, which is of course the very highest point of the "dyke." But, see, the ferrets are "in," a fact we had almost forgotten, till that well-known and welcome sound, like a miniature earthquake-throb, beneath one's feet, recalls our attention just in time to slip in our cartridges and bowl over a couple of bunnies as they scuttle away in terrible hot haste across the stunted heather. Our friends, too, over there, a few hundred yards away, are soon hard at work, and as the game is good enough to "bolt" well, and none of our little assistants, the ferrets, "lay up" (as Duncan terms it), the fun grows fast and furious, and by three o'clock in the afternoon (which is quite late enough for ferreting with any success) our total has mounted

to fifty-three rabbits between the three guns, besides a monster white cat which was "bolted" from a burrow, and a couple of "blue rock" pigeons, which are pretty common hereabouts, as we are not far from the shore and the caverns in which they build.

Then we take a walk over the hill towards home, which is some four miles distant from the warren, and our route, leading us by a largish loch, where there are generally duck, we organise a little "drive," having concealed ourselves behind some furze bushes which afford a capital hiding-place, while the three keepers and their dogs go right round the water, well out of sight of the fowl, which we make out by help of our glasses are in some number, and in the very middle of the loch. We have to wait patiently for five minutes time, during which the men are making their wide *détour*; but, see, here come the fowl, and, by all that's fortunate, direct for our places of concealment. An old mallard and a duck fall to our own shot, and a couple of widgeon and another mallard to our two companions between them; whilst a big "coil" of teal are the last to leave the lake, and seem very unwilling to leave the water, flying round and round in wide circles. How pretty the flock looks as the birds turn rapidly in the air, their white underwing coverts glancing in the sunshine; but, alas! for them, one of their "turns" brings them within twenty yards of our guns, and the six barrels account for nine of the bonnie little fowl, and a tenth escapes with a broken wing to the thick rushes, where the retrievers cannot manage to find him. However, we wend our way homeward, with not a very large but a very prettily "mixed" bag of fifty-three rabbits, three mallards, two widgeon, nine teal, and three and a half couple of snipe which we pick up on our homeward tramp, besides an old cock pheasant, not forgetting our "one extra," the said white cat, over whose death the head keeper rejoices, for, as he says, that "ca-at was a gey bad 'yun," which certainly is proved by the said poacher only possessing one unmaimed leg out of its proper complement of four, proving, in truth, that it had been acquainted with more than one trap. "By the way," suddenly observes our companion, General H——, whilst we were examining the defunct poacher, "did any of you ever hear the story of the moose hunter and his Scotch friend?" "No." "Well, it's just this way:—A question arose between a great sportsman in my old regiment, who had done much hunting in Canada, and an old Highland keeper, up in Perthshire, as to the excellence of Scottish deer-stalking as contrasted with big-game shooting in North America. The Canadian sportsman contended stoutly that elk and bear and moose were far and away the best and grandest game to be found, whilst old Duncan MacAlister naturally stuck to it that no sport on the whole earth excelled

the pursuit and slaughter of the gallant stag amongst his own bonnie highland mountains. 'But,' said the Canadian sportsman, 'you, my good friend, never saw the wapiti shot, or the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, nor have you followed that grand animal the caribon; nor have you, rifle in hand, toiled many a weary hour in hunting the *moose*!' 'Moose, indeed,' quoth the Highlander, in great disgust, 'an' you for a sportsman—you! An' a mon ganging oot for tae hunt a wee moose wi' a rifle? Na, na, it winna do, Colonel—hunt a wee moose wi' a rifle! In auld Scotlan' we hunt the beastie wi' *caats*!'"

Here we are, six or seven good "chums," and as, one really fine November morning, we duly take up our posts in the old larch wood near the foaming salmon river, which is rushing in pride and with much noise down the bonnie glen, we have time to admire the glorious scenery while waiting for the game to be driven towards or over us. Perchance an old blackcock or a couple of greyhens are the first comers. Down with the cocks; but, we pray you, draw not a bead upon the greyhens! It is this that is destroying the grand game-bird, the blackcock, throughout Scotland, that the lessees of shootings, as a general rule, deal death amongst the poor greyhens, because, they say, if *they* don't others *will*; or they will tell you that they have paid for the shooting, and mean to get their money's worth! All we can say is this (and we always have, and ever will, maintain it to be right), that he who kills the greyhens is *not* a true sportsman! It is simply the case of the goose which lays the golden eggs, and, as everyone knows, one blackcock will manage a "harem" of ten to a dozen lady birds, it stands to reason that every greyhen has a chance of becoming a valuable member of society, whilst by all means we advise you to slay, without mercy, the wicked and dissipated cocks!

And now a hare or two pop along the tangled path towards us, and a rocketing pheasant goes overhead unharmed by a long shot from our friend B——, while we ourselves stupidly miss an easy shot at a woodcock to our left.

Here come three of those pretty little roedeer, alarmed by the shouts of the beaters; but as the leading deer, a buck with a fine head, catches sight of a gleaming gun barrel, he dashes back in alarm, followed by his does, but, poor fellow, too late for himself. A long shot from a friend on our right front knocks him over, never to rise more, whilst we hear from the yells of the line of beaters that the two does have charged the men, as they so often do, and broken away.

Pheasants, and plenty of them, now fly over us, and hares in fair abundance, and rabbits on every side, popping in and out of the dying fern and brambles, give the guns plenty of occupation, and a stroll over a snipe bog on our way to the house adds variety to the bag of as happy and pleasant a day's sport as we can desire to take a part in.



On the moors grouse can still be got on sunny days, and in places where the heather is long, to sit to dogs; but we find the best plan is to take out opera glasses, and first find grouse on little "knowes" (or hillocks), and then stalk them. And what is better sport than a good grouse drive—that is, where it can be done in the proper manner, and with safety, for how many of our old friends owe the loss of an eye to carelessness in the "butts!"

We could write of the varied sport to be obtained during the pleasant month which is now opening for the shooter at much greater length, but space forbids it, and, doubtless, our readers are weary too! So, brother sportsmen, good luck to you, and adieu; and we hope your November bags may be as heavy as we believe and expect our own may be!

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## A Peep at French Sport.

It is so easy nowadays to transport yourself hither and thither, that the chief element for our consideration is the will to say, "We will go," and a needful bit of cash "to pay expenses."

When this fit is on you, what fairer scene can you find than in France? that is, where your aim is not purely to risk your neck or your constitution in doing the excelsior, you can enjoy scenes and revel in the luxurious climate of our gay and excitable neighbours, the French, to your heart's content.

To begin with, there is that acme of travelling by railway, the Club train, where you eat, drink, sleep, and are comfortable, starting from Victoria station after lunch, at 3.15 p.m., and being in Paris long before midnight. Then at 9 a.m. the next morning you can again take your seat in a Pullman car, and you are whisked away another 400 miles to Bordeaux, with less discomfort than you can travel 100 miles by a cross-country route even in old England. It is sorely tempting to spin you a yarn on vineyards and vines—on the choice brands of the Chateaux that lend their aid to fascinate the traveller on the Garonne: on the hospitalities and charms of the grape-picking: the glories of Cognac and its world-famed distilleries. Wine and sport have a cousinly affinity, but I must be content on this head with saying that note should be taken of the vintage of 1890 in French wines. The grapes have ripened splendidly, and are being picked while I write, in glorious weather. Growers are jubilant, and sporting lovers of fine claret need not be afraid of bespeaking and laying in, when the time comes, as much as they can well afford of 1890 wine.

Shooting has been in full swing in France since the middle

of September, but alas! thanks to insufficient game laws, game, except in favoured spots, is sadly decimated from what it was twenty-five years ago. I saw plenty of fine pointers, and gunners without end; but the game brought to bag were chiefly thrushes, blackbirds, and larks. A friend of mine was anxious to persuade me to have a day; I resisted the temptation. He started at 6 a.m., walked with two companions till noon, had *déjeuner* and a rest till 2 p.m., and then shot, or rather walked, till 6 p.m., and came home dead beaten. "Well, what sport?" was my inquiry. "Oh, bah! nothing; only saw one hare, which we missed." They had not disturbed a single partridge or quail all day. He knew it was no use rejoicing over the smaller fry in my presence. And this is what French sport is reduced to under a Radical and Republican Government!

Once again in Paris, and to do as all sporting Parisians do on a Sunday afternoon is hard to forego. To watch the unbroken procession of equipages, from the modest little hackney carriage of the genus *victoria*, so celebrated in Paris, to the flash buggies, mail phaetons, and barouches with high stepping horses, wending their way up to the Arc de Triomphe, was all I attempted, seeing that a meeting at Vincennes is as conventional as any of our own Metropolitan Meetings. Who is there amongst us that has not come to know the Bois de Boulogne as well (almost) as Hyde Park? Sunday racing is all very well in its way, but it is un-English, and its praises shall not be sung by "Borderer," at all events in your pages, dear BAILY. So when on their return the Frenchmen were ecstatic over the overthrow of Clover by Wandora in the Prince of Orange Cup, "B." only soliloquised that such was quite to be expected from the stout breeding of the daughter of Bruce—a sire that had the misfortune to lose the Derby.

The next day there was to be an inauguration of a new meeting some thirty miles from Paris, in a district replete with historical lore, amid some of the finest woods and sporting haunts in France. For was it not at Rambouillet where Francis I. died, and where Orleanists love to congregate? And has not the little town an especial interest to military men who have largely aided in starting this meeting? The journey by rail, if rather too long for the conventional Parisian racegoer, is very interesting and pretty, as you pass St. Cloud, Versailles, and St. Cyr, as well as some of the most gamey-looking woods, splendidly divided by straight and broad rides. The course itself was at least a mile and a half from the station, and the race-going cabby had not found it out, so there was nothing for it but to brave the hot sun and dusty road and foot it. Once there you are fain to confess that there is much that is pretty and taking about it. Flanked on two sides by forest, which shelters and lends grace to it, you at once become puzzled where and

how the horses are intended to run. Look at whatever angle you like, fences, artificial of course, meet your eye. In truth, you at length discover that there are three courses, one inside the other, and that one is a figure of 8. The grand stand was placed in the middle of these—awkwardly, I thought, as the horses were continually running behind the stand, and only the actual finish of the races came past it and the enclosures. Some of it appeared to be a sand track, and then the cloud of dust that the galloping hoofs stirred up hid the view of the race for the moment. There was a genuine Punchestown bank, that had to be done on and off, and all the fences had to be jumped, as several chancing competitors found to their cost. Neither French jockeys nor French horses, however, funk their fences, for they go like mad at them, and the only refusal I saw was on the part of a good-looking rogue of a chestnut, in the Military Race, who, with the race in hand, fairly stopped short at the last hurdle, and nearly upset his pilot, much to the horror of his backers, for he was a hot favourite. The gentlemen jockeys mustered strongly—nine in one race—but it was surely a mistake to allow one of them to mar the faultless gets-up of the others by riding in a black hat and coat, with breeches and boots of the same sombre hue. In my ignorance I imagined he was joining in the race for a bit of a lark. He looked all over like a nice-looking and sporting young curate, in his *tenue de ville*, having a sly gallop alongside the horses in their preliminary canter up the flat at Newmarket. When the race began, however, it was easy to see that he was very much in earnest, and he (M. de Contades) came home second, after a very pretty race, in which a fine chestnut horse, called Quatre à Quatre, a son of Scottish Chief and Queen of the North, won; but Javelot, a five-year-old, by Paul's Cray, would, in your scribe's opinion, have won had not his jockey been content to lie right away twenty lengths behind everything till three furlongs from home, and then tried to make up two hundred yards in six hundred—an impossible task, which in another hundred yards he would nevertheless probably have accomplished. His backers looked daggers. The fun of the losers did not end here, for in the next race Mascaret and Sachet ran home locked together, and so near a thing was it that the judge was puzzled, and turned to consult two other gentlemen standing below on the steps of the box, which is higher than in England; in the result up went both numbers, denoting a dead-heat. This was too much for excitable Frenchmen. What did the judge know about it? Each horse had its partisans, and from both sides of the course came a roar that threatened a disruption of the proceedings, one party shouting "Mascaret," at the top of their voices, and the other "Sachet," until I thought they would end in shooting each other, or the judge.

Luckily, the sun was hot, and they soon cracked up. Another circumstance in which the habits of the French racecourse are very different from ours, and which helped to save them coming to blows, was that the sanctity of the course itself is never allowed to be invaded. The crowd does not break into the course; it never even condescends to dodge under the rails, or approach the stand—a safe distance always seems to part the swells from the ordinary pedestrians, and no carriages or coaches line the course (at least not at Rambouillet). Not a favourite got home during the afternoon, although I thought the winner of the last race, *Lyre d'Or*, by *Louis d'Or*, much the best looking of the five runners. In France, though, as elsewhere, much has to do with jockeyship, and I soon found out it was more useful to ask, "Can he ride?" than, "Is the horse good enough to win?" It was curious to meet familiar English jockey and stable boy faces at every turn, and to have a cap touched to you by a whilom lad of Matt. Dawson's and Ryan's; but so it is. English are almost indispensable here, and H. Andrews, who trains a goodly string of horses on the course, finds he can manage them better here than at Newmarket. The betting is about equally divided between the list men and the *pari-mutuels*, consequently there is less shouting and rowdyism about the betting than in England, and better prices are laid, I believe. My heresy in favour of the *pari-mutuel* and list system has long been openly avowed (for racecourses only); and I firmly believe it would lead to a healthier state of things were such betting allowed in England, to the exclusion of all other. The French bet furiously, ladies also, as many louis as they can afford, and go home with empty purses or full ones, as the case may be, for that day only, and they know the worst of it. There is no piling up the loss of a fortune, or betting beyond your means here; and the *pari-mutuel* fairly reflects by its odds the market status of every horse that runs. Outsiders sometimes obtain fabulous odds when the totaliser comes to be applied.

The Clerk of the Scales, after the time was up for the first race to be run, tried to insist on a fourth horse being weighed out, and actually had his number stuck up; but there was such a howl of indignation from the other three runners, who wanted all the fun to themselves, that he had to give way at last. As to the horses themselves, there were certainly some good-looking ones, but the majority had awful understandings—they were fired and blistered all round, and how their poor back sinews stood the adamantine going was wonderful. Probably those poor legs had grown callous, and horses can be made to adapt themselves to almost anything.

Every excuse must be made for Rambouillet, as it is a new meeting. Were the grand stand, however, placed in the

forest, and the ground cleared in front of it, a good straight run in might be obtained, all the course or courses would be in view of it, a pretty shaded paddock might be made, and the figure 8 avoided. The races would then be run the reverse way to what they are at present. Probably, however, the forest is inviolable to the racecourse authorities. Nevertheless, the gathering was aristocratic in the extreme. The now celebrated Duchess d'Uzès had her unique equipage and a team of four topping ponies, which she drove on to the course, and one of the races was named after the Duke's place near at hand—the Prix de Bonnelles—while her Grace's *piqueurs* played music, which it must be confessed was anything but sweet or harmonious. The Duchess herself looked quite undisturbed by the disagreeable things which the Parisian Press have lately been saying about Boulangerism, and her Grace's part in it. Her dress of lilac and white stripes, with velvet pads, and a black hat trimmed with white, would have made many a grand dame envious on the lawn at Goodwood. That great ally of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Luynes, was a leading patron of the meeting, and lent his carriage to carry off a fallen *chasseur*, who appeared to be suffering from concussion of the brain, and his Duchess was gorgeously frocked in the best French style. Another lady, whom "Borderer" believes to have been Mademoiselle Yolande Chevreuse, was radiant in a salmon-coloured silk skirt, a Zouave jacket, with a red hat and feathers. There were among other notables Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, the Countess de la Rochefoucauld, the Countess de Ladarel, the Marchioness Nedouches, and Countess de Garne, who is known in society as a charming singer.

The buffet department was execrable, wonderful to relate, seeing how particular Frenchmen generally are in this department, and the only vehicle that would condescend to convey us back to the station was a rickety old omnibus, that tried our nervous system not a little. "Too far from Paris," "Not likely to succeed," was the verdict we heard in our railway carriage. "As for the row over the judge's decision, that's nothing; you should have seen them at — the other day. They set fire to the grand stand, and burnt it all down." Truly, I believe, there is nothing that an excitable Frenchman will not do when the fit is on him, and horseracing seems to act on him like a volcano in eruption.

Even French specials are slow, and it took us more than two hours to do the thirty miles or so back to Paris, and cogitate over the novel spectacle in which we had participated.

And yet who shall say that racing, in all its branches, is not taking a firm root in France? A glance at the last (the ninth) volume of the French Stud Book tells us that the number of stud matrons far exceeds ours, and that they have imported from England scores and scores of our bluest blood.

There are no less than 464 thoroughbred sires registered there, and 134 thoroughbred sires that in 1890 were approved by the Government as sound and fit for public patronage.

That Alicante should not have quite got home for the Cesarewitch was a grave disappointment across the Channel, but a shrewd French sportsman assured me at Rambouillet that much fear was felt that their favourite would not quite stay the last quarter of a mile, and, he added, the Cambridgeshire will not be quite far enough for her. In any event, France is likely to play a leading part on the English Turf in the next few years.

It was a little too early in the season to do any hunting, and I was disappointed in not being able to look over a pack of hounds in the neighbourhood of Cognac that I went to see. They had just been taken off for a bit of forest hunting forty miles away. It is a mistake to think that the French are not fond of hunting, for in the northern parts of France hounds abound, and the old southern hound has been very carefully crossed with the best English blood. They do not stick to foxes, however, for buck and wild boar are their chief delight, with an occasional wolf. A gun, or rather many guns, are, however, called into requisition to finish the wolf and the boar. The country between Chatelherault, Poitiers, and Angoulême looked much like hunting, although the woods are large and the undergrowth thick in places; still, there are plenty of openings and rides, and I can imagine fine wild sport there, as well as in Normandy and Brittany, for those who love to hear hound music, and care not for the jumping part of the business. Of the stray hounds that I came across, they mostly reminded me of the Welsh hound, being rough-coated and tan-coloured. They are evidently held in much esteem, for a £5 note tendered for one that I fancied met with a stern refusal, and hounds in France evidently cannot be had at draft price in England. At Avize, in Epernay District, there is a fine pack of hounds, about sixty couples, and we were assured that the sport with them was the chief delight of the district. Some fine stags' and boars' heads testified to this, as trophies.

An Italian sky does not altogether accord with fly-fishing, but, nothing daunted, we had a day on the Charente, by the kind permission of M. Hennessey, on his water near Cognac. Not provided with proper minnow tackle, or what I believe would have been better, live-bait tackle, we had to try a fly, which for large trout late in season is almost a hopeless amusement. Nevertheless we defeated a brace of nice fish, and I have no doubt there are some grand ones there, for I saw one very big fish rise, and we were shown the cast of one that an Englishman had killed there weighing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  lb. The river is about the size of the Thames at Marlow, and there are some lovely bits at the weirs and on the side streams, which

would reward the fisherman on a good day, I am sure; while some forty miles higher up the river above Angoulême I can fancy the Charente being a splendid trout stream. Frenchmen, however, take poaching as a right. For I had just begun to throw over a nice stream on M. Hennessey's private water, when down came two brawny fellows, and began fishing right in front of me with grasshoppers. When remonstrated with, they acknowledged that they had no leave, and yet did not budge. M. H.'s keeper came to dislodge them, and they only sheered off to a convenient distance, and when his back was turned they returned to their poaching quite comfortably. "This is worse than Ireland," thought I; but after all, they seem an inoffensive quiet people, and there is so much in their country that is charming and interesting, even to a sportsman, that it troubled me little to have my fishing disturbed for once.

I should have told you that coursing is now prohibited by law for the sake of saving the hares, it is said; but this is absurd, seeing that everybody shoots them when and how he likes.

It was but a peep that we had of France and French sport, but that peep was far from an unpleasant or uninteresting one.

BORDERER.

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## Sylvanus Damson's Great Adventure.

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

THE Rev. Sylvanus Damson did not come of age till he was forty-two. That is to say, all his life before this date was spent, as lawyers might have termed it, *in statu pupillari*, or, in the more figurative language of schoolboys, he had always been "tied to his mother's apron string." His father had been a fellow of one of the smaller colleges at Oxbridge, which had in its gift a good deal of valuable Church preferment. To obtain the refusal of the best of this, the elder Damson lingered on as a celibate fellow till he was more than fifty. On taking possession of the living for which he had waited so long, he married, after about a month's acquaintance, a pretty, penniless girl, still in her teens, the daughter of his predecessor's curate. The Oxbridge Don did not live long enough to find out all that the union of April with October signifies; for within two years of his hurried wedding-day, a fit of apoplexy carried him off; and Mrs. Damson had to begin the world over again, with the interest of a few (very few) thousands invested in the Funds, with the proceeds of the sale of the effects in and out of the rectory, and, for a prop and

a stay, with Sylvanus, the baby-tenant of a cradle, not yet able to walk alone.

At this crisis of her life—as, indeed, throughout her career—the widow behaved herself with singular discretion. Within six weeks of her husband's unexpected death, his books, wine, horse and carriage, and every redundancy were sold by auction. With a portion of the furniture, and the proceeds of the sale of the rest, Mrs. Damson stocked a tiny house in the close of the adjacent town of Barchester; and sending for her old widowed father to be a kind of sheep-dog, started once more upon a social campaign among the clerical and quasi-clerical old women, of both sexes, who hang about the outskirts of a cathedral set.

Everybody prophesied that pretty Mrs. Damson, who had never looked so charming as she did in her weeds, would soon make a second marriage; but everybody proved, for once, to be a false prophet. Whether she had had enough of matrimony, or whether the right person did not ask her to re-enter that holy estate, cannot now be determined; but the fact remains that after sixteen or eighteen years of assiduous attendance at the cathedral services, of adroit flattery of all and everybody in the close who was worth the knowing, Mrs. Damson was Mrs. Damson still. Sylvanus had gone to the grammar school in the precincts, and growing up a pupil there, had given everybody reason to speak well of him. The masters said that he was an excellent young man, but not by any means a genius. The boys said that "old Sil" wasn't half a bad chap; but that he was unmistakably a "duffer." In fact, as will sometimes happen, the constant efforts of Mrs. Damson to push her son forward (she was honestly entitled to the praise that she had persistently done this) only caused him to be rather more shy and awkward than a somewhat uncouth appearance, joined to a reserved temperament and the consciousness of small means, would naturally have caused him to be.

The old grandfather by this time was dead. "Fresh fields and pastures new" seemed somehow to be desirable to the widow, and when one of his father's friends got for Sylvanus the appointment of sizar or servitor at his father's college at Oxbridge, she announced to her Barchester acquaintances that she was going to move her *lares et penates* to the university town, in order to pilot "dear Sylvanus" through the rocks and shoals of an undergraduate's career. What Sylvanus himself thought of the arrangement does not transpire. Probably his opinion was not asked, and he was by no means in the habit of volunteering one. Everybody had, as we have said, prophesied wrong about the widow's remarrying; but "everybody" had rehabilitated its reputation for sagacity by affirming that no mother ever had a more obedient son than Sylvanus. This was true enough; Mrs. Damson (and her old



maid Hannah, who had been with her through her married life) were continually impressing Sylvanus with the sacrifice his mother had made on his behalf, and he was of too generous a disposition, even in thought, to question the correctness of the statement. So Sylvanus and Co. went to Oxbridge. In his mother's opinion, he was to repeat his father's success, come out a first-class, and win a fellowship. In his own, he supposed that he should get a degree, get ordained, and get a living upon which he could provide a home for himself and his mother.

As generally happens in such cases, the more moderate expectation proved to be the one most nearly realised. Sylvanus never missed lecture or chapel, and was held up by tutor and dean, and all the college authorities, as being in every respect a model undergraduate. The men of his own year teased, laughed at, and liked him. Hannah having on one occasion been sent to the door of the lecture room to bring "Master Sylvanus his pocket-handkerchief which he had left behind him," obtained for him the name of Bib. Yet there was no dislike or scorn felt in college for Bib Damson. A shy man who is too proud to sponge, and too honest to put forward unreal pretensions, may make few friends among, but he certainly would not be ill thought of, so far as he is thought of at all, by the younger residents at an English university.

Even the period of college residence is not interminable. At last the great day arrived, and Sylvanus acquired the right through the rest of his life to tack B.A. to the end of his name. If he had never got a first or second class, at least he had never been "plucked." He had a good record when he took his degree, and without delay got ordained, obtaining a country curacy, with a house as part of the stipend, to which he took his mother and Hannah. His clerical life for twenty years was a succession of fresh removals. Wherever he went, the two women went with him, his mother making his little parlour attractive to his parishioners with her neat, half-Quakeress dress and peculiarities of speech, and with her stories of the Barchester or college life, about the "dear Bishop, the dean, the master," and all the other dignitaries.

Wherever they moved, both mother and son got the good word of the natives. She because, at least for a while, she was an agreeable companion; comely and chatty. He because, when one got near enough to him to see what he really was, everybody recognised in him an unselfish, right-intentioned man, anxious to make friends with and to be of use to his neighbours. If one smiled, as was often inevitable, at his obedience when his mother sent him out of the room to change his shoes or to tie a comforter round his neck, the filial sentiment was respected, as was the obvious desire to be truthful, which made Sylvanus, when appealed to for confirmation of

his mother's wonderful stories, adopt the safe formula of assent, "Yes, mother. That is what I have often heard you say about it before."

But even in the tranquil life of a country curate "the unexpected is the one occurrence which is sure to happen," and to the mother and son, of course, their share arrived. Sylvanus invariably insisted upon taking a country curacy; and Mrs. Damson—although she preferred the gossip and petty visiting of a town—fully appreciated the superior cheapness of a rural residence. She had some virtues—the pretty, tiresome, mendacious old woman!—and one of these was that she always kept within the bounds of her own little income, joined to that of Sylvanus's stipend, and that she had maintained upon it for him, throughout her life, the decencies of a neatly ordered house. Probably the larger half of the merit for this was due to the handmaid, Hannah, who had nursed Sylvanus from a baby, and who clung faithfully to him through life, bearing for his sake all the mother's somewhat irritating ways. Still, the mother's deeds were something to be grateful for, and Sylvanus was the last man to forget any obligation. He always kept before him that he had owed his mother not only the usual protection of his childhood, but the lifelong refreshment of an orderly home. So Mrs. Damson and Hannah, one or the other, ruled supreme over him within doors. Yet Sylvanus had his pleasures. His garden was a constant one; and every now and then a day of pike or perch fishing was an occasional recreation. The local nurserymen welcomed the visits of the intelligent, if small-spending, clergyman. A *Phlox Damsoni*, a rose, "The Bursar," and a new variety of gooseberry in their catalogues, bore testimony to the skill of the Rev. Sylvanus Damson as a rearer of seedlings.

The first great disturbance to the even tenor of the ways of this household came from that very improbable heroine for a romance, Mrs. Damson's grim-featured maid. One morning she was found, not fainting or in hysterics, but sitting in the kitchen with her apron thrown over her face, wholly unregarding the persistent tinkling of the parlour-bell! "Why, Hannah," burst in Mrs. Damson, "what is the matter? I have been ringing this quarter of an hour for you to clear the breakfast-table." "Eh! mum," rejoined the domestic, "ye may ring! Read that!" and she put a letter which the postman had just brought into her astonished mistress's hands. Mrs. Damson was quite familiar with Hannah's story. She had been the daughter of the parish clerk of the church wherein Mrs. Damson herself became a bride, and Hannah had first "gone to service"—as nursemaid to Sylvanus—under the smart of a matrimonial disappointment. Her sweetheart—younger than herself—after the banns were published, had not only gone off to sea, but had sent his mistress his compli-

ments, with a polite message that he was not coming back any more; in fact, to use Hannah's own words, "He bolted off, mum! He behaved shameful!" And for nearly forty years nothing had been heard of him, except that he was said to be in America. What Hannah's life had been since, in telling the story of Sylvanus, these pages have faintly indicated. What his had been, nobody knew; but it was certain that he was home once more to the old parish, and that he had made inquiries for Hannah, and that surviving friends had told him where she was to be found, and possibly told him, too, that she was believed to have saved some money. Anyhow, the rustic Beppo at once got someone to write to his ill-used mistress, and announce his return, his undiminished affection, and his desire to renew his proposal; and—as generally happens when a man has only behaved badly enough to a woman—he was at once forgiven, all his explanations credited, and he was again reinstated in her favour, and trusted rather more blindly than at first.

At this incident Mrs. Damson was furious. What took place between the women we do not venture to conjecture. What took place between mother and son was this. "Silly old woman!" said Mrs. Damson. "He will spend all her money, and desert her again. I remember Jethro Bangs very well. He was the head groom in the squire's stable, and a great favourite. He might by this time have come to be head coachman." And here Mrs. Damson spoke with the bated breath with which she always discussed all and everything connected with a good establishment. "He might by this time have been living at the lodge, if he hadn't saved money enough to take one of the squire's farms." To this Sylvanus replied—"I think, mother, we mustn't blame Hannah. I ought to tell you I, too, have had a letter this morning. I am offered the vicarage of Owlston-upon-Owse, to hold till one of Sir Jacob Manton's younger sons is old enough to take it. It is not of very much value; still, it is better than a curacy. There is a pretty vicarage, and fifteen or twenty acres of land which I should like to farm. Sir Jacob's boys are not above ten or twelve years old, and we may look to being free from having to move again for some years to come." The new intelligence drove its predecessor clean out of Mrs. Damson's head, which was a shallow one at best. She had deserved a revival of prosperity; and at last, in a sense, and according to her wants, she had got it. Hannah, at the first indication that "Barkis is willin'," married her returning prodigal, and became Mrs. Bangs; and at the farm-cottage Jethro was installed factotum to the Rev. Sylvanus Damson, and the manager of his one-horse farm.

Suppose a year or two to have passed away; and suppose everyone to have shaken down into their novel condition.

Apparently, Jethro Bangs and his wife—although they did not come together till after some skittishness on one side, or until both were over sixty—were likely to constitute a comfortable couple. Mrs. Damson, after a succession of new maids—each of whom was expected to be plain, but not ill-looking; intelligent, yet not to have a way of her own; respectful, yet not too attentive, at all events to her master—had stumbled upon a couple who, for a time at least, suited her. The little household once more owned her undivided sway; but it would be inaccurate to say all was as it had been. Mrs. Damson, in Hannah's defection, had been compelled to recognise, more than ever she had before, the dissolvent forces of matrimony. What if Sylvanus were to do the same? If she, in the earlier part of his life, had aimed at pushing Sylvanus into company, now it seemed her chief aim to keep him out of it. Hitherto she had had the satisfaction of seeing Sylvanus engrossed by his new pursuit of farming. He had thrown himself into it with an amount of energy of which he had previously shown few signs. To walk round his little homestead after breakfast, and go out after Jethro Bangs had finished his supper, and talk over with him what should be done the first thing next morning, were the keenest pleasures Sylvanus had ever enjoyed. The expenses of moving and of stocking his small farm had for a time kept him even shorter of cash than usual. As he never had had much practice in riding or driving, he invested at first in but one horse only, and the tumbril on which the previous occupier had brought the hay and roots to the farmyard, and carried out the corn. Still, Boxer was a delight to him; and it is to be feared that the Mrs. Grundy of the neighbourhood had more than once reported, in tones of deepest censure—"I don't think much of the new Vicar of Owlston; I met him driving in his farm-cart, with ropes for reins, just as if he were a common ploughman!" It is a fact that Jethro Bangs and his master performed some astonishing experiments in farming, which made the occupiers of the adjacent lands first to stare, then to smile, and then to talk. Still, Sylvanus was liked on his own account; and Sir Jacob (the patron and great man of the parish) held him in high regard. It followed, therefore, that the comments on the reverend agriculturist were, if critical, not ill-natured. But one day there came an event which set Sylvanus in quite a new light; and it happened in this wise.

One lovely evening, in the end of May, Sylvanus escaped from the vicarage, just about dusk, to have, as usual, a final word with Jethro. This led to a division of opinion as to whether a certain little meadow would or would not be forward enough next week to mow for hay. It was not above half a mile from the farmyard, and master and man strolled down the road together to argue the point with the grass before them.

As they were returning, screams were heard to come from the marshes which formed part of Owlston parish. "What's that, Jethro?" said the parson. "Oh, come along, sir; it's only an old cat," said Jethro, who had not seen many men and many cities without growing somewhat cynical. But the indistinct shrieking soon took the concrete form of a cry—"Help! help!"—and the cat theory became clearly untenable. It was evident that someone—and that someone, by the voice, a woman—was in urgent need of assistance, and was claiming it of humanity at large, with all her might and main. Sylvanus was short-sighted, and the light was waning fast. He did not know from what quarter exactly the sounds came. The practical Jethro soon found an explanation. "I'll warrant it's them there women as passed here half an hour ago, whipping and slashing like mad. They have taken the wrong turn, and got into the fen. Silly fools! Sarve 'em right! Let 'em alone! Folks as drive like that ought to come to trouble." "But," said Sylvanus, "we must go to help. Did you say down the Loak? I'll jump across into this marsh, and I shall soon be there; you follow as quick as you can." Sylvanus, as the lighter of foot, started off, and knowing exactly the short cut to take to the Loak (a "loak" is a green lane blocked by a gate), soon got there to witness a sorrowful sight. In the ditch, on its back with four legs uppermost, lay a pony. In another ditch was a car, with both shafts broken clean off; by the side of the ditch, on the grass, was the recumbent form of a woman, with another kneeling by her side, vigorously applying a smelling bottle. Against the gate itself stood the tall figure of a third woman, now leaning her head in her hands, her elbows supported by the gate back, and now raising her head to emit shrill screams and cries of "Help!" "Murder!" "Fire!" and other exciting words equally at variance with fact. All three, however, had sufficient life in them to recognise the approach of the parson. The recumbent and kneeling figures rose to their feet, and the leaning one stood upright. Sylvanus saw with pleasure that no one was dead, or apparently like to die; but three showily-dressed women, one of middle age, and two quite young. All were readier of speech than Sylvanus after his little run. All spoke together. But the younger gave way, as the elder, pulling herself together with wonderful skill, with a fawning voice, thus defined the position: "Oh, sir, how thankful we are that you have come! Pray don't leave us! We are strangers, who came out from Barrackstown to Pigsbury, where there has been a bazaar for restoration of the church. My young friend here was driving. The pony trotted down hill so fast she lost command over it. When it got to the gate it couldn't stop, and ——" Here the tall girl cut in: "It was all your doing! If you hadn't grabbed the reins, we should

have been all right ! Don't blame me ! ” “ I don't blame you, dearest Annie,” said the elder, who obviously wished to stave off a war of words. “ Anyhow, we are lost ; and if this kind gentleman does not help us, I don't know what we shall do.” Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and got up a succession of sobs ; and the shorter girl followed suit immediately. At this minute two other personages came on the scene—Jethro Bangs (who had travelled round by the road at a slower rate than his master) and Sir Jacob (the great man of the place, on horseback), who had ridden up to the vicarage to leave a message, and had heard the screams, and galloped up to see what it was all about. Both stood looking on for a moment in silence, as Sylvanus kept begging the weeping women to be reassured, and to believe that they should not be left unassisted in their trouble, with whatever other arguments of comfort suggested themselves by his experience.

It is melancholy, but it is true, that both Sir Jacob and Jethro—two men skilled in horsemanship—felt their first impulse to be to render help to the pony, which was struggling on its back. “ Hold my rein,” said Sir Jacob to Sylvanus, jumping down ; “ and Bangs, come here and help me.” Together the two, unbuckling a strap here and cutting a leather there, in a few minutes set the pony free from the ends of the shafts and the harness, and by a judicious “ lift,” induced it to make one more effort, and to regain its feet. A few seconds sufficed for it to jump out of the land-drain (with a hard bottom and little water in it), and to stand shivering on the road ; a good deal cut and frightened, no doubt, but neither disabled nor seriously hurt. Sir Jacob burst out laughing. “ I think, Mr. Damson, it was rather lucky that Bangs and I happened to come up. One sees accidents of that kind in the hunting field, and learns how to deal with them ; but they do not often occur on the high road. I can't think how that pony could have got into the ditch in that fashion.” Here the tall girl once more acted as interpreter. “ Because Mrs. Foulcher, there, chucked the reins out of my hands. The pony saw the gate, pulled up, and would have turned round. We all jumped off, and the pony would have been all right ; but she pulled and pulled, and it first backed the car into the ditch, broke off the shafts, and then fell back itself into the water.”

Sir Jacob eyed the speaker keenly, and said, “ Did I not see you at the officers' steeplechases to day ? ” “ Very likely you did,” retorted she, brusquely ; “ we all were there ; and we went on purpose to be seen.” Sylvanus now spoke : “ I hope, Sir Jacob, you will lend your luggage cart and a horse to carry these”—he hardly knew what to say, but he said—“ ladies, back to Barrackstown, as you know I have nothing but Boxer and a tumbril.” “ I am sorry to deny you anything,” said Sir Jacob, coldly, “ but my horses and men have all been out already, and had a long day, and ' a merciful man is merci-

ful to his beasts.'” Sylvanus flushed a little, and said, “There is no inn nearer than Knockdamin, a mile away on the river bank, and that is not fit quarters for such travellers as these, and they cannot hire there.” Turning to the dishevelled women, he said, “If you will try and walk to the vicarage, I will get you some refreshment; and I will do my best, though that cannot be much, to send you back to Barrackstown.” By this time Sir Jacob was in the saddle again, and Sylvanus walked to open the gate for him. As he passed through, Sir Jacob stooped and whispered to his parson: “Don’t have anything to do with those folk, Mr. Damson. The night’s warm; they can’t take much harm. They are a bad lot. ‘You cannot touch pitch——’ you know the rest.” “Good-night! Sir Jacob,” said Sylvanus, and off galloped the horseman.

But the difficulty remained. The three women slowly retraced their steps, Sylvanus attending, towards the vicarage; and Jethro Bangs walked behind, leading the pony. It was now nearly dark, and the news of the accident had reached the mother of Sylvanus and the wife of Bangs. Each had got too excited to remain indoors. Mrs. Damson, for the first and only time in her life, was seen in the public road without a bonnet, and Hannah’s cap kept her old mistress company and in countenance. When about a hundred yards from the gate, the woman called Mrs. Foulcher hesitated: said she could not walk any further, and finally sat down on the bank, and pulled out her handkerchief again; her companions remaining with her. Sylvanus went on before. “Mother,” he said, “here are some unlucky people, whose horse has run away and upset them. Won’t you make them some tea, whilst I go and see what I can do to get a conveyance for them to Barrackstown?” “If visitors come to my house, Sylvanus,” said Mrs. Damson, majestically, “I hope I know how to behave to them.” But she made no effort to approach the travellers. Sylvanus knew of old that if his mother would, she would; and if she would not, she wouldn’t; and did not waste a minute in reasoning with her. He hurried to the nearest farmhouse, to try to hire or borrow some conveyance.

But the farmer also had gone to the steeplechases, had stayed at a friend’s house, and was not yet home, and the labourers were all in bed. Back came Sylvanus, breathless. “There is no help for it, Jethro! You must fill the tumbril with clean straw, put in Boxer, and drive the party home to Barrackstown.” “Begging your parding, Master Sylvanus,” cut in Hannah, “but did I hear you right? as asking my husband to go——” She could not at first think of a word, so said, “prancing about with a lot of strange visitors in the dead o’ the night? I didn’t think it on you!” “Oh, Hannah,” said Sylvanus, “don’t plague me to death! Either he must, or I.” Then catching at and expanding an idea, he added: “We’ll

both go. I'll lead the pony. He shall drive the tumbril. We'll tie the car behind it." Hannah was really a good sort. "I shouldn't be the one, Master Sylvanus, to encourage you to go a catching your death of cold; and you brought up so careful. But Jethro—go alone with them women! He shan't do it. Why, they dare not even come in and show themselves!" "Mrs. Bangs," said Sylvanus, very gravely, "I won't ask anybody to do what I am ashamed to do myself. I mean to go to Barrackstown. Now fetch him his coat, there's a good soul, and I'll bring Jethro back safe to you." "Why, Master Sylvanus, how you talk! I'll go and get his coat anyhow, and yours too, and cut you a sangwich. You'll be hungry enough before you get back." Here Jethro came up with the tumbril, and with the combined handiness of a countryman and a sailor, both of whom are ever fertile in expedients and accident, and ready in executing them, had tied the ruined car to the tail-board of the tumbril, had bound within it the remains of the harness and the shafts, and had filled the body of the tumbril with the bright, gold-coloured straw of the last year's wheat crop. Sylvanus brought the tumbril down to where the group was sitting. Taking off his hat, he said, "I am sorry that this should be the best accommodation that I can offer you, but it is so. If you will accept the services of myself and my farming-man, we will see you and your pony safe back to Barrackstown." Mrs. Foulcher appeared at first disposed to be sulky; the smaller girl, now that the excitement was over, was stupefied and sleepy; but the taller one (called Annie) jumped into the tumbril, and, holding out her hand to help the others in, "Come, hurry up," she said. "Shan't we have to tell a lot of lies to get out of this scrape!" The others obeyed. Sylvanus, aghast at such a code of honour, led the pony in front; and Jethro, grinning from ear to ear, sat on the frame of the tumbril, having packed his passengers in a reclining position on the straw, and covered them, except their heads, with a lot of old sacks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## Fox Hunting.

ALTOGETHER in the future is fox-hunting. We "stand on her threshold sighing" for the weeks that are lost and for the fun that has been wanting. For, fettered and incomplete though October hunting must always be, it usually serves the purpose of shaking us into our places, and of putting things in readiness. Nay, more than that, as truly "jolly gallops" (the old-fashioned term is more trenchant than any elegant substitute) have been seen in October as in any month of the year, and under the delectable conditions of a small field, a cool



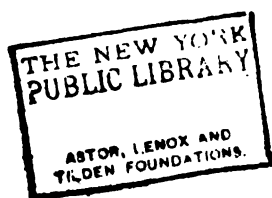
shooting coat, and a warm atmosphere. We are not as prone as once we were to pin our faith and enjoyment to the "gay panoply" of the chase. We get no younger, it is reasonable to suggest, and may or may not set less store by smartness, though of a truth we hope not to live to see horsedealer's kit the correct livery of the hunting field, as it is now held to be of the park. But what is far more to the point, we are only too well aware that while the bright array has power to carry gladness and its own welcome into every countryside, it at times becomes overwhelming with its volume and popularity.

Thus a host of men have been dawdling about London in October, who in other years would have been living in the saddle, and rejoicing in the fall of the leaf. Now what have they done, but, perhaps, imperil the cost of a season in a flutter at Newmarket, filling in the odd days with calls upon their tailors and breeches makers.

This year November calls us into action almost unprepared, half-trained and wholly unpractised, ourselves and our horses. The young hounds have scarcely learned it is fox that they are expected to run. They have tasted blood and found excitement, but the lessons have been limited and interrupted. Many packs of hounds were restricted during weeks of September and October to mere road exercise, for the rough hard ground was crippling them as in a frost. One has to carry memory back a lamentable stretch for a parallel. I can recall nothing nearer than Mr. Chaworth-Musters' first year of Mastership with the Quorn, when the turf was like iron on Kirby Gate day (November's first Monday). Vividly the memory happens on me to have been impressed through the medium of a maiden collarbone. First disasters make their mark as indelibly as first loves—both, possibly, comparative terms—and ever since then I have looked with mortal dread on hard turf and a drop fence. But this by the way. Reminiscence must take the part of new events wanting.

Speaking of Mr. Musters further brings to mind that the new first whip to the North Warwickshire is Tom Goddard, whose father was so long that grand sportsman's *fidus Achates*. In fancy I can still hear old Goddard's pleasant cackle, when, to the question what might be the Squire's riding weight, he answered, "Can't get him into the scales, sir, nowadays—never since he pulled down eighteen stone." And the Squire at that time was himself hunting hounds over the northern half of the strong Quorn country. One of my first full-grown experiences in Leicestershire was a line of stiles from Widmerpool, with Mr. Musters driving me on. "Now, youngster, go ahead, or let me come!" And I went for very shame. The sharp juvenile voice that could bring hounds flying out of "The Curate" was aptly described by the best of our riders of this quarter century as "Little Jack's cheer from 'big Musters' throat."

Mr. Coupland's custom, throughout his very successful Mastership, was to have every October fox driven out of covert *and to hunt the last one to death outside*. Hence the many charming scurries that made that month in Leicestershire almost the most enjoyable month of the year—and hence half the sport that came in consequent months; for foxes were taught to go, and the coverts were seldom stained with blood. But such a course of procedure has been impossible this October, and will be difficult always in future years, where the country is grass and the fences are strong. Galloping and jumping—both of which are, to a certain extent, necessary concomitants (putting the consideration of pleasure altogether out of sight), for a huntsman must get about after his hounds when once they are out of covert—have been an utter impossibility. The ground would not allow it; and there is that other consideration, to which allusion is detestable, viz., *wire*, that will always henceforth stand in the way, well disposed though the farmers be. They *cannot* take it down till November, in the districts where it is really required—*i.e.* the feeding pastures. And this we must recognise. It is no use to declaim against wire; for where wooden rails are not obtainable, it is an effectual protection for the fences against the bullocks. All we can ask (and a fair and reasonable request) is, that it be removed during the months of regular hunting, when there is no object whatever in leaving it up, and it is very easy to take, or allow it to be taken, down. But (better to realise it at once) riding to hounds in the best countries will in future demand caution—a virtue, you will say, only too easy to acquire, though what I may call *bold caution* is, to my mind, more difficult to practise than any headlong dash begotten of excitement or prompted by the spur of the moment. To ride up to a big place for a good look, and then, when satisfied that, however ugly, it conceals no trap, to turn round for a cut at it, is to me (and has been ever since I grew to top boots) as terrible an ordeal as a *viva voce* exam. If it does not make one's heart go pit-a-pat, it at once robs the subject of all interest, and one must go forward as a point of duty, or retire like a beaten hound. Herein, I suppose, comes out the difference between cool pluck and hot ardour; the latter being by far the commoner motor of hard riding. Neither, of course, is long available, unless the individual be keenly and honestly fond of hounds. If he be not, "cool pluck" will soon urge that "the game isn't worth the candle," while hot ardour will disappear and throw him over altogether. A great deal of rubbish has been written about fences, and so forth. Perhaps I am writing rubbish now. But this I assert, viz. (1) that fox-hunting is far too good a game to be played only through gates; (2) that farmers are *not* in any way averse to fox-hunting, but, as a body, are fully agreed that neither they nor





A GOOD HUNTER.

country gentlemen can do without it. I would add that mending the gaps made by a hunting-field is by no means so impossible an undertaking as it seems. Each Hunt might well afford to take this responsibility on its own shoulders, and would thereby do more to keep the fences rideable and the farmers in good humour, than by any other means of appeal.

Instinct and experience alike bid men riding to hounds to seize upon the easiest places. These may be gaps at the time. There very soon will be. For in the Shires are there not to every man who rides to hounds at least fifty others who ride to a lead, and care little whether they see a hound or not? As a matter of fact they don't, but they enjoy their "run" none the less, crack it with their bottle none the less freely, and they encounter no danger whatever from wire. Consequently they rather pooh-pooh the growing horror, minimise its terror, and go to no personal trouble whatever to obtain its clearance. They cut out no new place for themselves; they work the gaps well out, or break the bottommost rails, and expect the residents to have everything in order for them by the time another season comes round. But for the moment they restrict themselves to a few well-beaten tracks, rush for the same holes each time they ride that way, and these holes they might well afford afterwards to mend with four-foot timber. The expenditure would all come back to them in goodwill and clean fences. Failing this, the most horrible of all forms of wiretrap is now often set and baited in a weak gap by a thoughtless shepherd. A miserable argument it is that you may attain safety by waiting till others have shown the way clear. The latter will be caught, the others may turn aside, or step over what has torn the first-comers down.

"Wherefore the more be ye holden and stayed—

Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,

Sing the heretical song I have made—

His be the labour and yours the spoil.

Win by his aid, and the aid disown."

If October has been "dull to degradation," the prospects of winter are good enough. Foxes are plentiful, and huntsmen have not been able to kill too many. I would ask, can anyone tell me of a country wherein foxes were ever over-plentiful in February—the time when most people are out, and when ready finds are most essential? If so, I should like to go there to hunt. I have no sympathy with the wholesale slaughter of immature cubs. "Capital morning; killed five"; no details given as to how they were mopped up—probably half of them chopped, and a couple dug. All goes to the score of the season, and will appear in print. Hounds don't want so many—are all the worse for them. ~~Je~~ <sup>There</sup> was no excitement about the catching of them, ~~ves~~ <sup>as</sup> a good ~~ing~~ <sup>ing</sup> hounds were sick of the

game when their noses had twice been rubbed over with blood. There is no credit in killing helpless cubs, and I never yet saw five old foxes fairly hunted down, after good runs, in any single month, even of the Best Season on Record. Young hounds are the better for blood, daily if possible, but not for a surfeit of foxflesh. What was wanting in this past October has been the few sharp preliminary hunts that make hounds eager and open their pipes.

To change the subject. The sorest blow that has fallen upon the science of Hunting the Fox in the Shires has been the retirement of Frank Beers. Lord Penrhyn will feel the loss of a good servant and a smart huntsman, who could hold his own pleasantly, and never discourteously, with a large field—often in his master's absence. All who had the pleasure of seeing him hunt a fox will miss, more than I can say, the inimitable, self-reliant instinct that made him, in the opinion of many, the cleverest, brightest, and most killing huntsman of the day. For one, I shall miss instruction and appreciation that I reaped gladly, heartily, and fully on every occasion I saw him at work. What was a delight and a duty to him, he made a pleasure to others. And to him is due that the Grafton are what they are—hard-driving, tenacious, and successful, almost inimitable in the field, more than creditable on the flags. May his successor, Tom Smith, follow worthily in his footsteps.

The North Warwickshire have found more foxes than ever before. The Warwickshire are said to be well satisfied, except on the score of the ground. So with the Atherstone, and so with most of the Midland packs. Take it all in all, this is a great fox year, and exceptionally heavy, probably, upon the poultry-funds, the handling of which would often tax the ingenuity of a Goschen and a Balfour combined. Lord North's plan, in Warwickshire, of placing its distribution in the hands of the farmers themselves, would seem to be admirable in its effects. Farmers alone are in a position to be fully primed as to the contents and risks of their neighbours' poultry yards. They are likely to be liberal in distribution, and impervious to imposition. There are few rabbits nowadays—foxes harbour close to the homesteads during the summer months—and the gudewives must not lose their pin-money, if the head of the household is to be kept in charity with the roost-robbers.

Mange has been talked of here and there—in the Pytchley country, for example, and in the Meynell, too. Wherever mange has once taken hold, nothing will eradicate it but shooting the old and hairless foxes and cleansing or digging out their earths. Objection is sometimes taken to artificial earths; but surely these are more readily to be reached and purified than any natural burrow?

Lord Spencer's third era of Mastership opens with every probability of renewed success and popularity. As a leading

landlord, a county magnate, and a sterling sportsman, who could be so well fitted to control the destinies of the Pytchley? And even the most rampant members of the field are ever ready to give ear and obedience to Lord Spencer's behests, whether at covert-side or at the critical moment of the chase.

Changes and additions, as regards the fields of the Midlands, will show themselves quickly now. As yet there has been little or no chance of observing. And thus, repeating the first few words of this article, I shall pull up abruptly.

BROOKSBY.

## The Thoroughbred in Argentina.

WHEN on "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro" Boabdil took a last look at the pleasant vale, which he and his race were abandoning for ever to the victorious sons of Spain, one pang perhaps—to him who "cried like a woman for what he could not defend as a man"—would be for the loss of the gallant steeds whose ancestors his Saracen forefathers had, seven hundred years before, brought from their native deserts of Arabia and Barbary into Andalusia.

This province—the garden of the Moorish conquests—had long been noted throughout Europe for its matchless breed of horses, and in the century which followed the expulsion of the Moors, the cavaliers of Spain embarked their choicest blood to cross the ocean for the conquest of the New Indies of the Southern Hemisphere. From a handful of their chargers which survived the weary passage of the Atlantic and the fierce struggle with the Indians, are descended the almost countless number of horses which to-day roam the fertile pampas of La Plata. A central fact for the student of breeding to bear in mind is, that the Argentine horse, however it has been modified by the surroundings of climate, pasturage, and untended existence for centuries, is yet *essentially a thoroughbred*. Notwithstanding the apparently enormous difference between it and its English thoroughbred cousin, both trace their lineage to the same source, *i.e.*, to the peerless Arab. And the two streams that have so long run apart have now again come together, through that blending of the English and Argentine blood which to-day is being carried on upon so extended a scale in the country which is watered by the River Plate.

It was not until after Argentine independence had been achieved that attention began to be turned to the improvement of the native Creole horses. Like the Englishman, the Argentine dearly loves a good horse, and few Feast or Saint-

days were allowed to pass without witnessing some trial of speed and endurance, in matches varying from three hundred yards to three miles in length. But, like many of our own "win, tie, or wrangle" matches in the old days of Black Hambleton, no trustworthy record of performance or of pedigree existed. Moreover, as catch weights were the rule, and the competitors chiefly mares and geldings, it will be seen that the racing man had nothing to guide him in raising from the grand raw material ready to his hand, a breed that, under more favourable circumstances, might, without foreign admixture, have held its own over a distance of ground against any breed of horses in the world.

With the importation (which commenced in the fifties) of thoroughbred stallions from England to Buenos Ayres, began a great change, which is still being worked upon the River Plate. Among the leading names of "estancieros"—to enter upon the new order of things—occur those of Casares, Newton, Elias, Pereira, Latham, White, and Sheridan. The horses, Bonnie Dundee, Ireland's Glory, Antipodes, Elcho, Buckhunter, and others, were imported. But the want of efficient stud-grooms, the rough camp treatment, and, above all, the extraordinary infertility of the union between the highly pampered English stallion and the wild mare of the pampa, brought about discouraging results at first. Nevertheless, those of the few progeny that did come to racing years, soon made their mark against the pure native breed, and it soon became almost impossible to effect matches between a Mestiza (or half-bred) and a pure Creole. The superiority of the former was universally admitted by racing men, and soon proved a great impetus to really careful and scientific breeding. To the pioneers in the good work before mentioned must be added the names of Lanus, Nougier, Kemmis, Shennan, Unzue, Langley, Malcolm, Welshman, Lowe, Dickenson, etc. The effect of an increasing number of crosses on the original Creole mare soon showed itself in much faster run races. The Buenos Ayres Jockey Club was established, and much excellent work was done by the members of the Rural Society. Capital loose boxes were erected; paddocks of lucerne and clover were enclosed, and careful and experienced stud-grooms brought over from England, all of which measures achieved their natural results. Amongst the stallions brought over were Aeronaut, by Voltigeur, from Lord Durham, and Nil Desperandum by Blair Athol. This horse, bought from Mr. Robert Peck by Mr. Leesmith, was transferred by the latter to that excellent Argentine gentleman, the late Don A. Lanus. The Las Rosas Stud began with Whirlwind from the lamented Sir Charles Slingsby, and Mr. Cookson of Neasham, as a great favour, sent to his nephew (the late Mr. Selby Cookson, then a partner in the stud) a grand horse in Grimston,



by Stockwell, and to these two horses were presently added Blair Adam by Blair Athol and Robin Rover by Nottingham.

In a few years the English cross had so established its superiority, that, excepting in small country matches, the pure Creole horse had disappeared from the Argentine racecourse. The success of the Casares blood in the province of Buenos Ayres was quickly followed by that of the Las Rosas stud in Santa Fé. Sweetbriar, the first of the young Whirlwinds, heralded a long succession of victories for the crack stud of the North. With the disappearance of the Creole, horseracing assumed still further an organised and regular character. Jockey Clubs were formed in various parts of the country, racecourses, grand stands, etc., on European models, were laid out in each of the leading agricultural towns. The officials and the main conditions were also in accordance with the New-market rules, although these had somewhat to be modified to suit the circumstances of the country. Up to 1875, few stakes, if any, had been given for purely thoroughbred horses, but as the number of these increased, the leading Metropolitan club, aided by subventions from the Government, established races for imported horses.

The Mestizas, and still more the English thoroughbreds, were at first a sad source of anxiety and trouble to their trainers. Training was still in the hands of Argentines only, and these, long accustomed to the iron legs and hardy constitution of the Creole breed, found themselves compelled to be much more tender with their charges as a greater infusion of English blood prevailed. At first they were perpetually grumbling that fast as the Mestizas were in comparison with the Creoles, they were very much more liable to break down in their work. At this early period a great majority of the thoroughbreds brought from England were anything but remarkable for their soundness, and by this defect the labour of the trainers was proportionately increased. Still, the more able of them gradually awoke to the fact that the English thoroughbred of the present day cannot possibly stand in his preparation the same amount of work as do the Mestiza and the still harder Creole, and, were it not invidious, two or three Argentine-born trainers could be mentioned who are capable of sending to the post their charges, however delicate, in condition fit to run for a man's life.

Following upon the importation of stallions, a good many English-bred mares found their way to Buenos Ayres. One of the largest importers of this class was the enterprising and well known Mr. Edward Casey, who, along with the horses Lord Clifton, Zanoni, and Chivalrous, formed a stud farm on his large estate of Curiumalan, of some thirty mares of various good pedigrees, which had been selected for him by Mr. J. Nash in England.

The Mestiza, with three or more crosses of blood from the Creole mare, and the thoroughbred (either English, or foaled in the country) were now the only competitors for the principal stakes. The latest phase of Argentine racing which then began shall be dealt with next month.

Before resuming the subject, a word of regret must be spoken for the slow but almost certain extinction of the pure Argentine horse. If, owing to increased hardships from climate, and from the far less care of his owner, the Creole has lost more of the clean-cut and bloodlike character of his Eastern progenitor than has his brother across the Andes (the high-couraged little Chileno), he yet, in a marked degree, possesses many of those qualities which endear the Arab to almost every horseman who has had much to do with him. Before the purity of the Creole blood be lost by intermixture with all sorts and conditions of horses—good, bad, and indifferent—from every part of the universe, it is sincerely to be hoped that some one or other amongst the many public-spirited and patriotic Argentine “estancieros” may, by a carefully selected stud of superior Creole stallions and mares, show how good an animal the Arab of the Western Hemisphere really is.

HOLDERNESS.

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## Lion-hunting at the Cape Sixty Years Ago.

### PART IV.

OUR third and last lion hunt was in March, 1832, and the party on this occasion consisted of Cox, Aitcheson, Frazer, Gardiner, Harry Teesdale, and myself. The preliminary arrangements were very similar to those which have been described as made on former occasions. We assembled at Fort Beaufort, and dispatched our four wagons, and, along with them, in the evening of the third day, reached our destination, at the foot of the Winvogelberg. In the course of a very few hours we became satisfied that lions were still to be found there, the well-known roar of one, close to us, being heard, accompanied by the melancholy howl of the hyena and the bark of the jackal. Notwithstanding this evidence, our first day's sport was blank as to lions, but it was quite first-rate in other respects. On the second day we were nearly as unfortunate, finding but one lioness, which, although a fine animal, gave us no sport. She concealed herself in some high reeds, and on being disturbed by our shouting and throwing stones, she bolted, and was shot in running away.

On the morning of the third day we viewed a large troop of

lions and lionesses ascending the mountain about half way up. We set off eagerly to pursue them, but they betook themselves into an impenetrable mixture of rocks and jungle. These were upon an incline, which was almost perpendicular, and as it was impossible to search the spot, we had to confess ourselves beaten, and to retreat lower down the mountain. From the place these lions were in we put up several wolves, but did not get any shots at them. It was now late, and we were turning homewards, when, in casting our eyes round and making use of our telescopes, we discovered another lioness amusing herself very peaceably on the side of a hillock, at a considerable distance from us. Off we set, hoping to be rewarded for our late disappointment. She boldly faced us on our approach. She allowed us to come within forty or fifty paces, when she became too furious to admit of our waiting any longer, and some of us fired. She fell dead on the spot—a magnificent lioness.

The next day being Sunday we had not intended going out for sport, but the information that lions had that day been seen in the vicinity proved too much for us. We were soon on our horses, and discovered three lionesses about a quarter of a mile off, apparently playing with each other. Of course we set off towards them, and they turned from us, leisurely retreating for a few hundred yards, when one of them faced about. After a very few paces further another did the same, and, just behind her, the third backed her two partners, their appearance being somewhat formidable, although possibly it was less so than it would have appeared had they been alongside each other. We quickly dismounted, and advanced towards number one, and, when we were near enough, two of us fired at her, the others reserving their shots in case of her companions coming at us. Mortally wounded, she blundered towards us, up to our very toes, where she fell dead. At the same time the other two commenced a retreat, and they had got a considerable distance—perhaps two or three hundred yards—while we were getting our horses. One faced us almost as soon as we were mounted, and came on at once, and we killed her as she charged us. While this was being done, the third continued her retreat, constantly, however, looking round and growling most angrily. We rushed to our horses to follow her, each one of us mounting and galloping forward without waiting for the others, so that we were one behind another. This animal's blood was up. She was so angry and excited, that, like lightning, she faced about, and, sooner than we expected, dashed madly at us. The two of us who were leading were scarcely off our horses, and on the knee to take our aim, before Aitcheson was in her clutches. Fortunately for poor Aitcheson, she received a shot which severely wounded her, and made her drop him. Next she sprang at Teesdale, who made an excellent shot, which killed her.

The whole scene with these three lionesses scarcely occupied five minutes. Aitcheson had received very severe and ugly wounds about the shoulder and arm, and in a very few seconds more would have been a dead man. Wounds of this kind are extremely difficult to heal, constantly breaking out afresh. We carried our companion carefully to the tents, and for the remaining days of the excursion took all the care we could of him. We had the means of dressing his wounds, yet he suffered considerably, and for a long time they continued most troublesome to him. While we were thus engaged hundreds of vultures were hovering over each of the dead bodies, some having made their appearance even before the second lioness was killed. They seem to dart out of the clouds the moment an animal dies; sometimes before, if it is wounded or sick.

The following day's work was not so exciting. We soon met with two lionesses feeding on a gnu, and near them a pack of wild dogs were waiting for some of the crumbs from the rich ladies' table. The whole made off as we approached, and we pursued the lionesses. They climbed the mountain, and disappeared over the top—a course on their part which rendered it quite hopeless for us to follow.

While chasing a jackal on our way to camp, a lion and two lionesses started up out of the very spot to which the jackal had run. They presently separated, each taking a different direction. The lion turned to the left, crossing a deep and rugged ravine, and then climbing up a hillside beyond. When some two hundred paces or so up, he faced towards us, and by his angry manner appeared quite ready to show fight. His position was most difficult to get at, so we were unable to accept his challenge by closing on him; in fact, there was nothing for it but to tempt him to attack us, or run the risk of losing him by his making off where we could not follow. Accordingly a long shot was fired, and he replied to it by a roar and by dashing down at us. When he nearly reached the ravine we sent two more shots at him, and he fell badly wounded into the ravine below, which was a mass of rocks and very dense brushwood. For a long time we were unable to find him, although we could trace the blood here and there. At length, a couple of small dogs that we had with us showed us where he lay concealed. He was in a hollow spot under a fragment of rock, but the end of his tail betrayed him. This possibly was his birthplace, for it was a real "lion's den." We examined it afterwards, and found inside, and round about outside, numerous bones of animals, with a very large skeleton head of a lion. When the dogs found our lion he went further in, and they ventured to follow; for which temerity one of them paid dearly by the lion rushing out and seizing it. In doing this he offered an easy shot from above, and was killed on showing himself. It was now far too dark to venture on looking for the female, for she

had disappeared while we were occupied in searching for the lion.

The next day was our last, and we had excellent sport with all kinds of antelopes, of which I forbear to give details. Late in the day we came unexpectedly upon four lionesses, which were about two hundred yards from us, and intently watching us. On our raising a shout they decamped at a good pace over the top of a hill, and we lost sight of them. We kept on in the direction which they seemed likely to have gone, and presently we saw one stealthily crouching behind some large stones, as if waiting for us; a few more paces would have placed some of us within her spring. We were so near that we had to jump off our horses in all haste. She dashed out at us and received our shots, which killed her. We went at once to look for the others, and soon got sight of two of them on the other side of a river, thickly overgrown with very high reeds. They were very excited and very threatening, growling and lashing their tails violently. To attack them at close quarters we had to cross the said river bed; as we believed the other one to be concealed in it, we felt our way a little by throwing large stones here and there into the reeds. These succeeded in starting her, and she went bounding away just below us, and was killed by the first shot. She was an immense lioness; and so was the first. As we had no idea where to search for the other two, and as our horses were very tired, we gave up the pursuit. And there ended, for the time, our lion-hunting, during which we had killed twenty in all, of which I had had my full share.

FINIS.

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## Touts and Tipsters.

BY THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS LAWLEY.

IN Mr. Serjeant Robinson's "Bench and Bar; or, Reminiscences of One of the Last of an Ancient Race," there are several amusing anecdotes of the late Baron Martin, the "horsiest" judge that ever wore ermine in an English court of justice. One of these anecdotes is, we believe, inaccurately reported by the worthy Serjeant when he states that Baron Martin once went as Judge on the Western circuit, and was invited to dinner by the Dean of Winchester, who, on being asked shortly afterwards what he thought of his guest, replied that he was not a man of enlarged information, as he had never heard of William of Wykeham. *Per contra*, Baron Martin was asked what he thought of the Dean of Winchester, and replied—"He seems

very deficient of information as to what is going on in the world, as he absolutely did not know what horse had won the last Derby."

The more accurate version is that given in Mr. Rice's "History of the British Turf," in the following words:—

"When travelling as Judge on the Western Circuit, Baron Martin was invited to dine with the Warden of Winchester College. The evening passed very pleasantly, and, after bidding his guest good night, the Warden remarked to a friend: 'The Judge is a man of great common sense and shrewdness, but, for a gentleman, he is one of the most ignorant men I ever met. He had never even heard of William of Wykeham.' As Baron Martin drove away from the Warden's house he exclaimed to his Marshal: 'Well, for a learned scholar, the Warden is the most ignorant man I ever met. He actually did not know that, within a few miles of this spot, John Day had training stables at Danebury!'"

More to our present purpose will it be to repeat the estimate placed by Baron Martin on Turf prophets, which is recorded by Serjeant Robinson in his best manner. The passage runs as follows:—

"Baron Martin always had the greatest horror of what are called 'prophets'—a class of sharpers who frequent racecourses and profess to give weak-minded men who are fond of betting 'the straight tip,' as I believe it is termed in Turf slang; that is to say, they pretend to have private and confidential information from high quarters that enables them to predict with absolute certainty the horse destined to win a particular race. This knowledge they are ready to impart for a consideration to their confiding dupes. When a prophet came before the Baron judicially, he generally let him know, in pretty strong language, the peculiar esteem in which he held him.

"On one occasion, after he had become very deaf, the Baron was trying a racing case—an exercise of his functions in which he fairly revelled. One of the counsel engaged in it was named Stammers, a solemn, formal, sententious sort of personage, who seldom made a speech without quoting passages from Scripture. In addressing the jury he was about to pursue his old habit, and got as far as 'The Prophet says,' when the Judge interrupted—

"Don't trouble the jury, Mr. Stammers, about the prophets; there is not one of them who would not sell his father for six-pennyworth of halfpence."

"But, my Lord," said Stammers, with offended dignity, "I was about to quote from the Prophet Jeremiah."

"Don't tell me," rejoined the Baron, with increasing impatience; "I have no doubt your friend, Mr. Myer, is just as bad as the rest of them."

We wonder with what sentiments Baron Martin would have

read the statement recently promulgated by an American contemporary—which is so hard upon the British Turf and all engaged in pursuing or countenancing it, directly or indirectly, that we shall not pay it the compliment of mentioning its name—to the effect that there are at this moment resident in the British metropolis “more than one thousand tipsters who live upon their dupes.” It is quite possible that the number of the tipster fraternity now plying their craft in London may not be over estimated; but it is absolutely certain that the estimate must be a guess or shot in the dark. Sixteen hundred and fifty millions of letters passed through the post in the United Kingdom during the last postal year; and how is it possible for anyone, whether Britisher or American, to ascertain how many of these were written by tipsters or touts? Simultaneously, about fifty-five million inland telegrams were dispatched, but how many of these conveyed “tips” or “finals” it would puzzle the Gradgrinds of the General Post Office to determine with even an approximation to truth. There is no doubt that the men and women who take an interest in horseracing in these islands constitute collectively a prodigious army, but their ignorance in most cases of the hidden springs and motive powers which control the issue of races is painfully profound. When, for instance, we see one jockey purchasing the late Lord Falmouth’s paddocks at Newmarket, and giving £10,700, or about £430 per acre, for twenty-five acres, and, secondly, when a St. Simon foal is knocked down under the hammer to another jockey for 1,800 guineas, it is not difficult to perceive where the centre of Turf gravity now lies, despite all the efforts of the Jockey Club to resist the inevitable results of far too many race meetings. Yet a few “minute philosophers” of the Bishop Berkeley type will here and there be found to inquire, “How can a jockey pay down thousands of pounds out of his legitimately earned professional fees?” The subject is too vast to be discussed here, but it would be a blessing to the Turf if a few more of its prominent patrons shared the opinion of the last racing Duke of Grafton and the late Marquis of Exeter—an opinion confirmed by Frank Butler, the winner of six races for the Oaks—that there is not as much difference as the length of a man’s arm between the reputed best jockey of the day and his less pretentious rivals. For ourselves, we believe that retaining fees, amounting in some cases to £1,500 or £2,000 a year paid by one master, are even more demoralising to jockeys than the enormous presents sometimes given to them after winning great races, while no thought is bestowed upon the trainer, who, after months of anxiety, vigilance, and skill, succeeds in bringing a delicate or unsound animal to the post as fit as hands and brains can make him.

It might, perhaps, diminish the shock of alarm and horror

with which Baron Martin and others of the same mind would hear that touts and tipsters abound more than ever, could they be told that some of them obey the Shakespearian maxim of "filling many parts," and have as many disguises and aliases as the late Mr. Henry Benson, of lamented memory. If it be assumed, as a matter of conjecture, that there are in this Metropolis nominally a thousand tipsters who live upon their "finals," who can doubt that the letters and telegrams sent out by them emanate from much less than a thousand individuals? Here, for example, is a story recorded in Mr. Louis Henry Curzon's "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," a book which is much more interesting when its author is writing about the accessories of racing than about racing itself.

"A rogue of the tipster kind," writes Mr. Curzon, "once carried on eleven agencies for three weeks preceding the race for the Derby. One of his tricks was to advertise as a governess out of a situation, who had obtained a great Turf secret—no less than the winner of the Derby—while acting as amanuensis to her employer. Another of his dodges was an advertisement purporting to be inserted by a clergyman, saying that he had obtained the names of the first three horses in the coming Derby from a tout whom he had attended on his deathbed, the object of the advertisement being to provide a fund for the relief of the tout's destitute family. The same impostor also posed as a lady's maid, who had discovered by accident the name of the winning horse, and for a fee of three shillings and sixpence would tell all that she knew. Other plans pursued by this Napoleon of the craft were of a commoner sort, but proved more or less successful. An active tipster takes pains to spread his favours over all the horses likely to run in the race, sending a different selection to each correspondent, so that in the event of one of those he has named pulling through, he can refer to the great success of his tip, and ask with confidence for the renewal of past favours, having something good in reserve for one of the big handicaps. During the last fifty years the tips given for the Derby Stakes would form a curious collection, especially if they were liberally annotated with illustrative remarks."

Coming down to the present day, it is certain that touts and tipsters were never more active and industrious than at present. Of these two classes of hangers-on to the Turf, the first—the touts—are more interesting than the second, because among them there are good judges of racing and of the noble animal—men who have been trainers or jockeys or stable boys, or in some few cases owners of racehorses themselves. To those—and they are not many in number—who are intimately acquainted with the infinite ramifications of London life, and of the *histoire inédite* of their contemporaries, there is nothing more astounding than the rise of some men and the fall of



others. While the City furnishes exemplifications of the first class, that is to say of men who have risen from the very humblest stations to great wealth, there are hundreds of others who started life in a good position and have come down to driving hansom cabs or omnibuses instead of their own phaetons, or, what is lower still, to earning commissions as runners for wine merchants or house agents. There is a story, which is said by its reciter, the late Colonel G. C. Mundy, to be literally true, narrating that when gold was first found in Australia the roads leading to the Bendigo and Ballarat diggings were thronged with travellers. One day three worn and broken down men chanced to foregather under a big gum tree, which threw its broad and welcome shade across the hot and dusty road. The first of the three wayfarers muttered *sotto voce* a line from Horace; the second, pricking up his startled ears, finished the stanza; and the third topped up by finishing the ode. Never before had they met upon earth; but it turned out that they had all been at English public schools, and had graduated at Oxford or Cambridge. In like manner it never happens that a secretaryship, with a salary of from £50 to £100 a year, is advertised in any big town without seven or eight hundred eager aspirants applying for it, many of whom are university men, or officers who were once in the army or navy.

Times have changed with the horse-watchers since "The Druid" wrote in "Post and Paddock" (published in 1856) that "the touts of the present day form a large community, and are constantly recruited by a never-failing supply of overgrown grooms, who burst upon the prophetic world of literature as 'Voltigeur,' 'Goldfinder,' and the like. About forty or fifty of these live at Newmarket, and receive about a guinea a week from their employers. The mere skitters of the fraternity are great in the outer ring, and, from what transpired in a train last September, we suspect that not a few of the poorest get along the railways by occasionally squaring the guard. The public house is their great sphere of action, and there was an instance two seasons since in which one of the most distinguished of the craft casually learned from a village white-washer all that he desired to know, to wit, that 'A horse with two white heels, I don't know his name,' walked very lame behind as he was shifted during the whitewashing process from one box to another. The advertisements of these ingenious gentlemen would furnish a fine field of study for future compilers of 'Curiosities of Literature.' Some are headed, 'Had I a tongue for falsehood framed,' or 'California without Cholera,' or 'The Hero of a Hundred Fights.' James Bessborough gently eulogises himself as one who, 'although hating self-praise and idle puff, boldly defies the world to find his equal.' There is also breadth and point about the writings of

another seer, 'Joe of Kensington,' which take his readers by storm. At times he assures us that 'he has been travelling about to have a peep at the Derby favourites, a privilege no other gentleman could possibly enjoy'; and we are then told that, 'out of pure envy at my position, the attacks made upon me have become so slanderous that I prefer instituting legal proceedings rather than condescend to mix myself up in any way with those making them.' "

Contrast with these sorry impostors, slinking about the guard's van at railway stations in the hope of being permitted to ride to London for a couple of shillings as stowaways, the position now occupied by the "King of the Newmarket Touts," as he was described a few years since by one of our daily contemporaries. The fortunate individual in question is credited with earning a fixed salary of from £1,200 to £1,500 a year "by his writings," irrespective of presents made to him by his clients for an occasional lucky hit. He has built himself a snug house on the highest spot in Newmarket, and from his upper windows he can survey with his commanding telescope the ground on either side of that celebrated course symbolised by the familiar letters "A.F.," as well as the old Cambridge-shire track and the trial ground under the Ditch. He was once a trainer of horses, and in the height of the American Civil War made his way across the Atlantic to New York, under the mistaken idea that he would find employment in connection with thoroughbred racehorses at a moment when the most terrible rebellion known to history was in full blast. Finding that cash payments were suspended and the land deluged with paper money, he shook off from his feet the dust of the New World, and betook himself contentedly to Newmarket, in which he first saw the light, and where he was taught to write at the parish workhouse school. Having turned his powers of penmanship to good account, the King of the Touts was elected, in 1884, as a member of the Newmarket School Board, and was only "beaten a head" for the Poor Law Guardianship. "In the meantime," remarks our contemporary, "it is noteworthy that, in a town which is said by its enemies to contain no adult man or woman who is not a natural tout, the head of his profession is regarded and treated with respect and consideration."

How could any other result be expected when members of the Jockey Club, owners of horses with thousands upon thousands per annum to their credit, rich city brokers, bookmakers, and scores of newspapers employ touts of their own? As for stopping "training reports," it is no more possible than to arrest the precession of the equinoxes or the flight of a comet. "If I were to discharge all the lads in my employ who write letters to touts and others, stating all that they know," exclaimed recently a trainer at the head of

one of the largest establishments in England, "I should soon have thirty or forty horses to dress with my own hands." The touts may sometimes be hoodwinked—Admiral Rous used to say that "a ten-pound note to a horse watcher will make any lame animal fly"—but not for long. There is a well-known story of the crafty way in which John and Bill Scott locked up the only tout on Doncaster racecourse one early morning before they tried Don John over the St. Leger course; and Mr. Corlett has recently reminded the readers of the *Sporting Times* that "at Black Hambleton Harry Stebbings, the trainer, gave a supper one moonlight night to the touts, in the midst of which the head lad and Basham, the jockey, slipped out and tried Flatcatcher for the Two Thousand," which (Surplice and Loadstone, who were both engaged, being kept in the stable) he won by a neck.

But in a town with one single important street running through it and thousands of vigilant and inquisitive eyes always at work, how can it be hoped that any incident of the slightest significance can escape instant observation? Happily the outcome of all this watching does not result in endowing the so-called prophets with the gift of second sight. In the three principal races for three-year-olds of the present year—the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger—nine out of every ten prophets gave, in the first Le Nord, in the second Surefoot, and in the third Heaume, as the probable winner. Upon the prophets whose conjectures appear in the daily and weekly papers we shall say no more than that few of them escape from the criticism of Churchill, who remarks of himself and of other poets, "We praise and censure with an eye to self." In one paper the prophet has a distinct partiality for particular stables; in another his congener has his standing favourites among certain owners, and his distinct antipathies against others. Their vaticinations do no harm to the Turf, although they may perhaps tempt some small backers, who never saw a race in their lives, to stake a few crowns or pounds. Perhaps the two most astute writers upon coming races that ever sent their contributions to London newspapers were the late Mr. Jeremiah Robert Ives and Mr. Frank Clarke.

The former started life, after graduating at Cambridge, with £100 a year, and, dying in middle age, left £10,000 a year behind him. From 1836 till 1844 he contributed sporting letters to the *Morning Post* above the signature of "Judex." The latter, Mr. Frank Clarke, a man of singular intelligence, had received an excellent education, and figured as the prophet of *Bell's Life* in the best days of that journal, subscribing his letters with the signature of "Pegasus." It is satisfactory, however, to add that never were the daily and weekly papers served by more honest, well-intentioned, and straightfor-

ward contributors of this kind than they are at the present moment.

Is the calculated foresight of the tipster and the tout a better guide to the future than the fortuitous tips thrown accidentally across a man's or a woman's path? It is notorious that racing men are intensely superstitious, and there are many of them whom nothing would induce to meet and pass a hearse in the street. Others there are who waste their efforts in perpetually "seeking for a sign," and are never tired of repeating successful dreams and marvellous instances of foresight in clairvoyante females and others. Who has forgotten the well-accredited story of the sporting butcher who drove down to the Derby in 1839, and was detained in attempting to cross over Westminster Bridge by an obstinate crowd of costermongers in their trucks and donkey-carts. "At last," writes a contemporary chronicler, "the butcher, provoked beyond endurance, drove right at the obstructive parties, and vowing that he would indict them, had his eye arrested by the single word, "Bloomsbury," painted on the name board of a cart. This magic word settled deep in his breast, and fixed itself upon his imagination as he sped along the road. Upon the downs the word was with him still, and Dorling's correct card presented it again to his eyes. At last he took the fatal plunge in the form of the odds against Bloomsbury, whom he backed for £400. In a few minutes the loud acclamations of the assembled masses proclaimed our hero the winner of £12,000, and verified the prophecy of the Vates of Westminster Bridge."

Still more remarkable was the tip given to an impecunious captain of Dragoons, who was at his wits' end, in 1856, to devise how he might win £1,000. Upon the Monday night before the Derby he was walking disconsolately along Piccadilly, with his face turned towards the City, and as he passed the end of Arlington Street, he lifted his eyes to the illuminated clock which stood above the Piccadilly entrance to the Wellington restaurant. Above the clock "The Wellington" was written in large letters, and as the minute hand approached the midnight hour, it covered the first letter of "Wellington." The astonished officer saw before him the word "Ellington" inscribed in immense characters, and, accepting it as a tip, he went down next day to Epsom, and took 1,000 to 70 about Admiral Harcourt's colt for the great race of the following day. Not long since this fortunate backer of Ellington met an old brother officer, and told him that the only racing tips he ever followed were of the same character as that which got him out of a dismal scrape in 1856, and that he verily believed they were more correct than those emanating from professional prophets.

In the meantime it is impossible to doubt that private tipsters and public prophets have an immense following

among the *commune vulgus*. We have long outlived the prophetic minstrels who indulged in doggerel strains, commencing:—

“Ye sportsmen all, both great and small,  
One moment now attend,  
And listen with devotion to  
These verses I have penned.”

Or as another version runs:—

“Come, all you jolly sporting coves,  
And listen unto me,  
Whilst I a song to you relate,  
That shall be sung with glee.”

We know, however, from Mr. Curzon that these rugged rhymesters were still to the fore in 1868, as on the Derby day in that year one of them stood in front of The Cock, at Sutton; and assured all who listened to him that Blue Gown was a certainty. After going over all the probable competitors, his poem wound up as follows:

Yet thousands there be who profess to believe  
In an easy-won race for Sir Joseph's Green Sleeve;  
But all you gay gallants from London's famed town  
Must dump down your quids upon bonny Blue Gown.

These verses was on a par with “The Druid's” quotations about a horse

Who did the Derby win;  
Like lightning he flew round the course  
Upon his nimble pin.

Or about another of whom it was written:—

The crack took up the running ground,  
And bent his well-formed legs,  
Until he reached the winning-post,  
And shook his splendid pegs.

But we have said enough to show that the tout, the tipster, and the prophet are necessary adjuncts of the Turf, and that if their lucubrations and vaticinations have not much weight with the regular professional votaries of that fascinating and dangerous sport, they are often followed blindly by little speculators, who never saw a race in their lives, and would not understand one if they saw it. To such feeble folk we would fain whisper—if we thought they would listen to our or to any other warnings—“Keep your money in your pockets, and leave off backing horses.” If, however, they will still persist in betting on the tape at starting prices, the least that can be said is that tips by letter, and prophecies in print, are quite as likely to lead them right now and then as their own unassisted inspiration.

## Colonel David Edward Jones.

By the death, at the comparatively early age of 63, of Colonel David Edward Jones, of Velindre, a well-known—and, it may be added, highly-esteemed—figure is removed from the scene of public life in the shires of Brecon and Carmarthen. Fully a thousand persons attended in Llandingat Churchyard at the time of his funeral, and every shop in the town of Llandovery was closed on the occasion. He had been originally intended for the law; but, succeeding at an early age to a property which made him independent, he abandoned the profession and devoted himself to country pursuits, and more especially to hunting. From 1853 until the close of last season he took the field regularly. He obtained his first hounds from a Major Gilbert and others, and by careful breeding and selection, he formed a pack which enjoyed a very high reputation in the Principality. What he first obtained, it is believed, were pure-bred beagles, but he soon crossed them with the foxhound, and by this means obtained a good deal of that “dash” which can only be obtained from the foxhound. His pack eventually were about eighteen inches high, and principally black, tan, and white in colour. In 1870 he had some beautiful hare and badger pies among them, of which he was very fond. A little bitch, named Charity, is recollected as one of the most perfect hounds ever seen by the writer; but she partook more of the foxhound than the harrier in character, especially in her hunting. The colonel always hunted them himself, and always saw them fed on his return from hunting, as, indeed, he did most days. Before all things, he never “lifted” them; and this accounts (even before the beautiful way in which he handled them, and which was a treat to see) for the extraordinary number of hares he used to kill. His country—which comprised a great portion of the north of Carmarthenshire and as far as Trecastle in Breconshire—was a bad country to ride but a good one for hounds. It was mostly hill-grass and bog, with hardly any plough; and, as the colonel used quaintly to add, with “a great many roads.” Many a time has he killed three to four hill hares in a day. Before the hills about Trecastle were wired in—as they are now—he used to meet on a Monday at Llywel Village, and the Breconshire men would go those thirteen long miles to meet him, so sure were they of a glorious gallop ending with a kill. Once it is remembered how the little hounds flashed down the hill-side above Llywel Church, striking across the deep bog just under the Brecon and Llandovery Road, where they came to a check which seemed to beat them. Although every hound was doing his best to “recover,” and the cob was doing the same—and it took a very clever hare to beat him—somehow they

couldn't hit her off. It was very cold waiting, and an unlucky wight suggested trying for a fresh hare. At once came the reply, "Now, for goodness' sake be quiet; I'll kill this hare, or take the hounds home." He then tried a fresh cut a little lower down; an old hound spoke on the very edge of the bog. Instantly every hound was with him. Back they went, up the hill, where she had run the foil every step, and presently they killed her. Turning to the field, he said: "There, look; never give up trying to recover a hare that is nearly beaten." On another occasion he mentioned that he ran a hare for two hours, and that she was never out of two fields, running the foil the whole time. He said it was desperately slow hunting, and he was glad that there was no one out. But he added with glee, "That is the way to make hounds hunt." His hounds were very fast, and he bred them rather light than otherwise, and nothing pleased him better than on his way to the meet to discuss the breeding and qualities of each hound. "Good as gold," he would say, and, indeed, he was right.

Some years ago he introduced a strain of the Pantycendy Hounds, a pack which was formerly well known in Wales. They were harriers of great quality and high breeding, and remarkable for having a tan-coloured spot on the top of the forehead, about as large as a shilling. This—called the Pantycendy spot—invariably showed itself in their descendants. These were large hounds, but he dwarfed the produce by careful breeding. I know that he particularly valued this strain. About seventeen years ago the pack had attained its highest excellence, it being at that time one of the most level and beautiful packs in the kingdom. It should not be omitted that he hunted them entirely at his own expense.

In horses he lately affected high-bred cobs, although he has been seen to use well-bred hunters. One little grey mare that he hunted for years must specially be mentioned, which was alive only last winter. He used to say she was the best he ever had—which was saying a great deal. He was not a rash rider, but seemed to possess the wonderful gift of always being with his hounds when wanted. He was an excellent judge of a horse, and the shows in this and the adjoining county were always glad to secure his services in the ring. In politics he was a Tory, and nothing can say more for the personal affection with which he was regarded than the fact that, in a Liberal county like Carmarthenshire, he was returned for the County Council unopposed. A few years ago he was entertained at a banquet at Llandovery, and received a presentation of plate. He was for many years in the Breconshire Militia (now The South Wales Borderers), but retired on receiving the rank of Colonel, and here, as elsewhere, his exceeding kindness of heart made him a general favourite both with officers and men.

## Hunts and their Masters.

"THERE is a deal of prate in them," was Bishop Hurst's opinion of Robertson's histories, and the remark may be fittingly applied to the tables of hunts, and the accompanying comments, which make their appearance at this time of year. Like the cricketer, the fox-hunter may play the game in one county, and have a corner in his heart for the county of his birth. The country parson who may not have been at the covert side since his undergraduate days will naturally feel an interest in those packs after which he rode the hardworking hireling; and to many others the welfare of the various hunts is a matter which, as each November comes round, prompts a more or less careful perusal of the hunt tables. And there is a deal of prate in them. They remind the reader that the hand of death has not spared those who take part in the most healthful exercise of hunting, for Mr. Walton Knolles, for a full half century master of the South Union Hounds, has been taken away, though not until he had attained the ripe old age of eighty-two. Mr. Brook, the master of the Bexhill harriers, and Sir Henry Oxenden, who was master of the East Kent fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo was fought, were also octogenarians when they died; while the Hon. Mr. Petre, who had been the much respected master of the Essex Staghounds, had passed his threescore and ten. Then illness, as in the case of Frank Beers, the late huntsman of the Grafton, has in some instances necessitated a departure from last year's arrangements, while a whole host of reasons may account for the dropping out of old names, and the appearance of new ones.

In what are known as "provincial" countries, hounds, men, horses, and foxes are often every whit as good as those seen in more fashionable localities, yet the eyes of the hunting world are more or less intently fixed on the "shires," and men who know the Quorn, Pytchley, Belvoir, Mr. Fernie's, or the Cottesmore by name only, are interested in the fate of those packs. All good sportsmen will be sorry to learn that Mr. Fernie has, through ill health, viewed the cub hunting operations of his hounds from wheels; but in connection with the Pytchley there is an incident which, if a change must needs be made, cannot be otherwise than agreeable. It is now twelve seasons since Mr. H. H. Langham succeeded Earl Spencer, and in that time much brilliant sport has been shown. It was not without a feeling of sincere regret that the Pytchley men learned that last season would be Mr. Langham's last; but their sorrow was somewhat assuaged on hearing that Lord Spencer would resume the command of the pack. Lord Spencer is a Northamptonshire man, and, what is more, three other members of the family have been masters. This at first sight may seem nothing out of the common; but that could be more natural than that, all England over, sons should follow their fathers in the management of some hounds in the county in which the family estates are situate. As a matter of fact, however, the Pytchley is the only subscription pack, or only pack not identified with the name of some great house, that has been presided



over by four members of one family. It is also a curious circumstance that, considering the numbers of masters of whom we can find records, comparatively few of them reigned in their own counties since, that is to say, the dawning of what has been termed the new era of fox-hunting.

Three or four years ago, an American writer, in distinguishing between fox-hunting on the great continent and in England, delivered himself of the opinion that a pack of hounds was part and parcel of an English squire's establishment. At one time this was approximately true; for harrier packs, and hounds which hunted both fox and hare, were common enough; and in some counties pack-hounds were kennelled within two or three miles of one another; and even when fox-hunting first rose to the dignity of a distinct branch of sport, there were numerous little packs.

In Suffolk the Duke of Grafton kept foxhounds at least as early as the middle of the last century, the miser Elwes being a master of hounds about the same time. Sir William Rowley, of Tendring Hall, started a pack in 1788, but gave them up twelve years later, about which time the Duke of Grafton seems to have confined himself to Whittlebury. In the neighbouring county of Norfolk we find Mr. Coke forming a pack of foxhounds in 1778; in Yorkshire Mr. Fox-Lane hunted part of what is now Lord Middleton's country in Yorkshire. The eccentric Colonel Thornton virtually founded the York and Ainsty country; Mr. Bright commenced to hunt the Badsworth district about 1720, thirty-two years after his grandfather bought the Yorkshire property from the Dolman family; Mr. Brockman, Mr. Wotton, and one or two others, hunted the fox in Kent in the last century, while Lord Monson was a Lincolnshire M.F.H. shortly after the middle of the last century. So far as can be ascertained, all the foregoing Masters of Hounds were natives of the county in which they hunted, and in almost every quarter of England it could be shown that fox-hunting was, in its early days, carried on by the county squires. In this connection Leicestershire must not be left out of sight, for in 1752 there died, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August of that year, "Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire, Esquire, one of the greatest sportsmen in England." Squire Boothby, who was born in 1677, hunted for fifty-five years a pack of foxhounds in Leicestershire, which appear to have been the forerunners of the Quorn. In Northamptonshire Lord Spencer was at the head of the Pytchley, about 1750.

Nevertheless, although in early times fox-hunting establishments were mainly carried on by the territorial magnates, such was not invariably the case. Mr. Roper, a native of Eltham, in Kent, was the manager and subsequently the master (*temp.* William III.) of the Charlton Hunt, afterwards the Goodwoods, in Sussex. Then, again, a Duke of Grafton kept foxhounds at Croydon, in 1735. So far as can be made out, the duke had not any Surrey property at that time; and, as a curious circumstance, it may be mentioned that the building of the first Westminster Bridge was due to the exigencies of fox-hunting. This Duke of Grafton, the grandfather of the duke who lived in 1793, seems, from all accounts, to have travelled from London to Croydon on hunting mornings, and his progress was

invariably delayed "by the inattention of the ferryman at Westminster." In consequence of the inconvenience experienced, he projected the building of a bridge, introduced into Parliament a Bill for that purpose, and the first bridge was completed in the year 1748. One more instance of a country being hunted in early time by a stranger to the county soil, turns up in the case of the Sinnington Hunt, which, according to tradition, is descended from the establishment wherewith the Duke of Buckingham hunted the country during the period of his retirement.

Quite early in the present century there were plenty of instances of packs of hounds being taken in hand by masters who had no stake in the county. One would have thought that the Quorn would often have had at its head a member of one of the county families; but as a matter of fact, after the death of Mr. Boothby in 1752, not one of the masters owned land in Leicestershire until Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, succeeded Mr. Tom Hodgson in 1841. In other words, the Quorn country was hunted for about ninety years by masters who were not Leicestershire landowners.

Fox-hunters do not need reminding what a debt of gratitude they owe to the owners of private packs. Lord Portsmouth's, the Duke of Beaufort's, the Belvoir, the Wynnstay, Lord Leconfield's, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Fitzwilliam, Lord Portman's, and Lord Middleton's are among those which stand out as having passed from one generation to another, and have sometimes been kept up in the face of difficulty. Then there are other packs, like the Bramham Moor and the Border, which have been identified with particular families; but outside these we do not find many with which the county families have been very closely associated. Taking some of the principal packs in alphabetical order, the Albrighton have had a varied existence, yet from the time that Mr. George Forester hunted the district, no more than three of a family have been masters. Mr. Walter Giffard succeeded to the mastership in 1831, and resigned in favour of his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Boughy, five years later; and then Sir Thomas's son, the present baronet, began his twenty-one years' reign on the withdrawal of Mr. Orlando Stubbs, in 1866. Then the Bedale country, hunted by the Duke of Leeds before it was incorporated into the Raby Hunt, was handed over by Lord Darlington to his son-in-law, Mr. Mark Milbank. The half-brothers, Charles and Thomas Duffield, were in turn masters of the Old Berkshire; a former Mr. Drake and his son, the late Mr. T. T. Drake, ruled the fortunes of the Biicester; and Colonel Chaplin and Mr. Henry Chaplin were both Masters of the Blankney. Over the Blencathra Hunt Mr. John Crosier has presided since the time he was eighteen years old, that is to say, from 1840, when he succeeded his father, while the Braes of Derwent, after having been originally in the Nugent family for three or four generations, have had at their head Mr. William Cowen, and the present Colonel Cowen. Mr. Pease's book of the Cleveland hounds tells us how three Andrews steered that pack through all sorts of difficulties, and showed good sport besides; while the still living Mr. J. T. Wharton, of Skelton Castle, who bought the hounds in 1870, is now represented by his son, who, four years ago, gave up the Hurworth to take to the Cleveland. In South Cornwall the Williams family has found two masters for the

pack ; in times gone by three Earls of Craven hunted the country identified with their name ; and Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his father have done good service to the Cumberland pack.

With the Essex Hounds the Rev. Joseph Arkwright and his son, the late Mr. Loftus Arkwright, were associated, and two of the Nunn family have watched over the fortunes of the Essex and Suffolk. With the Hurworth the family of Wilkinson were for a long time identified, as they first hunted it about the year 1790. Ten years later three brothers acted as joint-masters ; then came Mr. T. Wilkinson, who died in 1837, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Thomas Roper (who took the name of Wilkinson, and remained in office till 1862). In the ninety years which have elapsed since the Hambledon Hunt was founded, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Jervis Long, and another Mr. Walter Long, who resigned in 1889, have been masters. The Maughan family have hunted parts of Northumberland, especially the Haydon district, for some time ; Mr. Hall and his son, Mr. A. W. Hall, have been at the head of the Heythrop ; while the present huntsman of the Queen's Staghounds, J. G. Harvey, and his father, kept hunting alive in the Isle of Wight.

In times gone by Kentish fox-hunters owed not a little to the Dyke family, notably Sir John Dyke, who had a pack in 1793, and Sir Thomas Dyke, who hunted in the first quarter of the present century. Then, in Herefordshire, Mr. Roberts and his son ruled in turn over the Ledbury country early in the century, while ever since the Morpeth became a distinct hunt in 1854 it has been in no other hands than those of Mr. John Cookson and his son, Mr. J. B. Cookson, the present master, who succeeded his father in 1875. The name of Musters is an honoured one in the annals of fox-hunting ; and the family has found three masters for the county of Notts. As long ago as 1770, Mr. John Musters, grandfather of the late Mr. J. Chaworth Musters, hunted a country in Notts, which he subsequently divided with his son ; but the latter hunted the whole on his father's death till 1814. It was not till 1862 that the South Notts country again came under the rule of a Musters—Mr. J. C. Musters—who gave it up in 1868, but retook it for five seasons in 1871. Shropshire men will know that the Hills of Hawkstone have had the county pack ; two Messrs. Ellerby have at different times been masters of the Sinnington ; while the Luttrells have hunted Somersetshire, two members of the family being in office at the same time in different districts. Mr. Greene and his son, Mr. E. W. Greene, did good work for fox-hunting in Suffolk ; the Surrey Union has seen two Hankeys ; and two Lords Willoughby de Broke have been at the head of the Warwickshire. The brothers Bolitho have for some time been masters of the Western ; while long ago the Wyndham family supplied two or three masters in Wilts.

This is believed to be a tolerably exhaustive list of instances in which two or more members of the same family have been connected with the same pack ; but in some of the above cases the periods of masterships were very long ago. Some countries, of course, have been for many years carried on by residents in the county—the Cleveland, for example, have never had a stranger as master ; and

many masters of other packs, the only one of their line to undertake the duties of mastership, have been, more or less, natives of the county. Still, a vast number of strangers have been thankfully accepted as masters in nearly every hunting country in England. Mr. Osbaldeston, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Asheton Smith, Mr. John Warde, Capt. Freeman, Mr. Shaw Hellier, Mr. Dansey, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Musters are among those who, in the course of their respective careers, presided over a number of different countries. In this respect the modern race of M.F.H.'s differs from an earlier one; for at the present day there is not one master who has been at the head of a number of different hunts. Mr. E. C. Brown moved from North Cornwall into the Old Berkshire; Mr. Shrubbs, now of the Tedworth, once had the Burton, and subsequently a pack of harriers; Mr. Ashton exchanged the Cambridgeshire for the North Warwickshire; and Mr. Chandos Pole the Meynell for the Cattistock. Mr. C. B. Godman, now master of the Crawley and Horsham, took the Chiddingfold in 1876; Mr. Wharton of the Cleveland had the Hurworth for a couple of seasons; Mr. Coryton moved from his old country to the Dartmoor; and Mr. Connoek Marshall left his former sphere for the district vacated by Mr. Coryton. Before he became Master of the Buckhounds Lord Coventry had ruled over the Croome and North Cotswold countries; Mr. Bligh migrated from Kent to the Dulverton; and Mr. Carnegie, of the Essex Union, was formerly in harness in Scotland. Mr. Forbes, now at the head of the Hurworth, was once a master in Ireland; Major Browne, of the East Herefordshire, was first in South Staffordshire, and then in the New Forest; while Mr. Sworder left East Kent for Hertfordshire; Mr. Lort Phillips gave up the North Warwickshire to hunt his native country, Pembrokeshire; Mr. Mackenzie, of the Pytchley (Woodland), gained his earlier experience with the Old Berkeley; Mr. Egerton, of East Sussex, had the Rufford; and Mr. T. B. Miller, from the Oakley, took Mr. Hoare's portion of the V.W.H.

It will thus be seen that modern masters do not flit about from country to country like some of their predecessors did, while such masters as Mr. W. E. Oakley, Mr. Coupland, Mr. Baird, Mr. Langham, Earl Spencer, Mr. Albert Brassey, Lord Chesham, Mr. Rawnsley, Mr. Hicks-Beach, and several others never had but one country. One circumstance, however, there is upon which hunting men may congratulate themselves, viz., that whenever a vacancy occurs, someone, stranger or not, with or without previous experience, comes forward to fill it.

W. B.

## “Our Van.”

“The Evening of  
the Year.”

AND a very charming evening too. Would that the afternoon when we were all on pleasure bent, without the “frugal mind” that distinguished John Gilpin, had been as charming. What a time we should have had, many a day and oft, at Henley and Lord’s, at the French Exhibition, at many shows, and under the greenwood tree, or its equivalent, generally. Much of our fun was spoilt, as we all know, and it was only when “temperate autumn, mild sedate,” as some poet—we believe it was he of the “Seasons”—called her, appeared, that we left off our summer fires and went into the air without overcoats. We beg to add that this is not a mild joke, but a stern reality, as, having been nearly all August on the coast of Yorkshire, we had every opportunity of knowing.

In the  
Thames Valley.

But what an autumn it was! How delicious the temperature, and how exhilarating; how jolly we all were; how well we all looked; how good-tempered; how pleasant and agreeable. The Leger wounds healed quickly, and though a few of them broke out afresh when Queen’s Birthday won at Newmarket, why, old racing wounds are forgotten in fresh ones. And that, by the way, ought to be a great consolation to racing men. We get so many cuts and thrusts, that what we think is a very bad place in the First October, becomes only a scratch in the following week. And, mentioning scratches, we are reminded of the heading of our paragraph, “In the Thames Valley.” It sounds well, doesn’t it? There is a flavour of piconics, the scent of flowers “hay over the footlights” (rather the wrong time of year, by the way), romantic walks with Amaryllis in the shade, etc., etc. Surely there are no “scratches” here. Well, you see, there is a place called Kempton in the happy—we mean in the Thames Valley. Perhaps our readers know it—some of them, at least. It is a place where they race and do other frightful things, lunch copiously, listen to Dan Godfrey’s band, and, every now and then, walk to some railings at one end of a pretty lawn, and there get scratched—severely, too. We went down into the valley on an early day in the month, and—well—we did not go again. It was on a Friday, we remember, and there was an institution called The Breeders’ Produce Stakes, out of which it was estimated we could make money, and, of course, we went for the Breeders’ Produce largely. The women were as excited about it as the men, and the Angelinas worried the lives out of their Edwins, beseeching them to put them on at least three or four gees all bound to win. There were twenty-one to select from, and fully ten or twelve were backed, more or less, Petard being the great tip, on which the Angelinas plunged frightfully. Some superior persons went for Lady Primrose, Gold Reef, and Tittle Tattle, and that grand-looking horse Valauris was voted only half-trained by the superiorities, and was sent back to the cold shade of 10 to 1. He was big, certainly, but he is a big-barrelled horse, with a heavy frame, and he will always look big, like other horses of his formation. But neither the Edwins nor the Angelinas would listen to this, so he gave them a rare fright when,

a hundred yards from home, they saw him coming like a shot out of a gun, passing his horses one by one, and looking as if he was going to win. However, he could not quite get up to Blavatsky, who had taken the lead at the distance, and so this very moderate filly—moderate, we mean, on her previous form—won by a neck. That Valauris would have won in another half-a-dozen yards it was impossible to doubt. He is probably a slow beginner, for he looked out of the race by the time half the course was accomplished, and how he got through his horses nobody seemed to know. That Blavatsky's win was a fluke was the pretty general opinion, and Guardian, a stable companion of the favourite, Petard, and considered by Ryan about the worst two-year-old he had, how he secured the third place can only be explained in the same way. Petard was beaten at the distance, and up to this point, and a little nearer home, Keroual, Lady Primrose, and Tittle Tattle were all going well. Lord Rosebery's filly was always in front from the start; Lady Primrose, before they reached the distance, was going as well as anything, and the first half-dozen were very close together; it must have been a case of heads and necks with them. Curious is it how often there has been a fluky race over this new five furlongs, and to account for it is difficult. The course is as straight as an arrow and as level as a billiard table, the going very dead in consequence. Perhaps that has something to do with the unaccountable running, for unaccountable it has been more than once or twice. We need not go further back than to this very race last year, when the Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Henry Milner's beautiful Riviera (sister, be it noted, to Valauris) was beaten by Dearest, a filly that started friendless at 50 to 1. Dearest, too, was in the same stable that this year inflicted a second blow to the "all scarlet," and to show how lightly Blavatsky's chance was estimated, neither Lord Calthorpe nor Captain Machell was present to see her run. The defeat of Gouverneur over this course, and the unexpected win of Fuse, this year may both be quoted as examples of fluky running, and there may be others; but these will suffice.

We said something a few lines back about old  
**Our Wounds.** racing disasters being forgotten in fresh ones, but we think the wounds received in the Thames

Valley among Mr. Hyde's lovely flower beds, the lovely luncheons, and the lovely band will take a deal of forgetting. It is not often that we get two such days as that 3rd and 4th of October. The bookies made holes in us. The most frightful hole was the Breeders' Produce, of course, but it was cruelly followed up in the three other events, the cruellest being Bret Harte's defeat in the Twickenham Plate. Coming on the top of Blavatsky's win, the appeals to the book uttered on the Club lawn by exasperated members were frightful to hear. Of course "the running was all wrong," that was evident, and not until the numbers went up for the next race did the "language" cease. And how this bears out what we said just now about our wounds being so frequent and numerous that the fresh ones make us forget the old. The defeat of Bret Harte caused Blavatsky's win to be almost forgotten. Only the worst of it was there was no cessation from these hard knocks, and when an animal called Brucea won the Welter Plate easily, we shook the dust of

the valley from our feet, and the lovely afternoon, the flower-beds, the gorgeous sunset, were all like unto so much dust and ashes. Our feelings would not allow us to go down the next day. "Von such fun," as the intelligent foreigner in the suite of Charles X. remarked, after sitting out a representation of *Macbeth* at the Edinburgh Theatre, "is enough." The "fun" of Blavatsky had been quite enough for us. Our friends who travelled down the next day spread themselves over the trim lawns, were lunched and Dan-Godfreyed to their hearts' content, had an experience of the happy valley such as is rarely vouchsafed by beneficent fortune. The bookies, *not* the backers, "could do no wrong." The unfortunate Westminster, perhaps a little sore after his previous day's race, had to school himself for the jumping business before he had gone a quarter of a mile by negotiating the prostrate forms of Watts and Polynesia, the latter struck into by something and brought to grief, Watts also receiving a nasty cut in his leg that kept him out of the saddle the following week. Of course this little jumping affair did not improve Westminster's chances, and when Ormuz took up the running the Stanton horse could only follow at a respectful distance. But we are not going through the chapter of misfortune. Again is it the old story, that other and more recent trials have wiped out the remembrance of the old wounds. Well, is not that a blessed thing? We go such a pace that we have not time to think or reckon up. If we only lost, say, once a fortnight or so, what a row we should make over the one grief! As it is, beyond a little temporary "languish," each man says to his fellow, "What will win the next race?"

The Cesarewitch  
Week.

The official people call it the Second October, which is evidently a mistake. It is the Cesarewitch week, in which nothing else but wordy nothings about the great handicap are talked, and our ideas, especially the nearer we approach the fulfilment of our hopes and fears, border on imbecility. At least, some few years' experience of the week—or, to speak more correctly, weeks—for we are at it tooth and nail as soon as the weights appear, has impressed us with the belief that, as a rule, we racing men are very self-opinionated, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, very ignorant. We follow the money too much. Granted that the money is, as a rule, a guiding star, and a factor that cannot be disregarded, we—especially our good friends the prophets—are too apt to bow down and allow ourselves to be influenced by it. And we cannot help thinking that the late Cesarewitch has proved the truth of this. Alicante (a daughter of Hermit), a good mare, doubtless, a winner of long distance races, though not over Cesarewitch courses, in France, favourably handicapped, and supported by the best French racing men, as well as by a good many of our own countrymen, with money flowing in daily, and not entirely French money either—here certainly was a strong favourite whose claims it was impossible to resist. But there was one great doubt about her stamina, expressed not only by racing men this side of the Channel, but by Frenchmen also, and in this doubt many of our public writers shared. It might have been expected under these circumstances that Turf analysts would have hesitated before, as most of them did, we believe, plumping for Alicante. Granting all the

inducements they had to go for her, they would have taken a wiser course if they had given free expression to the doubt about her so many of them expressed. But the money, there was the stumbling-block. Day by day the racing articles spoke of the great firmness of the French mare in the market. Money, as we have said before, came pouring in, and the slightest hostility to her was met by heavier commissions. And, yet, read between the lines of many a prophetic article, there was evidently the doubt. One well-known pen, that of "Pavo," in the *Morning Post*, had the courage to fly in the face of the money, and there might have been some others, but we did not see them. Probably none of the analysts, if they had discarded Alicante, would have gone for Sheen, but this is apart from the question. Would they have gained any honour as successful prophets if Alicante had won? Assuredly not. The boldest tipster does not blow his trumpet when a 5 to 4 or a 2 to 1 chance is pulled off—at least, we believe not; but perhaps as our acquaintance with tipster literature is small, we may be doing the worthy men an injustice. Our contention is that the prophets would have done better if they had set their faces against Alicante. What they should have chosen instead of her we do not venture to suggest. Even if they had gone for something that was out of the race by the time the Bushes were reached, they would have been on the safe side, because they had given a free rein to the doubts that the majority of them felt—they had said that Alicante would not win.

An increased attendance to see the "Two-year-old Derby," as it was once called; but we cannot say that there was much excitement, or that we felt exercised in our mind by seeking for the winner. We could not quite acknowledge the claim of Orion to be the best two-year-old out—a claim that was undoubtedly made for him before the race—while the singular in and out running of so many horses of the same age made such a hopeless jumble of our young form that to pick the winner was beyond us. Gouverneur had shown us the previous Newmarket week that the reputation he brought to the post at Kempton in May was not so much exaggerated, and that when Lady Heron and Charm beat him, it was only one of the many flukes we have seen on the straight five furlongs there, and we expected either him or Valauris to win. Still, the son of Energy was not backed with any great confidence by his stable, and the talent went for Orvieto, who was nearly as good a favourite as Orion. This was bad judgment, both on the part of the talent and Orvieto's stable, for Siphonia beat Mr. Houldsworth's colt and Orion as well, and as Orion had beaten her at Goodwood, the two-year-old mess was made yet more "thick and slab." The race found out many weak points, notably in Mimi and Keroual, the former of whom ran in very disappointing fashion. Valauris, too, was never dangerous, and it was a pity his stable ran him, we think. His great frame wants rest and time. Orion essayed to challenge Gouverneur in the dip, but failed, and was passed by Siphonia, who, however, could not reach the French colt. We had imagined that we should see the winner of the Derby in this race, but we are not at all satisfied that we did. Gouverneur is a speedy horse, more suited for the Rowley Mile than the Epsom ups and downs, and Orion's running,



but that he had been coughing, would seem to put him out of the Derby. We still cling to the belief that Valauris is a good horse, but probably his trainer will have difficulty with him; and then there is one called The Deemster, who, we expect, will trouble Orion and Co., if all goes well with him next year. But, really, we are getting on much too fast. The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire only just over, let our racing minds lay fallow a bit. True, in old days we had found out a Derby favourite by this time, if not a Derby winner, but in the present jumble where is the bold man, layer or backer, who would dare to make one?

Some of the old-fashioned racing men grumbled at the alteration in the date of the big handicap. The Cesarewitch. Those who love *stare antiquas vias*, questioned the policy of postponing it until the third day, and, indeed, with some reason, but as no one heeded them, and the younger generation and the bookmakers appeared to look on it with favour, as it gave more time for betting and listening to fresh tips, it was popular rather than the reverse. A somewhat curious race, in that the horses we all thought would stay utterly failed to do so, and only one, Gonsalvo, ran respectably. Where were Fallow Chat and Vasistas? where Parlington and Peacebearer? where Barmecide and the turned loose Brackley? not to mention Circassian and Royal Star; the latter, backed up to the fall of the flag, running as badly as he well could. All these we have mentioned were stayers, or so reputed. One or two had given proofs of their stamina. Royal Star had got to the neck of Houndsditch in the Northumberland Plate; Brackley, when short of work, had run third in the Goodwood Stakes; Fallow Chat had last year won at Lincoln and Manchester over a mile and a half, and this season had run well in the Great Ebor—so well, indeed, that many people thought her the pick of the handicap when the Cesarewitch weights first appeared. Peacebearer had galloped two miles at Lewes; Circassian had beaten Silver Spur in the summer over nearly the same distance. And yet none of these, even for one moment, "flattered their backers," as the saying is, and how many eyes were strained to catch sight of Royal Star, Brackley, and Vasistas, as they came into view on "choke jade," it boots not to say. Gonsalvo, on the other hand, whose position in the Leger had been much questioned, ran more than respectably, and, with Mercy, was always in the first flight. The surprise to most of us was the oddly-named Victorious. A horse about whom there was a good deal of mystery—who had been knocked about in the market, who ran untried, and whose stamina was, according to all accounts, extremely doubtful—had settled down in front by the time half a mile had been negotiated, led his field a merry pace across the flat, and only cried enough as he came down the Bushes hill. This was a revelation, while the proof that Alicante was a non-stayer was no revelation at all. She looked going strong and well at the point where Victorious gave way, and "the favourite rolls in" was heard from many lips. It was premature. There was no "rolling in," for a remorseless fate, in the shape of Sheen, was at her heels. Webb had been waiting as they came into the Abingdon Bottom, but rising the hill he challenged, and, to the horror of her backers, Alicante was unable o

resist him. She gave way completely, and Sheen went sailing in a gallant winner by two lengths. Of course it was a surprise, though not, we fancy, to Tom Jennings. No one knew better than he how much Sheen had improved since last year; and what he most dreaded, the hard ground, was now good going. If we remember rightly, the rain came on the morning of the Cesarewitch last year too late to do any good; but Sheen ran well, and finished fifth. And this year, and only about two months previously, he had foreshadowed the Cesarewitch in his brilliant win, with 9 st., over the mile and a half on the other side of the Ditch. The way he won that day—and it looked as if he could have carried his weight another mile—and the horses he had behind him—Padua, Houndsditch, Miss Dollar, Evergreen, Galway, Circassian, etc.—gave us a tip which we were indeed blind not to take. We are very wise now, of course; and the number of men we met in the week, after the race, who had fully intended to back Sheen and had been "stalled off" was surprising. But is it not ever thus?

Nothing remarkable was the sport on Friday.  
**The Last Day.** Memoir, of course, won the Oaks, and we should imagine she could stay for a week, judging from the very easy task she found set her over the T.M.M. Signorina cut but a poor figure in trying to take Mephisto's measure in the Challenge Stakes. She could not even take that of Melody; so we fear we shall not see this once peerless mare as she once was. Book-makers offered 1,000 to 20 about her for the Cambridgeshire after this, and the offer must have been painful for her sporting owner to hear. The Chevalier Ginistrelli has clung to his beautiful mare with something like affection not often evidenced in the hard racing world, where horses too often are looked upon as machines, and only regarded for the money they make. We feel sure her failure to come up to the expectations formed of her from her morning gallops has touched him nearly. And, by the way, how very deceiving these gallops are, and what a lesson Signorina's fall should give us! What flattering accounts—which we have before alluded to—did we not hear of her during the First and Second October weeks, of how she was galloping "with all her old fire!" Alas! the fire went out when it came to racing, and only the cold ashes remained. What good horses has that good sportsman, Prince Soltykoff! Gold, Sheen, and Mephisto form a trio hard to beat. The last named seems to improve with age. He won the Challenge in a common canter; and yet after a fair two and three-year-old career he seemed to have lost his form, and it was only in the July week last year that he gave us an inkling of what was in him, when he beat Noble Chieftain, St. Patrick, Deuce of Clubs, and others in the Cup. True, Noble Chieftain turned the tables on him at Newmarket later on, but this year he defeated Bumptious, and over his own course made Juggler lie down; so we think Prince Soltykoff may be proud of his trio. By the way, we were well nigh forgetting that this is the second time Mephisto has won the Great Challenge Stakes. It was one of his good performances when he was a three-year-old. If Alloway was ours we think we know what we should have done with him; certainly not run him as a two-year-old. He was a great baby then, and is a baby still. He

cut a terrible figure in the Newmarket Derby, and the ease with which Circassian won, after making all the running, increases our wonder that we saw nothing of him in the Cesarewitch. It was a brilliant meeting. If it did not arrange and settle to our satisfaction the two-year-old muddle, it at least showed us a real champion in Amphion—likely to become a second Bendigo in popularity—and a very good horse in Sheen. Backers had the worst of the game, and winter hay and corn looms doubtfully in a limited future. Let us hope that, before the curtain drops at New Barns, fortune will arrange her favours more equably.

Time and space warn us that we must dwell but briefly on the last great handicap of the year. The result is one that we ought to have anticipated, and one which many of us, no doubt, did anticipate. The running in the Cesarewitch gave us a very straight "tip," and it was only prejudice that made us disregard it. But, then, what does not prejudice do in racing? The racing man is full of prejudices. He hardly owns them even to himself; but there they are, and though Alicante kept her place in the market up to the last, hardly pressed as she was by the outlays on Morion, we do not fancy it was English money kept her there. No, we sought for the winner, some of us, in horses that had finished behind Alicante; others, who "would not have the Cesarewitch horses at any price," in hankering, like the Israelites of old, after strange gods. Victoricus was the idol of the former; Tostig, of the latter division. Tostig, according to his public running, could not win the Cambridgeshire; but then there was a private trial, in which he had made the race such a certainty that, according to vague rumour, there were only two things to prevent him winning—either being left at the post, or his falling in the race. Then his owner is a very popular man, genial and open-hearted, who always tells his friends when he thinks he has got anything extra good, and, in fact, not given to hiding his light or lights under a bushel. Many of us had a vivid remembrance of Ilex in the Grand National; how Mr. Masterman had told everyone that they ought to back it; and how we lamented we had not done so. Ilex had much to answer for the run on Tostig. Said men to each other, "If he was right in such a race as the Liverpool, with all the casualties to be taken into consideration, of course he will be doubly right in the Cambridgeshire; we must back Tostig." Well, let us hasten to say, though personally we did not believe in the horse, he ran very well, and in some way justified the confidence of his stable. Victoricus, the horse that on his Cesarewitch running took so many fancies, ran as he did in the long race—no worse, no better; and yet how many of us made sure that the difference in weight would reverse his position with Alicante. Captain Machell, as last year, gave us a surprise with Belmont, and it is only fair to add, that to every friend who had a right to ask him a question he gave the same reply: "You had better have something on mine." The pace was "a cracker" we thought; "a cracker," indeed, out of the common way. It settled Morion, we verily believe, for he was out of the race by the time they had gone two furlongs. He galloped on, it is true, but he was never in the slightest degree dan-

gerous. And yet this was the horse that most of us thought was bound to get a place, if he did not quite win. The Cambridgeshire has revealed to us the fact that our three-year-olds are a very bad lot, if it has done nothing else. The owner of Victorious, we believe, thought it an impossibility that Alicante could give his horse that weight, and yet she won easily. We congratulate her owner in possessing such a good mare. May she perpetuate her sire's form in the fair land of her birth!

Our correspondent in the Bicester country sends us a most rosy account of things in general. First, as to the cubs, he says there appears, so far as can be judged, to be no lack of them in any part of it, and more especially towards Aylesbury and Chearsley way—where for a season or two the little red rascals have, if we may judge by results, been none too plentiful—there seems a great alteration for the better, and thus the Bicester men are looking forward to careering over some of the choicest portions of their country with as little let and hindrance as they did formerly, when it was no unusual thing to see the Dodford brook nearly as full of men and horses as it was of water. The habits of foxes are, and ever will be, a mystery, so it is no use speculating as to what made them difficult to find here for a year or two. They must have been there, or whence the cubs? Lord Chesham and Wilson have wonderfully improved the pack, both in looks and work, and there are also good-looking additions to the stud. Hard ground has interfered with scent and sport, here as elsewhere; but some good mornings have been put on the record, and altogether there is nothing to complain of, and prospects are good.

If we may judge by appearance, says our Oakley correspondent, there is a capital season before us, although the first act of the drama was sadly discounted by Tom Whitemore getting a bad fall at Dungee Corner, the first morning of going out, which laid him up for a bit. However, he is out and doing again, so that his beautiful entry—which are, perhaps, better than they have seen, even on the Milton Ernest flags, for some few seasons—have been able to have every justice done them; and the chances are that they will rather enhance the reputation of their ancestors than otherwise. In fact, Trimmer, who was passed over both at Peterborough and in the home competition, is such a different hound on the flags and at the covert side, that some who were not so enthusiastic about him when before the judges, are now fain to recant, and own he is all a foxhound should be for racing over a good, otherwise a grass, country, and does great honour to his sire, the Whaddon Chase Tarquin. He is quite as good in work as his looks would imply, and can already do his own part in bringing a fox to hand. While speaking of hounds it is only fair to note that the gallant old Rhymer, quite the best stallion hound of his time, is still out and doing, after the eight years' work he has already gone through. Few hounds, dog hounds especially, last on like this; moreover, his stud duties have been far beyond the ordinary run. What many packs would consider a full number of cubs have been already brought to hand ere this is put in type, and several brace run to

ground. Scent has occasionally been excellent, and early in October, at Easton Wood, their record ran thus: first fox, one hour and twenty minutes to ground, the leading hounds close to his brush; second fox, one hour and ten minutes, and killed; third, a little over two hours, the bitches running hard all the time, with no help from their huntsman, and ending with blood. The music was said to be superb during this hunt.

**Hertfordshire.** Not for years has there been such a show of cubs in the Hertfordshire country as are to be found there this autumn, and no plainer proof of what

care and attention in looking after a country, combined with a thorough knowledge of the animal and his habits, is needed than the alteration Mr. Sworder has worked within his boundaries since he took the reins of office. Just at the commencement he was not very lucky in bringing cubs to hand, as old earths there were supposed to have been dug out and unused for years are fresh drawn, and the cubs now bred in them knew more about their existence than did the keepers and earthstoppers, hence were frequently defrauded of well deserved blood; scent also, as may be imagined, was none of the best on these hard sterile ploughs during the dry weather, and this was all against them. However, matters soon improved when the rain came, and with a good lot of young hounds put forward, and cubs that have been routed well and taught their duty, it will be hard if there is not some good fun for the Hertfordshire people during the ensuing season. The Master also knows that his is a shooting country as well as a hunting one, and wisely respects the susceptibilities of the lovers of the trigger, which, together with a genial manner towards the farmers, will do more than anything to preserve wild foxes again, and render the chase popular with all classes.

**The Devon and Somerset.** Early in the month these hounds had some very nice runs in the northern portion of their country; I mean, what lies a little east of the forest proper, and the Minehead and Dunster strip of cultivation up to Blue Anchor; but none that need specially to particularise. But when we come to the meet at Culbone Stables on Wednesday, October 8th, there is more to talk about, as they had the run of the season up to that date. One deer was quickly driven to sea and killed, and a second found in the deer park of that good sportsman, Mr. Nicholas Snow. He ran by way of Badgeworthy for Larkbarrow—a line that emptied many saddles—then turned over Chalk Water to Mill Hill, down Wear Water, and out over Porlock Common to Pitt Combe, then by Swallacombe to Glenthorne, near which place he lay fast and was fresh found; the pace and riding were both good over Countesbury Common and down to the Lynn stream, a nasty descent for the horses. Having soiled, he went on for South Wood, and led them a cracker over Brendon Common, where some falls occurred, to Farley Water. This stream he followed until the forest was nearly reached, when he turned away for Brendon Two Gates, where Anthony's horse cried enough, and he would have been out of the hunt had not Mr. Watson come to his aid with the offer of his own; as it was, he was able to go on in pursuit of his racing pack to Badgeworthy Water, whence he turned away over the Deer Park,

and by this time there was not a horse which had not got about *quantum suff.* Going once more to Badgeworthy, he passed Malmsmead, and was run up and set to bay near there, being finally killed after a fine and fast run of somewhat over two hours—the best and fastest on record, so far, but rather a ringing affair, and not one of those clippers which lead you from the Western to the Eastern side of their country, as I have sometimes had to record.

Haddon has not usually been a favourite fixture for these hounds, although the deer like the covert well enough; but on October 10th a really good run took place from there, thus proving that, with deer as with fox, it is no use to pick your meets. Miles had a good deer harboured in Westhill Wood, and he proved himself equal to the occasion. True, he beat about home a little at first, but without rousing another deer, and then went away gallantly over Baronsdown and down to Hele Bridge, through the wood of that ilk and Hele Ball plantations, where a hind caused a little bother, and then over Court Down to the Barle above Marsh Bridge. Up the Barle valley to Hawkridge and Three Waters, rousing more hinds on the way, to Ashway Farm, and down the water a little to Tor Steps. Once more merrily up stream, by Bradley Farm, to the renowned village of Witheypool, where he turned away for Court Wood, and thence to Chibbet Ford, where they checked for a considerable time, and had slow hunting to Chibbet Gorse. Thence on to the Newland limeworks, and away as if he meant the forest, which probably he did, but had not strength to reach it. Merry hunting to Orchard Coombe, a check, a fresh find in some bushes, and the death-race down to Western Mill, in the pool of which he was done to death a mile or two nearer the forest than Exeford village. A nice gallop and a good deer, with such a head as will much enrich Mr. Bassett's collection.

A small field to finish the stag-hunting. A grand stag, harboured at Oare Ford, who found himself, and came to meet us, as a younger deer had done just before him. Perhaps they thought the stag-hunting season closed on the 10th. As he had a hind and calf for companions it was lucky the pack caught a view of the right animal, and drove him round the Deer Park, Badgeworthy, etc., and over Brendon Common towards Southern Wood. Then to Oare and the Chalk Water, and ran the valley thereof. Crossed Mill Hill to Wear Water, where they got amongst many deer, but still ran their stag in Pitt Combe. From here they ran something to the Shillets, over Lee Hill to Horner, and after dodging backwards and forwards some time in these woodlands with several deer on foot, got to Horner Mill, on by Luckham Allers to Anniscombe, where the hounds were stopped, and nothing more was done. While hunting the old stag in the early part of the day they went very fast indeed. So closes another stag-hunting season, with fair sport, but no really great run achieved, but with plenty of good deer left all over the country, so let us rest and be thankful until another autumn comes round.

We hear of a strong revival of the status of  
Cheltenham. Cheltenham as a hunting centre. The old Plough

Hotel has become the property of a wealthy  
clique, who are determined upon bringing the town back to its

proper position, and among other things they have laid themselves out to render the hotel all that it was in its best days. They have newly furnished it, done the Hercules by its great range of stabling, and now are prepared to make hunting men properly comfortable. Cheltenham, besides its ample choice of hunting, is anything but without resources on the off days; its excellent club being by no means the least of its advantages.

The Return of Old Friends.

We think London playgoers can boast of a constancy in their affections which, as far as we know, few other European or American cities exhibit. The scent of *Sweet Lavender* is as fresh to the nostrils, apparently, as it was two years since; the *Still Waters* that Tom Taylor bid to flow (how many years back?) would seem, like the immortal brook, to be going on for ever. We are never tired of repetitions of Gilbert and Sullivan, and, in all probability, as we shall hear no more the productions of their combined genius, we shall cling with a yet greater fidelity to what we have. Mr. Hare has again resumed wearing that *Pair of Spectacles*, by aid of which he tells a very simple story so admirably; and half London has welcomed *The Cabinet Minister* back to the Court, with an effusion that showed what a firm hold he had taken of the popular taste. But if Londoners are very staunch when once their feelings are touched, they are often difficult to please, capricious, sometimes it may be a little unfair. In vulgar parlance, "there is no knowing where to have them." Often critic-led, they now and then rebel against their teachers, and make that a success which clever pens had prophesied would be a failure. If we remember rightly, *The Cabinet Minister* was not too warmly welcomed on making his first appearance. The play was rated bad in construction and deficient in interest, and the little house in Sloane Square did not for a few nights present the comfortable appearance it did for the rest of the season—and still does now it has re-opened. Whether the public educated the critics, we cannot determine; but certain it is that the latter have said many kind and pleasant things of Mr. Pinero's amusing comedy, and the theatre is crowded nightly. Critics and public have been unanimous in their estimate of the recent additions to the London stage, and Mr. Alexander has found *The Struggle for Life* too much for him at the Avenue, while *The Sixth Commandment*, despite an appeal from Miss Wallis to universal suffrage, seems doomed to extinction at the Shaftesbury. We have not seen the latter play, therefore cannot venture on an opinion; but we frankly own we rather liked *The Struggle for Life*. An unpleasant play—and the hero a decidedly unpleasant character—yet both interest and command attention. Paul Astier is a heartless sensualist, even beyond the run of stage scoundrels of that type. He hardly, perhaps, aspires to be a Scarpia, but comes near to it, and the quarrel the critics, and it would appear the public also, have with the adapters of *La Lutte pour la Vie* is that Messrs. Buchanan and Horner have toned down the sensualism, have made his victim, Lydie Vaillant, an injured person, and sought to in some way humanise her betrayer. The play was splendidly acted as far as Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. Alexander were concerned; but the

subordinate characters found unhappy representatives. Miss Alma Murray, at home in burlesque, was quite out of place as a polished adventuress; and some of the gentlemen sought, in lieu of giving any colour to their characters, relief in costume, which in some instances was decidedly comic. But Miss Ward's acting should have gained for the play a better fate than it has met with. Miss Wallis, in the case of *The Sixth Commandment*, has appealed, as we have intimated, from the critics to the public, and the latter responded with a full house and uproarious applause. We can only hope that Miss Wallis is satisfied. Still no doubt she is quite aware that the real answer to her, as we think, extraordinary question will be made at the box office and the libraries.

## Roundabout County Papers.

**KENTISH COLOURS.**—Kent has got its own again in the buff facings of its gallant 3rd Regiment, and it may be hoped other restorations may follow, and help to restore an *esprit de corps* in other regiments. Forty years ago if a man of Kent had a son to go in the army, he went into the Third Buffs as a matter of course, and the wearer of those facings carried them proudly enough throughout the Crimean campaign.

**ESSEX.**—Here the County Council began wisely enough by putting money in their purse, estimated to be fully sufficient for their purposes. So it has proved, and now it is stated a threepenny rate about to be levied will not be necessary this year.

**SUFFOLK** has a capital breed of sheep which thrive on lands where some other breeds would fail; and as a milk breed it has very high claims. Reference is made to this because at the late International Congress of Vienna, a paper was read on "The Breeding of Milch-Sheep," a race of high esteem on the Hungarian

side of the Carpathians. Would not many rural and remote English villages, now that allotments and small holdings are increasing, find profit in having "Ewe Milk from the Maple Bowl," or in making it into cheese?

**CHANGES ABOUT.**—Whilst our Premier has a new villa building near Nice, and whilst other notables seek change abroad, we find our friends from the Continent and America coming to dear old England for its scenery, its comforts, its homelike cosiness, and for its sports of kings. The Duc d'Aumale has his seat in Worcestershire, where the Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Luynes, the Marquis de Gouy, and others have been after the little brown birds. This is a set-off against Lord Ailsa and friends taking fishings in Norway. Then the Austrian, Baron Hirsch, at Wretham, in Norfolk, is to warm the house in winter with shooting parties, which are to include his Norfolk neighbour, the Prince of Wales. Whilst there are the Americans under many a grand old English roof-tree; but, then, they are our-



selves—bone, blood, and mother language. Numbers of non-occupied English seats have open doors to welcome tenants from all the quarters of the globe! House-absenteeism blurs many a fair English landscape, and it is pleasant to read Lord Ilchester is enlarging and beautifying one of London's historic homes—Holland House.

THOUSAND - MILE RIDE. — A good road makes the paths of life easy to thousands of wayfarers. It is so good a thing that for men and horses all civilised countries make good roads at the public expense; yet there are many places where bits of road might well be made at private cost, and a hint may be given to county men to do likewise, as an Old Persian is now doing. Sir Donald Mackenzie relates, in his "Thousand-Mile Ride Across Persia," when nearing Shiraz, he found the roads in a disgraceful condition, but near the Caravanserai he talked with an old man engaged in making a road as a volunteer, having taken a vow to devote the remainder of his days to the task of smoothing the pathway of life.

KENT.—The historic home of Dickens, Gads Hill, Higham, near Rochester, has come into possession, by purchase, of the Hon. Mr. Francis Law Latham.

LAND.—The land market has been passing through a revolutionary period, and is still in an unsettled state. Mr. Giffen, in his book just issued, the "Growth of Capital," suggests that twenty-six years' purchase is a safe mean in the present exceptional circumstances. *Apropos* of Mr.

Giffen's title, the "Growth of Capital," wherein the estimate is given "that lands had FALLEN 316 millions in value," it does not seem to apply to the English acres in which our county men have their stake.

Since 1879-80 the assessment of lands has decreased some £18,000,000.

OXFORDSHIRE.—That popular and resident landowner the Earl of Jersey—for whom his neighbours all wish health, prosperity, and success in his new office of Governor in the Antipodes, as successor to Lord Carrington—had let, it was stated, Middleton Park to Sir George Stephen and Sir Stafford Northcote, for the term of his absence in Australia, but from recent intelligence it is believed the arrangements have fallen through. For the last three years these dual tenants have been occupying Latimer, Bucks, the seat of Lord Chesham:

MR. GOSCHEN'S son accompanies Lord Jersey to the great Pacific continent.

SWIMMING HORSES. — The various letters from expert officers and travellers have proved that cavalry manœuvres, which include soldiers and horses crossing such a river as the Thames, are attended with considerable risk to both, and should be restricted to easy points not often found between Oxford and London. I have seen many strong dogs in the water unable to stem the current, and to seek, by animal sagacity, points on the opposite side of the river, at some distance down stream, where <sup>big</sup> horses could scarcely land.

## Odds and Ends.

AN extraordinary accident, attended by fatal results, occurred at the Knutsford races in August, 1790. A youth riding a spirited, hard-mouthed horse, which had run away with him, crossed a lane that was part of the course just as the competitors in one of the races came out of it. He ran full against the horse Swordsman, who was making the running. The violence of the shock threw the first horse heels over head, killing him instantly, and the youth who rode him had both his thighs broken, and otherwise was most dreadfully bruised. The back of Swordsman, too, was broken, and—what was almost miraculous—his rider was thrown in such a manner as to light upon his feet without receiving the least injury. The boy died next day, and the race-horse had to be shot.

ACCORDING to a paper issued in June, 1790, the Prince of Wales came a cropper at Ascot over a match between Mr. Fox's Seagull and Sir Charles Bunbury's Magpie, in which the former won by half a length. His Royal Highness is said to have lost £8,000, and he attributed the defeat to a number of persons rushing across the course just as his horse, which was leading, was coming in. These tactics had the effect of throwing the animal out of his stride, and the rider almost out of the saddle. It is alleged that what is termed as "the inferior tribe of blacklegs," who had small bets on the match, were guilty of this manœuvre in order to gain a few guineas. His Royal Highness, however, was so

annoyed at what he termed the unfairness of the business that he took his leave of racing on Ascot Heath. A Mr. Ogden was said to have netted a large sum over the match, whilst Mr. Fox had 6,000 guineas on the result. The betting was very heavy, and excitement correspondingly great

ACCORDING to the following paragraph there were some crack shots a century ago, although they were not favoured with our finished tools: On February 14th, 1791, Mr. Elliott (a yeoman farmer of Rudquick) undertook, for a wager, to kill fifty pigeons at fifty times shooting, in a certain time. Notwithstanding the wind was high and ruffled, he killed forty-five. It was allowed that he hit every bird that was turned off to him and that he would have killed at every shot under more favourable conditions. He used only one gun, and the writer of the account stated that the barrel was at last so hot that the touch-hole fairly melted!

A RAT of enormous size was killed on Saturday, the 20th of August, 1791, in one of the stables belonging to Mr. H. Thomas, of the Red Lion Inn, Llandaff, in the county of Glamorgan. It measured from the snout to the stern 1 foot 11 inches; and to the tip of the tail no less than 3 feet 12 inches. The girth of the body across the breast was 18 inches, and the formidable beast weighed no less than 9 lb. 12½ oz. It would be rather interesting to know how the merry little fellow was fed, and what age it had reached when death overtook it.

## Summary of Prominent Results.

From Sept. 27th to Oct. 23rd, 1890.

### Sept. RACING.

28. M. Ephrussi's Alicante, by Hermit—Madeira, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. (Lane), won the Prix d'Octobre of 12 sovs. each, with 800 sovs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards, 1 mile 4 furlongs, at the Paris Autumn Meeting.
29. Mr. G. H. Dawkin's br.c. Glory Smitten, by Camballo—Gloria 4 yrs. 7 st. 7 lb., (T. Loates), won the Nottinghamshire Handicap of 500 sovs., about a mile, at the Nottingham Autumn Meeting.

### Oct.

3. Lord Calthorpe's ch.f. Blavatsky, by Isonomy—Lotus, 8 st. 8 lb. (Robinson), won the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 5,000 sovs., 5 furlongs, at the Kempton Park October Meeting.
4. Sir R. Jardine's b.f. Bondage, by Muncaster—Reata, 7 st. 2 lb. (Allsopp), won the Kempton Park Champion Nursery Handicap of 1,000 sovs., by subscription of 25 sovs. each, on the new mile at the Kempton Park October Meeting.
7. Mr. N. Fenwick's b.f. Mimi, by Barcaldine, dam by Lady Lyon—Sardie, 8 st. 13 lb. (Rickaby), won the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
8. Mr. M. E. Blanc's ch.c. Gouverneur, by Energy—Gladia, 9 st. (J. Woodburn), won the Middle Park Plate of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstake of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, Bretby Stakes Course (6 furlongs), at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
9. Prince Soltykoff's b.h. Sheen, by Hampton—Radiancy, 5 years, 9 st. 2 lb. (F. Webb), won the Cesarewitch Stakes,

### Oct.

- a Handicap of 25 sovs. each, with 500 added, 2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards, at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
9. General Byrne's ch.c. Amphion, by Speculum or Rosebery—Suicide, 4 years, 9 st. (T. Cannon), won the Champion Stakes of 50 sovs. each for starters, with 800 added, A.F., 1 mile 2 furlongs, at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
10. Duke of Portland's br.f. Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver 9 st. 5 lb. (T. Loates), won the Newmarket Oaks, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 200 added, T.M.M., at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
10. Prince Soltykoff's ch.h. Mephisto, by Robert the Devil—Meg Merrilies, aged, 9 st. (F. Webb), won the thirteenth Great Challenge Stakes of 30 sovs. each for starters, with 300 added, Bretby Stakes Course, at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
10. Lord Durham's b.c. Circassian, by Camballo—Lais, 8 st. 5 lb. (Rickaby), won the Newmarket Derby, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 200 added, last two miles of Cesarewitch Course, at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.
21. Mr. E. Blanc's ch.c. Gouverneur, by Energy—Gladia, 9 st. 4 lb. (J. Watts), won the Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds, Criterion course (6 furlongs), at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
22. M. M. Ephrussi's ch.f. Alicante, by Hermit—Madeira, 3 years, 7 st. 12 lb. (F. Barrett), won the Cambridgeshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 500 added,

Oct.

- New Cambridgeshire course (last mile and a distance of A.F.), at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
22. Lord Rosebery's b.f. Corstorphine, by Foxhall—Chopette, 8 st. 6 lb. (Rickaby), won the Dewhurst Plate of 300 sovs., added to a sweepstake of 25 sovs. each, last seven furlongs of R.M., at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
23. Baron de Rothschild's b.f. Haute Saone, by Tristan—Hauteur, 2 years, 7 st. 3 lb. (T. Loates), won the All-aged Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 forfeit to go to the fund, with 200 added, Bretby Stakes course (6 furlongs), at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
23. Duke of Portland's br.c. St. Serf, by St. Simon—Feronia, 8 st. 8 lb. (carried 8 st. 10 lb.) (J. Watts), won the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h.ft., three-year-olds, A.F. (one mile and a quarter), at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

Sept. FOOTBALL.

27. At Perry Bar, West Bromwich Albion v. Aston Villa, former won by 4 goals to 0. †
27. At Trent Bridge, Notts County v. Derby County, former won by 2 goals to 1. †
27. At Deepdale, North End v. Bolton Wanderers, former won by 1 goal to 0. †
27. At Accrington, Accrington v. Everton, latter won by 2 goals to 1. †
27. At Slough, Swifts v. Old Wykehamists, drawn, 5 goals each. †

Oct.

4. At Deepdale, Preston North End v. Blackburn Rovers, latter won by 2 goals to 1. †
4. At Richmond, London Scottish v. Clapham Rovers, former won by 2 goals 4 tries to 0. \*
4. At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Old Merchant Taylors, former won by 2 goals 2 tries to 1 try. \*
4. At Richmond, Richmond v.

† Under Association Rules.

Oct.

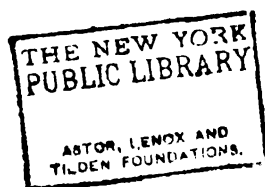
- Rosslyn Park, former won by 2 goals 1 try to 1 goal 1 try. \*
11. At Accrington, Accrington v. Preston North End, latter won by 3 goals to 1. †
11. At Perry Bar, Aston Villa v. Everton, drawn 2 goals each. †
11. At Trent Bridge, Notts County v. West Bromwich Albion, former won by 3 goals to 2. †
11. At Wolverhampton, Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Derby County, former won by 5 goals to 1. †
11. At Dulwich, London Caledonians v. Old Harrovians, former won by 4 goals to 0. †
11. At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Middlesex Wanderers, former won by 4 goals 2 tries to 1 goal. \*
11. At Richmond, London Scottish v. Marlborough Nonada, former won by 3 goals 3 tries to 0. \*
15. At Blackheath, Middlesex v. Kent, former won by 2 goals 2 tries to 0. \*
18. At Deepdale, Preston North End v. Wolverhampton Wanderers, former won by 5 goals to 1. †
18. At West Bromwich, West Bromwich Albion v. Notts County, drawn, 1 goal all. †
18. At Richmond, London Scottish v. London Welsh, former won by 4 goals 2 tries 4 minors to 0. \*
18. At Blackheath, Blackheath v. St. Thomas's Hospital, former won by 1 goal 2 tries to 1 goal. \*
22. At Richmond, Surrey v. Middlesex, former won by 1 goal 2 tries to 1 goal. \*

Sept.

BOXING.

27. Great International Glove Contest between Frank P. Slavin (Champion of Australia) and Joe McAuliffe (Champion of America) for Championship of the World, £1,000 and the Police Gazette Diamond Belt. Slavin won in the second round. Time 5 min. 45 secs. At the Ormonde Club.

\* Under Rugby Rules.





James, photo

W. G. H. 10

Alfred Heywood Lindsay

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London, Victoria & Albert Museum, New Bridge St. Dec. 17, 1899

# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 370

DECEMBER 1890

VOL. LIV

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### Embellished with

Portraits of Mr. A. P. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, and JAMES BAILEY.  
Engraving of THE CANNON FAMILY.

## Mr. Arthur Pemberton Heywood-Lonsdale.

THE subject for the portrait in the present number of BAILY'S MAGAZINE is Mr. Arthur Pemberton Heywood-Lonsdale, of Shavington Hall, Shropshire. He was born in 1835, and was the second son of the Rev. Henry Gylby Lonsdale, a former Vicar of Lichfield. The injunction of King Solomon, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," would seem to have been adopted from the first by Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale as a motto for his conduct. From the day that he

first touched an oar in an Eton boat down to the year now leaving us, he has never slackened his endeavours to do his very utmost to promote, and work advance in, all those pursuits which, in England, are associated with the character and position of a "country gentleman." Being endowed from boyhood with very unusual physical strength, and having, besides, the grace of a popular manner, he got, at an early age, into the Eton crew. His companion at Balliol College, Oxford, afterwards was Dr. Warre, the present Head Master of Eton, with whom he has maintained throughout a close friendship. In 1856 Mr. Lonsdale was chosen to row in the University race between Oxford and Cambridge, on which occasion, however, his boat suffered defeat. But he was able to turn his experience to very good account; for in the following year, when he was President of the O.U.B.C., he again took part in the contest, and helped, very decisively, to "turn the tables" upon Cambridge, Oxford winning in 1857 by several lengths. This victory was attributed at the time in a very great degree to the pluck and sound judgment of the Oxford president, who had substituted for the old style of ship one by Mat. Taylor, without a keel, and had trained his crew to quite a different style of rowing from that which had before been in fashion, and this stroke has characterised the rowing of his University at Putney ever since. During their training that year the Oxford crew "did the course" in 19 minutes 45 seconds, which was at the time a record, although crews with sliding seats have since more than once broken it. In company with Mr. Warre, he won the pair-oar race at Henley in the same year, and altogether his presidency of the Boat Club marked an epoch in Oxford rowing, to which men date back even at the present time. By his good judgment in and out of the boat he was able to effect several improvements which a weaker man would hardly have attempted, and certainly would not have been able to carry through. To this day many of his contemporaries know no greater pleasure than to rally round their former president at University races, and to recall, in his company, the old Oxford days, to the happiness of which his generous temper and skill as an athlete—and in dealing with athletics—contributed so largely. Mr. Lonsdale took a good degree for an active man (a second class in moderations and honorary fourth in final classical school, if we remember right). In 1877 he succeeded to the Cloverley estate in Shropshire, on the death of his uncle, Mr. Heywood, head of the old and well-known bank of that name in Liverpool; and soon after bought Shavington, which adjoins it—well known for its far-extending red brick wall round the park, which its previous owner, the Earl of Kilmorey, had caused to be built, to shut out for ever foxhunters' domains; which, by "the irony of fate," beca



property of an M.F.H., and one of the staunchest preservers of foxes.

In 1883, at a critical moment in the fortunes of the Shropshire sport, Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale offered, in succession to Lord Hill, to hunt the whole country at his own expense. Luckily for all concerned, this offer was accepted; and, from that day to this, a pack, second to none in the kingdom for its working and the completeness of its appointments, has been maintained by Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale. It must not be omitted that to this satisfactory state of things Lord Hill's excellent judgment in breeding and selecting contributed to no small degree; for the hounds—made over by him to the new Master—formed an admirable foundation for the pack which Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale has since brought to such perfection. In the field the Master is good-tempered and quiet; and having a good eye to country, in spite of all his weight (some eighteen stone), manages to see a good deal of the best of the fun. "Hard-riding" is, however, now left to the Master's eldest son, Henry, who is in the Grenadier Guards; still no sportsman in the West Midlands is likely to forget what Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale has personally done for hunting by his munificent patronage and by his example.

But the hounds do not nearly fill all his time. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale is an excellent shot; and the great merit of his breed of pointers and setters is everywhere recognised. In 1867 he took a prominent part in founding "The National Field Trials," and he has, in each successive year ever since, contributed greatly to their interest and success. His kennels (for his pointers and setters) near Cloverley are models of their kind; and whether on Scotch moors or English turnip-fields, in a drive or in a covert-shooting, he is quite at home with, and able to bring out the best points of, his grand-looking and finely-trained dogs. While we write, the news comes from Canada of the success of his team there, under the care of Mr. Brailsford. His dogs have won 1st and 3rd in the Derby Stakes; and 1st, 2nd, and 4th in those for "all ages."

It will be readily understood that the popular Master of the Shropshire is a good landlord, forward in everything which seems likely to benefit farmers. And he does not confine his help to agriculture. He has endowed a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, which is to be held by residents in Shropshire; the Free Library at Shrewsbury was mainly established through the donations from Shavington, and he is ever ready to support any scheme for a good object in the county of Shropshire or anywhere else.

Up to the present he has been content with the life of a county magistrate and alderman of the County Council. If the question put by Shakespeare in *Henry VIII.* "Who did guide? I mean who did set the body and limb of this great

sport together?" was to be asked in Shropshire, the reply would be, with one voice, "Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale."

It may be mentioned that the characteristics of the Master of the Shropshire seem likely to be handed down to another generation. His eldest son Henry in 1888 had the Windsor Draghounds, and in 1890 won the Brigade "point to point" and also the Regimental "point to point" race; and on the self-same day his second son steered to victory the Oxford crew at Mortlake. Long, therefore, will all votaries of English sport be disposed to cry, "Floreant Shavington et Cloverley!"

## Coursing.

### The Opening of the Season.



THE GREYHOUND.

By the month of December the coursing season may be fairly said to have commenced, and for that matter to have already celebrated one or two of its high-class meetings. Time was when the ball was never considered to have been fairly set rolling

until the old Hereford meeting had been held and honoured. But Mr. H. Haywood is about the only courser of the old school left now, and although still to the fore with his renowned "R's," it is not in the county of Hereford that he is wont to disport himself, as, indeed, there is now no field there worthy of the fame of the Racster kennel, and of the blood of Redwing, Rebe, and Rumping Girl. Fashion exercises its potent sway in coursing as in almost all other matters, and we are glad to see that this season, and thus early, symptoms are clearly visible of a decay of the "Park" system, or, in other words, of the "Enclosed" coursing. The fashion of "Park" coursing was a very sorry one, to say the least of it, and its promoters might with as good a reason have started fox-hunting in Rotten Row, on the estimable plan of the cheap booksellers and other benevolent tradesmen, "to bring the sport within the compass and capacity of all." We are

accustomed, nowadays, to look to Lancashire for the earliest symptoms of the coursing fever, as well as when the disease has virulently asserted itself and something tangible can be used on which to form an opinion how the season is likely to turn out. The Altcar Club meetings are the very "Horse Guards" of the sport, and the proceedings on the ground itself must be taken as a guide to the result of the final contest for the "Blue Riband" of Waterloo.

Sleaford has celebrated a meeting, by permission of the Marquis of Bristol and tenantry, which, notwithstanding the formidable opposition of Southport, was in every way a success both as to attendance and number of entries. It is from the North that we must perforce look for probabilities of future events, for with the exception of Wye, in Kent—once so celebrated for its race-meeting, which was generally regarded by the holiday-worshipping Londoner as a kind of picnic, with horse-racing and a free and natural stand thrown in—we have next door to no coursing of any importance at all in the South of England from which to draw conclusions.

Another piece of good news is that the Newmarket Champion meeting bids fair to resume its position on the coursing programme as an annual event, the Duke of Cambridge and the Earl of Ellesmere being the chief patrons, and Messrs. S. Gardner, Links Farm, and Mr. C. Stebbing, Rutland Arms, Newmarket, the honorary secretaries. The name of Six Mile Bottom is not unlikely to become associated with yet another sport than horse-racing and pedestrianism. Although we hear of no complaints of scarcity of hares, there is too much reason to fear that rain has affected the flat country of Altcar rather more than is favourable for hares. It is unfortunate that the admitted headquarters of coursing should be so liable to floods, and that the success of the sport there should be so dependent on the weather. We must not omit to say that a very pleasant little meeting has been held at Kinver Hill, which, though not affording much in the way of a guide to future probabilities, is nevertheless an event to be marked with a white stone. Mr. Hitchings, who has for fourteen years acted as secretary, was presented by Mr. A. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. Greentick still upholds his high reputation as a greyhound sire, and look where you may, from Scarborough to Wye, you will find his progeny running well and holding their own in the best of company. Colonel North was thought to have made a sensational purchase in Fullerton, but probably took the good advice of his trainer.

SIRIUS.

## River Yacht Racing.

THE yachting season of 1890 is over, and has left behind it the impression that it has been a distinct success. We have witnessed, in all varieties of weather, close contests between the "20 raters," and many interesting matches in the other classes, both larger and smaller than these. Further, we have seen the improvement produced, in an already sufficiently deep-bodied yacht, by the removal of a centre-board with which she was fitted, and the filling up of the space, previously occupied by it, with a little more ballast; some allowance must, however, be made for the experience gained in handling her as the season went on.

During the year a great advance has been made in the extension of the "small-boat-classes," by which the delights of race-sailing are being brought within reach of many who have hitherto been unable to afford it. The attention of the public is so entirely absorbed by the doings of the larger sea-going members of our pleasure fleet, which they see chronicled day by day in the news or illustrated papers, that the existence upon our rivers and lakes of numerous small yacht clubs, each with its own club-house and fleet of little "flyers," is quite forgotten by, or is not even known to, most of them.

On the Thames alone (above London Bridge) there are many clubs, *e.g.*, the London, Chiswick, Ranelagh, Thames, Thames Valley, Thames United, Tamesis, and many more (of which Oxford University S.C. is the highest up-stream), while other rivers have their clubs too.

Imagine it is summer-time; the list of yachting fixtures, in the *Field*, has been examined, and we find ourselves on the river-bank at Surbiton, watching a Thames Sailing Club race.

What a glorious sight greets the delighted sailing-man as he reaches the river bank! There are no seas to be encountered here; the shore is close at hand, and shoal water easily reached; and besides this, the breezes—in the sheltered reaches of the river—are generally light and gentle, though gusts, heavy enough, burst down at times from various points of the course. Hence the boats are fully canvassed; and the wide-spreading, snowy wings of the little fleet, with the fleur-de-lys and other well-known colours fluttering gaily above them, are a sight to see, as the little craft manœuvre skilfully about the narrow river, waiting for the starting gun. How wonderfully they are built! They are of such perfect finish and exquisite workmanship that they actually appear to have grown together. And then what sails and rigging! how

exquisitely light and perfectly "set" the canvas is! Badly-set sails would have little chance in the baffling airs which at times harass the river-racer. In short, the little fairy craft are exactly suited to their purpose.

The champion boat of the up-river clubs is still the old Ruby. Three years ago she learnt a sharp lesson from Mystery; and, learning from her defeat, discarded her transom stern for the long graceful lines of her present counter. Year by year her mahogany sides grow darker, and doubtless heavier; still, the old ship, with her perfect crew and that loving hand on the tiller, leads her younger rivals round the course.

"An some chance to mar the boast  
Thy brethren make of thee, which could not chance,  
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,  
Shamed had I been, and sad—O Lancelot thou!"

Though the great desire of all up-river sailors is "to build a boat which shall consistently defeat Ruby," some such pang of regret as is implied in the words of Gareth will be suffered by the fortunate owner of that fondly-anticipated craft *when she has actually come into existence*.

Perhaps Ruby's most dangerous opponent is Sibyl, who has already defeated her. This boat carries a bamboo mast (as do several of the newly-rigged craft), a card which Ruby still holds in her hand to play when it suits her fancy. In naming Sibyl, no slight is intended on Ariel (who ran Ruby very close in the championship race) and other boats; but the first-named has met Ruby more frequently than have other new craft, and there have been consequently more favourable opportunities for comparison. During the fortnight preceding Henley, a great meeting of all the above-lock sailing clubs is held at Bourne End; and there, day after day, are fought out races for sailing craft of all classes.

There appears to be somewhat level racing between the regular starters of the "Thames United" Club, though Fiend and Lily seem to have had many close struggles for victory. Oxford was represented by a boat in the championship match; but somehow one does not seem to have heard much of that club since Mr. Brand retired. Before leaving these "large" boats (1-ton Y.R.A.) of the Thames, reference may be made to a fixed, deep-keeled boat, rigged with a mainsail and jib, which has raced during the past year in the Ranelagh Sailing Club races at Putney; but this boat has not met with much success. All the chief racing craft up-river have "centre-boards," and are rigged with "balance-lug" sails.

On the Trent, attention may be drawn to the successes of Kahara, one of Fife's boats. She distinctly requires her owner at the helm to show her at her best—a property which is of course, common, in a greater or less degree to all boats

The Kittiwake—winner of the champion cup—has again taught us Mystery's lesson. A boat with no keel, all ballast inside, and full lines, under the same conditions of a heavy wind and on a narrow river, where quick turning was essential as well as speed, beating the keeled boats, as Mystery did Ruby.

There is now a still smaller class of river-racing yacht to consider—the "12-foot dinghy." Here the *Daphne*, of the Thames Sailing Club, reigns supreme. With some 5 feet of beam, 3 cwt. of ballast (all inside), and 200 square feet of canvas, she has carried all before her; and, strange to say, while it is true that the harder it blows the more she likes it, she has yet been known to steal steadily round the course when other boats were painfully "kedging," or had given up the task as hopeless. Perhaps her best performance was on the Solent this last summer, where, in a strong wind, she won easily from a larger boat. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that her cedar planking is only quarter-inch thick, so lightly is she built.

The thoroughly satisfactory performances of *Mystery* on river, sea, or lake (*i.e.*, Norfolk Broads, where she won several races), and the later performances of *Kittiwake*, show how well *all* a boat's ballast can be carried *inside*, in boats properly designed for this purpose. This is an advantage highly appreciated when it is desired to lighten the boat for cruising purposes, when only small sails and baggage will be carried, and rowing may have to be done. Then inside ballast can all be taken out, and some part of it replaced by sand or gravel in bags, which latter can be emptied away when the prospect of a row renders it desirable to lighten the ship as much as possible.

Space would fail to recount the doings of the special yachts of Windermere, of the clubs on the Broads, of the heavily-canvassed craft of the eager Clyde sailors, or those of the Forth clubs, and the Mersey, New Brighton boats: *Zinnia*, *Hazard*, *Pet*, *Midge*, *Gitana*, *Vixen*, how the familiar names ring in one's ear! But all these more or less fall under the head of estuary clubs; and as *Erith*, *Brightlingsea*, and other small clubs in or about the mouth of the Thames were considered beyond our river limits, perhaps these should be so too.

In these days of steam there is a tendency on the part of the professional sailor to neglect the art of sailing. The amateur, however, finds in the sailing vessel just the occupation and pleasure that he wants. He is not in a hurry to catch the market; the first cost is less; there is no trouble afterwards over fuel and engines; no space is given up to engine-room; and there is no noise, heat, and smoke.

During the winter months next year's boat is carefully thought

out and designed. Then the builder is interviewed, the keellaid, "moulds" got out and set up; each time the yard is visited her owner sees the shapely lines growing into actual being. Then at last comes the trial trip; and, after a few experiments the ballast is finally settled in its proper position. She is then ready to face the starter and, we will hope, to repay the anxious care and thought which have been bestowed upon her, by a "long string of flags" at the season's end.

W. H. M.

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## Winter Sports in the Engadine.

### PART II.

IN the winter of 1887-88 Davos was revolutionised by the introduction of a new form of toboggan. Mr. Child, an American, had built for him in the village what, in his own country, is known as a "clipper sled." The following details of the size and shape of what is now known as an "America"—from the name of Mr. Child's sled—may be interesting, as this form is now most in vogue, both at St. Moritz and Davos, with various modifications, according to the fancy of the rider. Its length is from 3 ft. 4 in. to 3 ft. 10 in.; its height  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and its width from 11 to 13 inches. It is shod with  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch round steel runners, which have  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch spring at centre; and the weight may be anything from 20 to 35 lbs. The rider goes headforemost, without pegs; he either lies quite flat on the stomach, steering with either foot as required, or else he lies sideways, with one foot curled up, steering with the other by swinging it from side to side. This position is the most difficult one for steering, because the one leg has more space to traverse to do its work effectually. The "America" can also be used for the ordinary sitting position by affixing a cushioned seat of the recognised type; but as such a seat is only a little raised above the ground, it becomes difficult to keep the feet from dragging.

On this machine Mr. Child rode headforemost, lying on his side, and steering with one moccasined foot—as shown in our illustration. He entered it for the International of 1888, which in that year was run on the Clavadel course, a course partly "made," and partly natural. It was slower than an entirely "made" run, and therefore obviously in favour of "peggers," or those who could help their machines along, and so increase the speed. This race he won by three seconds, and might probably have won by a greater advantage still had the course been a quick one. The advantages of the "America" in speed

are the more apparent the quicker the run. Mr. Child was requested to compete in the Grand National races, held in the following month at St. Moritz, on the Cresta run; but, on viewing the course, he decided that it was too difficult to be ridden safely on his machine in a side position, with the limited steering obtainable by one foot. No rider since has ever made the course exactly in that way. Inasmuch as the snowbanks on the Cresta are not sufficiently high to prevent toboggans, if not perfectly under control, from leaving the course, it was considered for some time that the America type was not suitable for the run, on account of the excessive turn of speed evidently possessed by that form of sled. But in the Grand National of the same year as that in which Mr. Child decided not to run, there were two "Americas" entered; one was ridden by Mr.



"AMERICA" SLED.

Cohen, in a sitting position, and proved the winner; the other was ridden head-foremost, and steered by iron-shod toes. This would probably have come in second, if not first, had it not

been for an accident. In this way this type of toboggan was decisively proved to be the one for speed, no matter in what position it was ridden. The next season (of 1888-89) found the Swiss "schlitte" discarded for racing purposes. The America took its place in the proportion of ten to one, the sitting-up position of riding the America being the one chiefly adopted.

At Davos the Swiss type continued the favourite, and it seems likely to remain so. The International Committee decided, in the match for 1889, that, "in future, the Symonds' Cup shall be run for only on Swiss toboggans, known in the Swiss valley as 'schlitten.'" Mr. Symonds originally instituted the race for the purpose of encouraging the sport among the Swiss; and it was considered that the introduction of foreign type machines would alter the character of the race, for the native competitor cannot afford the latest improvements. Hitherto the winner has been found among local representatives. If the speedy "America" were to be allowed to contest the race, the natives would run no chance on a "schlitte," and thus be practically excluded. There is, however, to be another race included in the International; for a Shield, to be called the Symonds' Shield, has been provided. This is to be



open to any type of single toboggan which may be approved by the committee.

The question having been settled of the type of sled most desirable for racing purposes, controversy at present turns chiefly on the position to be adopted. The flat lying-down position is now generally regarded as being safer than the sitting-up one, there being less top weight, and consequently less tendency to capsize. It is also the more speedy, from there being less resistance offered to the air in passing rapidly through it. Furthermore, this position is also safer than the flat sideways one, as the rider is enabled to steer with both feet, and also gets considerable controlling power by lifting the front part of the machine. In the Grand National which was run on the 15th of last February, all the competitors, except one, rode head-first. A modification of the America, which promises to become a favourite, has lately been introduced at St. Moritz by Mr. Bulpett, which has been constructed with special reference to this controlling power. It is a steel sled, consisting of two skeleton steel hoops, shaped to form runners on the under side, and flat supports for a board connecting the two on the upper side; the board protrudes beyond the runners, so that the rider may throw his weight aft, and lift the machine for steering purposes, when such a move shall appear to be necessary.

The genuine English tobogganer is not content with a snow-covered hill-side, or a post road, however tortuous the latter may be, but directly the sport begins the engineering of "made" runs begins too. We have mentioned the Buol course at Davos as being the first one of this kind. As soon as St. Moritz grew into importance as a winter sojourn, it followed suit in making the Cresta run, already alluded to, which is provided with turns, corners, "leaps," and "drops"; the whole being iced so as to present as smooth a surface as possible. In America, the home of tobogganing, straight slides prevail, and banks and corners are unknown, but a certain element of danger seems to be a necessity in any sport that is to command the enthusiasm of our race, and this the Cresta undertakes to provide. It commences a few yards from the Kulm Hotel, with what is known as the church leap; it finishes three-quarters of a mile off, in the village of Cresta, 645 feet below the level of the starting-point. Toboggans, on taking off from the leap, frequently fly a distance of twenty or thirty feet without touching the ground, and in so doing make a descent at an angle of thirty-five degrees. The cost of making such a run—though it is only a single track one—is not inconsiderable, and is provided for by the tobogganing club. A subscription of fifteen francs entitles a member to the use of the run, and to competition in the various races; while half that amount admits the natives to certain uses of the run, at the

discretion of the committee. A number of labourers are engaged for the whole season, for, in the event of a downfall of snow after the run is in working order, it may practically have to be remade. The account for labour only on the Cresta run during the season of 1887-88 was £65 odd.

Like Davos, St. Moritz has its annual races, known as the Grand National, the first of which was run in 1886, on the Cresta course. It has all the features of a miniature English Ascot—a grand stand, stewards, and the necessary characteristics of betting. The race week at both Davos and St. Moritz is quite an institution. Visitors at each place go over to the other, not only for the races, but for all sorts of festivities besides, which include dances, entertainments, and fancy dress balls. One drawback there is to tobogganing racing, as known hitherto at both places, and that is the absence of the excitement which attends anything like a close finish. The track being a single one, the races are time races, decided by the watch. A flag falls when the competitor starts, and it is immediately hoisted at the finish, each rider not knowing his position in the race until later in the day, when the official times are announced. Every year there is some discussion as to the possibility of laying a double track; but it has always been considered unadvisable, as the character and gradient of the land, with its steep leaps and many corners, would render such a course highly dangerous.

To the Tobogganing Club, both at Davos and St. Moritz, belongs the duty of settling every dispute connected with the use of the runs or the races. The following rules were those issued by the St. Moritz Club Committee for the races held in 1890:—

1. Any pattern of single toboggan is allowed to be used, without regard to its weight (added or otherwise), size or shape.
2. No running start is permitted, but the competitor is allowed to place himself with his toboggan in any position he chooses in a space of eight feet, immediately in rear of the starting line.
3. No mechanical appliance, acting as workable steering gear or as a brake, may be fitted to the toboggan. The Committee reserve to themselves the right of disallowing the use of any pattern of peg or steering gear which they may consider too damaging to the course.
4. The Committee will decide the order of running by drawing for places. Competitors shall be started at such intervals as the Committee shall appoint, and they shall start at the time and in the order stated in the official list.
5. The race will be run in three heats; the aggregate shortest time to win. The competitors shall not be allowed to change their toboggans (unless damaged), or in any way alter the racing of the same.
6. Ties must be run off (immediately after the race if possible), and shall be decided by one run.

7. A competitor must arrive at the finish with his toboggan, and, in the case of being upset whilst running, he is permitted to run with, or carry his toboggan, in order to restart himself.

8. Accidents happening from unforeseen obstacles on the run will be considered by the Committee with a view of giving another run down, which, however, must be (if possible) run off immediately after the heat.

9. Any objection under this rule is to be lodged by the competitor previous to his running his next heat, or, if it be his last heat, with the nearest official on the course.

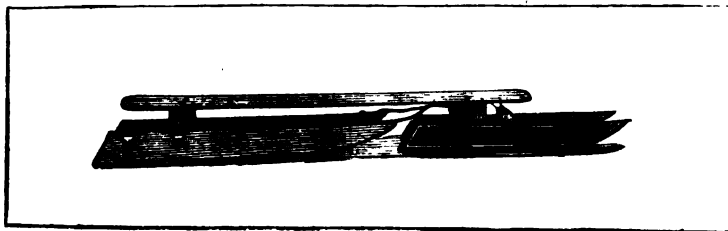
10. If, however, a competitor should have an upset, and after re-starting, should run into an unforeseen obstacle, he shall not be allowed a fresh run.

11. No preliminary run to be allowed on the day of the race. Any competitor who breaks this rule will be disqualified.

12. The time taken will be decided by the official chronograph only.

13. All disputes must be referred to the Committee immediately after the race; and their decision shall be final.

It will be noticed that there is now no restriction as to kind, weight, or size of toboggan which is eligible for the Grand National races. A short time ago weight constituted rather a burning question; the artificial weighting of sleds by lead, in order to secure speed, drawing forth in particular an emphatic protest. It was considered that, by it, the chance was taken away from the most skilful rider—who might be a light weight—to give it to a stronger man who was able to control the greatest amount of lead. Subsequent experience has, however, shown that this advantage was over-estimated. As in all similar clubs, the duties of the committee are no sinecure, and often involve much tact and judgment. The official body of



BOB-SLED!

the clubs have had to draw up stringent conditions of racing, in order to prevent the demoralisation of the sport. Money prizes have been abolished, that the amateur character of tobogganing may be carefully retained. The Davos committee had a difficult problem to decide in the winter of 1888-89. A new form of sled—called a bob-sled—was entered by Mr. Whitney (an American) for the International. It consisted of two ordinary Americas—one in front of the other—joined

together by a board, eight to twelve feet long, and three to four inches wider than the combined toboggans. One end was firmly screwed to the back machine, while the other was fastened by a pivot bolt to the leader; across the centre of the latter a stout wooden bar, for steering with, projected to a distance of three inches on both sides. This machine was excluded from competition at the last minute, it being considered that, if admitted, any contrivance on runners might hereafter claim a place in the races. The objection was also taken that, being practically a *double* toboggan, it did not come under the definition of a toboggan, as mentioned in the rules.

Besides the Cresta run, the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club has also the Lake run. This is a comparatively short and easy descent, which starts from the Beau Rivage road, just beneath the Kulm Hotel, and runs nearly straight down on to the large lake that lies below. The lake, from shore to shore, measures 655 yards, and it is now possible, on an "America," to run completely over to the other side. This course has proved the superiority of the headforemost position from the point of view of speed; for last winter none of those riding feet first managed to get more than a quarter of the way across. This run—besides the advantage it possesses of taking skaters by a short and quick route on to the ice—affords good practice to beginners before they adventure on the more difficult Cresta; for it is very speedy, as seen by the impetus which must be got up before reaching the lake in order to take the riders to the further shore.

Neither is that village run to be despised which, beginning at the Kulm, goes through the winding streets of St. Moritz-dorf, down the hill to St. Moritz-bad—a village three-quarters of a mile away. It is under the direction of the Commune; and, last year, the President issued an order that toboggans using the run should wear bells, on account of the danger offered to pedestrians. In consequence of this regulation the air is frequently all alive with the tinkling of sleigh bells, not to mention the cries of "Achtung" shouted lustily by the infants of the village, who on tiny 'boggans of every size and shape may be seen going to and from school with satchels slung across their backs, and often carrying before them a baby still smaller than themselves.

Such is a brief account of the pleasure to be got out of a winter sojourn in the Engadine. When one thinks that the average duration of ice, taking the most favourable district for it, is in England one to two weeks, in Holland three to five, in Norway two and a half months, in Canada four to six months, and in the Swiss Engadine four to five months, it is not surprising that St. Moritz is rapidly growing in favour not only as a health resort, and that many people find it worth while to take the three days' journey in order to spend

their Christmas vacation there, with the certainty of getting a few weeks of skating and tobogganing in invigorating air and under a cloudless sky. During that time there may be a day or two of snowfall, or an occasional Maloja wind with its penetrating edge. These disturbances, however, are never prolonged, and the snow has none of the unpleasant characteristics that it has with us; for it is more like a fine white powder than a frozen rain. During the six weeks that the Dutchmen were in training at St. Moritz they only missed two days' practice, a fact that speaks for itself as to the uninterruptedness of sport.

Those whose idea of a holiday is rather a change of activities than a "masterly inactivity," and who find some form of sport to be a necessary part of their relaxation, can hardly do better in the winter than spend a few weeks under the blue sky and amid the snows of St. Moritz.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.

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## The Endurance of Racehorses.

At the present day many conflicting statements may be heard, or read, as to the powers of endurance possessed by modern racehorses in comparison with that displayed by horses of former years. There can be no question that the increasing importance of two-year-old stakes tends to induce an owner to adopt with these the policy which is almost universally accepted as the right one to pursue with live-stock generally. "Early maturity and quick returns" is everywhere a popular line to go upon. Nor can this determination at all be wondered at. It is not to be looked for that those who, at great cost, breed or buy yearlings, and incur the weekly cost of trainers' bills, will think, in laying their plans, of anything before their own interest or pleasure. It cannot be expected that a wish to gratify other people, or even the national object—to maintain and even advance the merits of the finest breed of horses in the world—should root out the natural desire for personal profit and enjoyment. It is in search of these that men go upon the Turf at all; and, therefore, to win as many races as possible must always be their chief intention. Be the stakes great or small, the design will remain the same. Nor is it right to say that the mere money's sake is the sole object with which the two-year-old stakes are so generally sought for. Great prizes bring great fields; and a winner may be allowed to value at a higher rate the distinction which a prize taken against such

unprecedented numbers now places within the sportsman's reach.

It is, therefore, without surprise that one sees the expansion of two-year-old racing. A few figures may perhaps enable the readers of BAILY to grasp what this increase really has been. In 1846 there were 213 two-year-olds which ran in public, and these formed about one-sixth of the whole number of horses of all ages which were in training. In 1889, 986 two-year-olds appeared, and these formed about one-half of the whole number of running horses of all ages. Fifty years ago it was not uncommon, in looking over yearlings, to hear the comment upon one of the number, "That will do for a two-year-old stake." But when said, the words applied to one which was undersized, or which had furnished earlier than usual. Now the enormous number of entries made this autumn gives evidence that *all* the two-year-olds of any promise must have been entered for some two-year-old stakes or other. Indeed, it would now be wholly useless to put forward, for any such stakes, a young animal of less than first-class pretensions.

But there have been other causes besides the remarkable increase in the value of the prizes for two-year-old stakes which have tended to increase the number of competitors for these. Before the railway system was developed, it would have been impossible to travel on foot many two-year-olds for such distances as would enable them to take part in the few stakes there were at the period open to horses of that age. There were then no facilities for transit, and no two-year-old trained in the North could hope to meet on fair terms a rival trained in the South, or *vice versa*. Railways have so revolutionised racing that it is conducted upon a totally different system from that which prevailed before their construction. A horse may now be conveyed to a race-meeting in as many hours as it used to take him days to travel the distance on foot, at about 20 to 25 miles *per diem*. And the gain in safety is even greater than in time. In former days many a young horse fell a victim to infection or other consequences of the various unhealthy stables which he had to occupy on his journeys. In the face of these risks, young horses were not freely engaged to run early. But now distance is of no moment, and is hardly taken into consideration. Colonel Peel—or, as he is more generally known to persons now on the Turf, General Peel—was one of the first to engage his most promising yearlings in two-year-old stakes; and was, as I believe, one of the first to try yearlings prior to engaging them on the first of January.

The July Stakes was then the most important two-year-old stakes in the South, and the Champagne, at Doncaster, in the North. That the winner of one should have been a runner for the other was a contingency without precedent. There being

so many difficulties and risks with young horses, seasoned old ones were kept in training longer than at present people have any idea of. A greater distance of ground was compassed in those days, and there was, in consequence, an endeavour to breed and keep in training a different class and style of animal to that favoured in 1890; and perhaps such horses were more enduring than those of the present day. Yet animals of that description would be perfectly useless now. There may be animals bred which, although not possessed of sufficient speed to win a two-year-old stake, might with age train on and be able to stay a distance. But the encouragements to try are so limited, and the difficulties to be overcome are so great, that it is no wonder the idea is but rarely entertained.

The present system, "Early maturity and quick returns," is so advantageous that it is not—with all the facilities that exist for transit—at all likely to be abandoned unless it is actually prohibited by the rules of the Jockey Club, or unless the encouragement is withdrawn by reducing the value of two-year-old stakes. The former method would be the more effective, for the value of the stakes can be greatly enhanced to the winner by betting. This fact may be inferred by the instances which occur of selling races, in which the winner is able to buy in his horse at five or six times the price at which it was entered; thus entirely frustrating the intentions of the race, which is to classify horses and run those of one class together. This shows that the stakes are not the all-important consideration to a great bettor, although they may be to one who is not.

Unless rules shall be passed to prohibit the early running of two-year-olds, the present fashion will grow until an aged horse taking part in a race will become a novelty. Yearling races were established at Shrewsbury in 1859, but in 1860 the Jockey Club issued the following regulation: "No yearling can run for public stakes; and no horse which has run for a yearling stake is qualified to run afterwards at any place where these rules are in force." If old horses are kept in training, there are few races for which they can run to any advantage, as an old horse invariably loses, to a certain degree, a portion of his speed; unless the course is of two miles and upwards, an aged horse is at a disadvantage, and it is not worth the risk or expense to keep him in training for the few opportunities that he gets. Yet I myself have known horses run until they were above twelve years old: and my father has seen horses win at eighteen years old. In order to acquaint my readers with some of these feats of old time, I have collected and tabulated some of the more remarkable cases.

Mr. J. Brown's MARKSMAN, foaled in 1808, got by Paynator out of a Dragon mare, ran till he was eighteen years old, but does not appear to have run till he was five years old. The

number of races he won in each year, and the various distances, are tabulated as under:—

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2½ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
5	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	4	1
6	1	1	1	4	1	1	1	6	1
7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7	5
8	1	4	2	1	13	1	1	19	3
9	1	2	3	1	8	1	2	16	5
10	1	3	3	1	18	1	1	24	5
11	1	1	1	1	5	1	1	5	1
12	1	1	1	1	7	2	1	11	3
13	1	1	1	1	9	3	2	14	2
14	1	1	1	1	7	1	1	8	1
15	1	1	1	1	6	1	1	6	2
16	1	1	1	1	10	1	1	11	3
17	1	1	4	1	5	1	2	11	1
18	1	1	1	1	5	1	1	6	1
—	3	10	13	6	100	5	11	148	32

Marksman ran 148 races, all distances, and won 32.

Mr. Mytton's EUPHRATES, foaled in 1816, got by Quiz out of Persepolis.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2½ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1
4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	2
5	1	1	3	1	13	1	1	18	8
6	1	1	1	1	5	2	2	9	4
7	1	1	3	1	10	1	1	15	7
8	1	1	1	1	5	2	1	8	3
9	1	1	1	1	4	5	5	14	6
10	1	1	1	1	3	7	4	14	5
11	1	1	1	1	1	3	7	10	3
12	1	1	1	1	1	5	4	10	5
13	1	1	2	1	6	2	3	13	3
—	—	5	8	1	48	29	30	121	47

Euphrates ran till he was thirteen years old, in 121 races, winning 47.



Mr. Parr's FISHERMAN, foaled in 1853, got by Heron out of Mainbrace.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2½ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
3	3	7	..	9	12	2	..	33	23
4	..	2	6	..	21	4	1	34	22
5	..	2	7	..	16	5	2	32	21
6	..	1	..	1	7	3	..	12	3
—	9	12	13	10	56	14	3	117	69

Fisherman ran, at all distances, till six years old, in 117 races, winning 69.

Mr. Collins' ISAAO, foaled in 1831, got by Figaro out of Jack Spigot's dam.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2½ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	—
3	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	2	—
4	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	9	2
5	..	..	..	8	16	1	1	26	9
6	..	2	..	5	24	..	1	32	10
7	..	3	..	8	10	4	2	27	18
8	..	..	3	..	11	3	2	19	5
9	..	..	6	..	7	2	..	15	1
10	..	..	1	..	11	2	1	15	1
11	..	..	..	..	7	1	..	8	2
12	..	..	..	3	..	3	..	6	2
13	..	..	3	..	2	..	..	5	1
14	..	..	..	1	4	..	..	5	2
15	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	2	—
—	1	6	18	25	99	16	7	172	53

Isaac ran till he was fifteen years old, in 172 races, winning 53.

Mr. Isaac Day's LISTON, foaled in 1821, by Ambo out of Olivia Jordan.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2¼ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
3	..	1	..	1	1	..	..	3	1
4	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3	3
5	..	1	..	3	4	2	1	16	5
6	..	5	..	2	18	..	..	25	9
7	..	2	..	2	10	5	..	19	10
8	..	3	..	..	5	2	2	12	5
9	..	1	..	1	1	2	1	6	3
10	..	..	..	..	2	3	2	7	3
11	..	..	..	4	10	2	..	16	6
12	..	4	..	..	7	1	..	12	5
13	..	..	..	1	5	1	1	8	1
14	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	3	—
—	—	17	—	22	71	18	7	135	51

Liston ran till fourteen years old, in 135 races, all distances, and won 51.

The Duke of Richmond's MUS, foaled in 1833, got by Bizarre out of Young Mouse.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2¼ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
3	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	4	1
4	4	3	2	..	4	..	..	13	5
5	..	5	1	..	2	1	..	9	3
6	..	..	2	..	5	..	..	7	2
7	1	3	..	1	8	..	..	13	2
8	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	3	2
9	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2	—
10	..	2	..	1	1	..	..	4	—
—	5	17	5	3	23	2	—	55	17

Mus ran till ten years old, in 55 races, winning 17.

Mr. Orde's **BEESSWING**, foaled in 1833, got by Doctor Syntax out of Tomboy's dam, by Ardrossan.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2¼ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2
3	..	1	..	1	3	..	..	5	1
4	..	2	..	1	3	2	..	8	6
5	..	1	..	2	5	..	..	8	7
6	..	1	..	2	7	2	..	12	11
7	..	2	..	2	9	1	..	14	10
8	..	1	..	2	6	..	1	10	9
9	..	..	..	..	4	1	..	5	4
—	3	8	—	10	37	6	1	65	50

Beeswing ran till nine years old, in 65 races, and won 50.

Mr. Barrow's **CATHERINA**, foaled in 1830, got by Whisker out of Alecto, by Filho da Puta.

Age.	T.Y.C.	1 mile.	1½ miles.	1¾ miles.	2¼ miles.	3 miles.	4 miles.	Races run.	Won.
2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	—
3	2	2	..	3	5	..	..	12	4
4	..	3	..	5	8	6	..	22	10
5	..	..	4	..	21	3	..	28	9
6	..	4	..	3	22	1	1	31	11
7	..	..	..	9	13	4	3	29	6
8	..	..	..	3	8	6	..	17	5
9	..	..	..	6	41	2	..	49	10
10	..	1	..	8	33	4	2	48	12
11	..	..	..	12	31	3	2	48	12
—	4	10	4	49	182	29	8	286	79

Catherina ran till eleven years old, in 286 races, all distances, and won 79.

It must be admitted these are remarkable cases of endurance, and it may be doubted whether any horses of the present day would be equal to such efforts, if required to make them. Beeswing's career was very successful; for she won 50 races out of 65. She ran for the Newcastle Cup, and won it six

years out of seven ; and ran six times for the Doncaster Cup, winning it four times out of six.

Fisherman was a very extraordinary horse for endurance, winning 117 races in five years, or, it may be said, four, as he only ran six times as a two-year-old ; with these he averaged rather more than 20 for the five years, and won 69 times ; at three years old winning 33, at four years old 34, and at five years old 32 races, nearly all over two miles.

Catherina's was a very remarkable case of endurance, as it was previous to railway transit to most of the places she ran. Her races amounted to 286, averaging thirty-one for nine years. Some years she ran 49, 48, 48, 31 times ; in all winning 79 races.

It is frequently asserted that the racehorses of the present day, under the system of short-course races, are able to run a greater number of races than if kept till older to run longer distances. From the above statistics, it will be seen that a doubt may be raised as to the correctness of that theory.

JOHN KENT.

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## Sylvanus Damson's Great Adventure.

### IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

AND so, silently, the procession wended its way the slow miles between Owlston and Barrackstown. The women affected to be, and probably often were, asleep. Jethro whistled a bit, smoked a bit, and finally settled down into the "it's-dogged-as-does-it" attitude in which so many heroic Britons spend no small portion of their lives. Sylvanus was strung to the utmost pitch with excitement. The whole position was unprecedented with him. The plain disapproval of Sir Jacob, the indignant attitude assumed by his mother, poor Hannah's unconcealed dismay at his proposal, the words and the manner of the travellers—all these together had not silenced the man's feeling at the bottom of his heart that, having had this very ineligible company thrown at his mercy, he was bound to show them the help they were in need of. He was rather an undeveloped than a really weak man. He had always been an underling, and to take a lead was a new thing with him. All his life he had accepted his mother's code of what was right ; and, as part of it, had the keenest sense of the importance of keeping up appearances. He had none of the athletic's love of exertion for exertion's sake. The mere walk was a really hard task for him ; he trudged on wearily, leading the pony at the head of the

cavalcade, feeling about as sore a sense of being overladen—body, mind, and character—as ever man could struggle under.

Nor did matters wear a better aspect when, after nearly two hours' walking, they reached the level railway crossing by which Barrackstown was entered. The night-watchman, hearing the rumble of wheels, came across to open the gates. It was dark, and Jethro had got his tumbrel in front of his master and the pony.

"What's up, now, partner?" said the porter. "Have you heard anything of a lot of women in a car from Mother Tripe's? They hired her trotting pony and trap, to go to the officers' steeplechases, and nothing has been seen of them since. We have had the livery stable folk and the sergeant-major down here to make inquiries. Have you heard anything of these people; one of 'em's Mad Annie?"

As Jethro described the scene afterwards, "before he could say anything, the words were taken out of his mouth." From under the sacks appeared the tall, slender figure of the person referred to as Mad Annie, and it was her tongue which first made itself heard. "Don't call me bad names, porter, or I'll tell your betters! I've been into the country to get christened. My name is Miss Victoria Plantagenet. These reverend companions are my godfathers and godmothers, who gave me this name, seeing me home after the ceremony." "Oh, you're there, are you?" was the porter's response, who, possibly from past experience, had a lively sense that in chaffing with his present assailant he was not likely to "come off best." "Whatever name you're called by, you are—a nice young woman." And, opening the railway gates, he let the party through, and stood staring behind it as it disappeared in the darkness with a surprise which at last found relief in utterance, which was somewhat difficult to catch, but it sounded like, "Well! I am blown."

No sooner had they crossed the railway than Sylvanus, speaking for the first time since they left Owlston, said, "I should be glad to learn in what part of the town you live, and where this horse is to go, as I gather it does not belong to you." The girl, speaking in a very different tone to any which she had used before, replied quickly, "You have been very kind to us, sir, and I should be sorry you should have any unnecessary trouble. If you will put us down in the market place, we will find our way home." "And what are you going to do about the pony, my young missus?" cut in Jethro; "I don't want to be pulled up for horse-stealing! Where are we to leave that?" Ready witted as the girl evidently was, this had apparently not occurred to her, at all events she had no answer ready; and Sylvanus said gravely, "We will go to the police-station, Jethro, and leave the pony and car there, in chrgé."

On they went! The tumbrel, without springs, lumbered heavily through the stone-paved back streets. At the hour (2 a.m.) few people were about; but such as were within hearing came toward the rumbling noise to learn what it could mean. In the market place they stopped; and the tall girl jumped out, and giving her companion a poke or two, said, "Get up! We can't ask this gentleman to go any farther." Then, turning to Sylvanus, she said, "Please don't take the pony to the station-house! I had rather lead it to the Dog and Duck myself." "Does the pony belong to the landlord of the Dog and Duck Inn?" said Sylvanus. "My man shall take it there! But can we do no more for you and for your friends?" Here the woman called Mrs. Foulcher took up the conversation. "We never can thank you enough, dear sir," she said, in a mincing tone. "I thought my friend Colonel Buster would certainly have sent in search of us before this time. I'm afraid I must now ask you to help a little longer! My house is in Dyke Street, behind the Guildhall; and this dear girl" (here she gave the smaller of her companions a shake, with no greater effect than producing a peevish "Don't!") "is too tired and too stiff to be able to walk. Do take us quite home! and let me offer you and your man some refreshment." Here a policeman—who had been reconnoitring at a little distance—sauntered up, and Sylvanus appealed to him. "Can you show me where Mrs. Foulcher lives in Dyke Street, and we will take her and her companions there?" said Sylvanus. The man looked, first at one then at another of the party; kept silence for a minute, and finally said, curtly, "Through that opening—turn to the right; and third house on the right, door in a passage." Jethro took the lead with the tumbrel, the tall girl walking by its side and holding a whispered conversation with Mrs. Foulcher, who gave her keys. Presently she disappeared up a passage; and Jethro halted, and Sylvanus came up for a final move. "However shall I thank you enough?" said Mrs. Foulcher—having, after no little whimpering, got the smaller girl to descend. "Pray come in for a few minutes, and let me offer you something." Sylvanus drew himself up stiffly. "You have nothing to thank us for; you were in a difficulty, and it was our bounden duty to help you! There may be some excuse for your companions. There is none for you. Come on, Jethro! Don't take her money! We have lost too much time already." He turned the pony's head, and, quivering with excitement, made for the market place. Jethro found that reversing of his position in the narrow street—with the broken car tied at the tail of the tumbrel—was an operation requiring some little care, and, before he could accomplish it, the tall girl reappeared with a glass, which Jethro emptied with a smack, and "Here's luck to you, miss!"—to which proceeding Sylvanus raised no objection, because he did not see.

He had now got some yards ahead, and Jethro had to put on a spurt to catch him up. When they reached the market place, the same policeman was there; who, speaking in the same restrained manner, told them that the Dog and Duck lay in a court, to be reached by taking a turn shortly before they arrived at the railway crossing, and that they would have to retrace their steps. In silence, master and man did so; each feeling that, however much he might have to say, it was somewhat difficult to know exactly what was the best way to begin.

Down the steps of the Barrackstown police station came the burly figure of Inspector Buckets, setting forth for his usual night round, to see how far his men were on their several beats. The lamps were now all out, but by the gleam of light from the door he saw a figure with which he was very well acquainted as a night-bird of the streets. He accordingly took the initiative, and began, "You here, Annie? You don't often come here of your own accord! What's your little game to-night?" "Oh, Mr. Inspector! do send one of your men down to the Dog and Duck. There'll be a row there! I know there will." "Very probable indeed, I should say, my dear, especially if you have been there," said the Inspector, in a not unkindly but altogether incredulous tone. "Time enough for me to interfere when I am called. And what have you got to do with the row this time? Have they turned you out of doors?" "I am not chaffing," said the girl, earnestly; "I'm as sober as ever you were in your life. Mrs. Foulcher and I hired Mother Tripe's trotting pony to go to the steeplechases. It ran away, upset the cart, broke the shafts, and got into a ditch at Owlston. A parson heard me scream, came up, and helped us out of the ditch. He took us to be ladies, I think. Anyhow he asked us to come to his house, offered us tea, and when he could get no conveyance to send us home, put us into his tumbrel, and he has walked all the way here to see we got fair play. He would have brought the pony and trap here, but I asked him not. He is now gone to take it home. If that Mother Tripe catches sight of the pony's knees, she'll go for him, I know she will. She is worse than a wild beast when she is in a rage." "Well, well, Annie," said the inspector, "I can't go to the Dog and Duck; and the fight will be over long before I could reach there, if I tried! I don't travel so quick as your pony, or as you either." "If you whistle," pleaded the girl, "your man in the market place will meet you; and he can run down the church passage, through the pens in the sheep market, long before the cart can get there round by the road. Can't you hear the cart rumbling along? It cannot be above half way there, or it would be off the stones, and we should not hear it." "This is a new character for you to take up, Annie," said the Inspector. "You have made rows enough here the last year or two, but I

never knew you try to prevent one before! What's the reason now?" "Do you ask a woman's reason, and a woman like me?" retorted the girl. "He's a fool, I daresay, but he is a kind one, and I don't want him to be brought to shame for having tried his best to help us," she added, with something like tears in her voice. "I went ahead into our place to get that fellow who is always hanging about there to take the pony home. Mrs. Foulcher wouldn't let him go; said she wished the parson might have his nose pulled; and I ran here to see what you would do. Pray send one of your men on. If Mother Tripe sees him she'll be quiet; she don't want her licence to be taken away!" "You are a clever one, Annie," said the Inspector, "and I'll take your advice, whether you are lying or not." "So help me, God," she replied, passionately, "I am telling you nothing but the truth, and there isn't a minute to spare, if any good is to be done." The Inspector whistled, and went off to meet his subordinate, and the girl vanished into the darkness out of which she had come.

Sylvanus and Jethro found it by no means easy to find the Dog and Duck. At last, leaving the cart and pony in the road, one went to the crossing to ask the railway porter. By his directions the place was found; and through an opening they passed into what was a large yard, which, on market days, was filled with the carts of the dealers and drovers of cattle. There was no light except what gleamed above the shutter of a room on the ground floor, and Sylvanus, going up, tapped gently at the window outside. Hearing, after a few minutes, someone stirring in the house, he felt his way to the door and gave a single rap with his knuckles. A burly, shock-headed fellow opened the door just wide enough to see and to be seen by the help of a candle which he carried; and Sylvanus, in the best phrases he could find, attempted to explain that there had been an accident; and that he had brought home the pony and what remained of the harness and car. The man stood in the attitude of attention till Sylvanus had finished, and then called out, "Hullo, missus, here's Mad Annie's chap brought back Kitty. They have thrown her down, cut her knees, broke the trap all to pieces, and now he's brought the mare back here." A shuffle along the passage and some inarticulate sounds of wrath, and the door was flung open, and the redoubtable Mother Tripe appeared in the form of a middle aged virago, taller than Sylvanus, and of twice his bulk. With twenty foul expletives, she asked who he was? what he had done to her pony? and where was the money? Sylvanus, who, in the darkness, by reason of his slender figure, looked little more than a youth, tried to pacify the woman by assuring her that what had been done was not his doing, that the pony had run away, and was pulled by him out of a ditch in the country, and that at inconvenience to himself he



had brought it back. "Oh, yes! You tell your epithet story to the epithet fools who listen to such epithet stuff. I want my money! If you choose to go gallivanting about with such mad wenches as that Annie, you must pay for the mischief they do!" The woman was evidently working herself up into a fury, and Sylvanus, to end the scene, said, "Tell your ostler to take hold of the pony. I am the Rev. Sylvanus Damson, Vicar of Owlston upon Ouse. When I have given up the pony I have nothing more to do with the matter." "Haven't you?" screamed the woman. "I'll show you better than that! I'll——" Here her male companion gripped her from behind. "Quiet! he said; "look, there's a policeman coming up the yard! I daresay the gentleman is a gentleman, and won't let you be robbed of your rights. He'll pay you the money." But the woman's temper was now quite beyond control. She rushed at Sylvanus, but, either her foot tripped, or her companion checked her course, for she fell sprawling in the yard, and lay cursing and groaning as the policeman came to the door. "What's all this disturbance about, Mrs. Tripe, at this time of night?" said he. Turning to Sylvanus, "As I understand, sir, you have brought home this woman's pony. Have you any complaint to make?" "No," said Sylvanus, "let the matter drop! You are my witness that I have returned the pony, car, and harness in the same state in which they came into my hands, and I have now done with the matter."

Homeward turned their course, Sylvanus and his man. Jethro, finding the straw cosy, and the effect of his surreptitious draught somniferous, first munched his wife's sandwich, resigned the reins into the hands of his master, as the cart got away from the city, and soon was fast asleep. It was now beginning to be daylight; every twig was gemmed with dewdrops, and every hedge vocal with the awakening birds. To eye and ear the hour was delightful; yet it was with a mind ill at ease that Sylvanus reconsidered the proceedings of the night. A man brought up as he had been had seen little of the possibilities of the back slums of existence, and the very charm of the hour and of the country around made the contrast with what he had just been seeing and hearing in Barrackstown the more intolerable. Could he have been right to allow himself to be mixed up with such incidents? It was plain that his mother, Sir Jacob, the policemen, the gate-keeper, all looked upon his interposition as having been reckless to the verge of folly, if it were not worse.

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. Travelling in a tumbrel is not exactly fast travelling, but if one perseveres it comes to an end at last. Boxer, finding his head turned towards his stable, and feeling a keen appetite within him, "forced the pace," and they reached Owlston just as the earliest carter was turning out to feed his team, and the earliest

labourer to secure half an hour in his garden before he went off to work. Sylvanus met their looks of unconcealed surprise with something like shame, and Jethro slumbered in his straw. The horse stopped at his master's gate, and the cessation of the jolting awakened Jethro, who got down, to be received joyfully by Hannah, emerging from the vicarage, whose quick ears had heard the approaching cart. "Eh! Come in," she said, "I'm right glad to see you; missus and I have been a-sitting up till you should come back." "Take the horse to the pond, Jethro, and give him a bait, and then go to bed," said Sylvanus; "that is what I shall do." And he entered the vicarage with more the sense of being the master of the house than he ever had felt in his life.

Although it had been daylight for nearly three hours, Mrs. Damson sat with two candles burning to the socket. She had formed an entrenched camp for herself. On one side lay the family Bible; on the other a copy of a sermon which her father had preached at session time before the judges, and had had printed by request; whilst a copy of certain lectures upon discipline, once published by the elder Damson, when a college tutor, had a place upon the table. After the manner of women, Mrs. Damson had fortified her position by putting in evidence all the authorities she could think of; and had assumed that, of course, all these authorities were to be considered as being witnesses entirely on her side. Perhaps it was fortunate for both mother and son that she was too tired, with her long vigil, to commence operations at once. She went off to bed without speaking, so Sylvanus, after locking up, did the same.

The next day, at their usual early dinner hour, Mrs. Damson did not appear. She sent a message by Hannah—who had apparently been summoned from the farm to a cabinet council with her old mistress—that she was too ill to come downstairs; that she hoped she might not need to have the doctor sent for; and that she was trying to get some sleep. Sylvanus acquiesced with his mother's proposal at once, and went about his usual afternoon employments with a sense that everybody whom he met eyed him very curiously. In the evening a neighbouring farmer, who had been up to Barrackstown for his duties as jurymen at the Quarter Sessions, called and left a copy of *The Barrackstown Evening Beacon, or Protestant Prophylactic*. In this veracious journal Sylvanus found the following paragraph:—

"Our readers know how persistently *The Barrackstown Beacon* refuses to lend itself to anything like partizan or sectarian comment. It is our duty, however, as faithful chroniclers of events, to report what takes place in our midst, and this we propose to discharge, even at the risk of disturbing the equanimity of a decaying and discredited class which poses as being among our

pastors and masters. During the past night the repose of several prominent citizens of Barrackstown was sadly disturbed by the noise of unseemly traffic in the streets at unseasonable hours. We are credibly informed that Mr. Alderman Piggin was awakened from his first sleep by the rumbling of heavy vehicles through the usually quiet street in which he has his residence. And the respected Councillor for this Ward, Mr. Aminadab Fowler, was seen twice to put his head out of his chamber window in the course of the night to inquire if there wasn't a fire, for he thought he heard the engine go by. The intelligent and obliging constable on the beat assures us that the commotion was caused by the return, in the small hours, of certain members of a class known as *filles de joie*, whose names are familiar to those who peruse our police reports. For the credit of the Established Church, the chief companion in their orgies was, on this occasion, a country rector. We forbear to give his address, as we hope he may be able to put a better construction on his conduct than we at present are able to do; still, as a woman was felled to the earth in a brawl in the yard of a certain notorious public-house, and seriously wounded, it may not be so possible, as he thinks, much longer to hide the disgraceful transaction."

While he was reading this accurate and charitable version of what he had taken part in, the parlour-maid came to tell him that Mrs. Bangs *must* see him. "Show her in," snapped out the usually placid Sylvanus. Hannah entered so quickly as to make it evident that she must have been waiting on the other side of the door whilst the inquiry was being made. The woman was in red-hot excitement, but the worried look of her nursing appealed to her better feelings, and she "put on the brake" with astonishing dexterity. She began: "One of them people"—choosing a word which did not commit the speaker to any expression of opinion—"found the opportunity when you was not near to tell my husband she had dropped a ring where they were thrown out of the car, and that if he would go down as soon as it was light, he would be sure to find it on the grass. As soon as you left him he went there, and he found it, and he has given it to me to take to Barrackstown, for she said she set a deal of store by the ring, and would give a matter of five shillings to get it again. I told Jethro I'd see him back in 'Merricay before I'd go on such an errand, or he either; and I brought the ring to you. I know you will advise me right." "Thank you, Hannah; I am glad you hold to that opinion. Everybody else seems to say I am wholly in the wrong." "Never you mind, Master Sylvanus. I says to missus last night, twenty times, if Master Sylvanus says it's right, it is right. And it's only playing the part of the good Sadducee," added Mrs. Bangs—right, as usual, in her sentiments, if somewhat mixed in her phraseology.

"Leave it with me," said the parson. "I will arrange that it is returned to the house at which we left the travellers." He

put the ring into a pill-box with a bit of cotton wadding, wrapped in a sheet of notepaper; and going into the hall, put it in the pocket of a dust-coat he was in the habit of wearing, intending to take it to Barrackstown when he should be able to go, to leave the ring at the police station, and to thank the policeman for his timely help at the yard of the Dog and Duck.

The same newspaper reached the hands of Sir Jacob Manton, of Owlston Hall; but it is to be feared that the impression produced upon that reader was not exactly what the amiable writer in the *Beacon* must be supposed to have intended to produce. Sir Jacob sat down at once and wrote a note to Sylvanus, saying that he (Sir Jacob) was going to Barrackstown that day, that he would call at Guildhall, see the chief constable, and inform him, at all events, what the facts of the undertaking the return journey really were. He added how vexed he felt that he (Sir Jacob) had not undertaken the duty which Sylvanus had honourably discharged. He also, at luncheon, said to his wife—not caring to enter into full particulars—"I wish you would call, this afternoon, on old Mrs. Damson. I am afraid they have been a good deal annoyed at a paragraph in a Barrackstown paper, which imputes to the vicar blame in a matter, whereas he has done nothing but what is right. I am quite sure that your visit will be a very real gratification to them."

Lady Manton was a good wife and a good woman. She took a very accurate measure of Sylvanus and his mother and her little peculiarities, so she wrote a note to the effect that, the afternoon being charming, Lady Manton would—having heard that Sylvanus had this year some new seedlings in blossom of surpassing beauty, if dear Mrs. Damson would give her a cup of four o'clock tea—come down and see the garden, etc. To this there was a "P.S.—We can talk about the business on which Sir Jacob has written to the vicar." Now visits of this kind were among Mrs. Damson's supremest delights. To be able to play the hostess to so gracious a guest, to examine at leisure what she had on, to air all her own choicest anecdotes, and to acquire several bits of news to be repeated to subsequent callers, as what "Lady Manton told me"—all these always would, and did once more, bring even Mrs. Damson out of the worst fit of nerves or sulks she ever indulged in. So an answer was at once despatched from vicarage to the Hall, expressing delight at the proposal; and the visit in due time came off. To Lady Manton's extreme surprise, however, the prim little chatterbox was for once plainly ill at ease, and unsupplied with small talk. After a vain attempt to exchange polite commonplaces, the widow fairly broke down. "Oh, Lady Manton! what am I to do? My son has formed an acquaintance at Barrackstown without my knowledge. She comes to see him here, but she will not

come to this house. He has actually promised marriage to a person to whom he has not introduced me." "Surely, Mrs. Damson, you are distressing yourself unnecessarily; the vicar is not at all likely to act in an unbecoming manner. If he have any serious intentions towards any of the ladies whom he meets at Barrackstown, he would no doubt have told you. There can be nothing to disturb you so." "I assure you that I did not know till half an hour ago to what length matters had gone. You told me Sir Jacob had written to Sylvanus. I wanted to know what it was about, and as my son was not in the house, I went to the coat he wore this morning, to see if the note was not in the pockets, and—and I found this! He has actually bought her an engagement ring!" And she produced the box in which Sylvanus had put the treasure trove entrusted to him by Hannah. This information took Lady Manton out of her depth. The two ladies sat looking at each other in perplexity; and the ring lay on the table between them, when the gate opened and Sir Jacob and Sylvanus appeared, in amicable conference. The distance from the gate to the door was too short for any further remark, and the two gentlemen entered the room whilst the two ladies were gazing upon each other and the symbol with mute surprise. Sylvanus broke the silence. "There is the ring I told you and the chief constable of, Sir Jacob, at the Barrackstown Police Station. Jethro picked it up yesterday morning in the Fen Loak, where the accident took place, and I meant to have taken it with me; but when you were so good as to pick me up on the road, and offer to drive me to Barrackstown, I did not like to detain you to come back and fetch my coat."

After this, it was impossible to prevent any longer a clearing up of the position. Mrs. Damson being relieved by finding her anxiety removed, and finding that such distinguished arbiters between right and wrong as Sir Jacob and his wife approved of her son's conduct, deemed it best to put her own grievance in her pocket, and to say no more about it. Sir Jacob and Lady Manton, feeling that they had done their best to put mother and son on the right footing once more, thought it best—after the four o'clock cups had been duly dispensed—to take their leave. Sylvanus was glad to escape the painful duty of asserting himself against his mother. The advantage he now gained was permanent. All parties felt a weight removed from them, even Jethro. This worthy, when master and man, a few days after, had their usual evening confab, thus delivered himself: "Well, Master Sylvanus"—he had quite adopted his wife's form of address for her nurseling—"I don't know if you are wexed at that night-journey of our'n to Barrackstown, but blame me if I am. Mayhap the gals wos some decent folk's bairns once."

The old scamp! He did not say that somebody at Barracks-

town had been as good as her word and remitted to him, by a sure hand, the promised five shillings for the ring. He did not mention that on every Saturday evening since he had had access to unlimited and gratuitous beer, at the nearest public, for retailing the minutest particulars of the journey to Barrackstown to an interested audience. Even the *Barrackstown Beacon* found in the correction, what the poet says the close-grazing goose finds on the common, "wherewithal to ease her want." In an early issue it thus returned to the subject.

"We have repeatedly drawn attention to the condition of our streets at night, and, in our issue of June 1, we reported a brawl, in which a woman was seriously wounded. A member of our staff has had an interview with the sufferer, who is now an in-patient in the Bullockshire and Barrackstown Hospital. She was exceedingly uncommunicative, and showed a clear determination to screen somebody. Our reporter, however, states that he gathered that though there certainly was an unseemly and discreditable struggle, there may be a possibility that the woman's bruises *may* have been caused—at least in part—by an accident. Still, we do not envy the self-opinion of a man who claims to be, not only a minister of religion, but a gentleman, who could take part, at such an hour, in a dispute about money, in a quarter of our town which is notoriously of such an evil reputation. Further comment on our part is needless."

Sylvanus did not think it necessary to correct this story, for he quite agreed with Jethro that his great adventure had won him a bloodless victory, which well repaid all it had cost. It had made him to be master in his own house; and he afterwards continued to be so; though Mrs. Damson, to the end of her prolonged existence, was never called upon by her generous son to receive that dreaded rival—a daughter-in-law.

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## Danebury and The Cannons.

WHO has not seen, and who, if he has but once trod them, does not desire to revisit the Hampshire downs, that have Andover, Winchester, and Stockbridge, not to mention the swiftly flowing Test, haunt of coot and heron, as well as home of lordly trout, as so many *points d'affin*! A district charming in itself to those lovers of nature who can appreciate a down country and see something more therein than a monotonous range of upland, where the sheep-bell alone breaks the silence. Our downs have, however, other sounds for the listening ear. Sheep there may be for aught we know, but certain it is the hoofs of the high-mettled one, when "he swalloweth the ground," will be oftener heard on them, and at a certain season sounds more discordant and lacking the rhythm of the



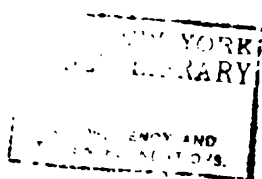
TOM CANNON, JUN.

TOM CANNON.

MORNINGTON CANNON.

JOE CANNON.

THE CANNON FAMILY.





beating hoofs will break the stillness. For this is one of the homes of our thoroughbreds, presided over by the senior member of a family whose name is known wherever the English language is spoken. Born and bred among the surroundings of horseflesh, for the father of the two brothers, Tom and Joseph Cannon, was a horse dealer, they took to the noble animal as the proverbial duck to water. Both of them fine horsemen—for though Joe has retired from active participation in cross-country work, there were few better or bolder riders than the well-known Newmarket trainer—the elder brother soon made his mark early in life in connection with the great Danebury stable, of which, perhaps, he little imagined at the time he should one day be master. Danebury was hardly at the apex of its fame when Tom Cannon first became connected with it, though that brilliant Turf meteor, the late Marquess of Hastings, was certainly at the zenith of his. He shed a light, albeit if somewhat a lurid one, around what may be called the closing days of the old *régime*, and when he disappeared from the scene, and John Day, enfeebled by illness and incapacitated by the blindness that fell on him from looking after his establishment, Tom Cannon, who had previously or about that time married his daughter, became poor old John's right hand in the latter's declining years. What a name Cannon had made for himself as a jockey, our readers who have watched his career need not be reminded. Of a wonderful coolness of temperament, with a head very tightly screwed on his shoulders, the lightest of hands, and a seat which we can only recall that of Sam Rogers as resembling it, "Tom," as everybody soon learned to call him, had yet a higher recommendation in that his was a character without a stain. Even in the somewhat dirty bypaths of the Turf, amidst surroundings which we may at least call dubious, if not dishonest, the faintest breath of calumny has never touched the present master of Danebury.

It was said of poor Tom French by a well-known patron of his, speaking to us about him one day after his death, "Tom was one of nature's gentlemen." It is a term we see used now and then, perhaps with a rather imperfect idea of its meaning, but we think we might apply it to another "Tom" with a full understanding of the words. There is so much quiet self-possession about him; in his intercourse with his superiors he knows how to retain his own self-respect while duly acknowledging their position, and he is courteous to all. If the old Wykehamist motto be true that "manners maketh men," the "manners," in the highest acceptance of the word, of Tom Cannon have undoubtedly helped to gain him the high and honourable position he occupies in the racing world.

Brother Joe, whose honest face often brimming over with

fun—he dearly loves a joke and a good story, does Joe—looks out on us from the accompanying group, has also done well in life, and the trusted trainer for the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Alington, the Knight of Kerry, Sir Charles Hartopp, and many others, has had his fair share of fortune's favours, and his stables at Clifton House, Newmarket, are always full. He has got too heavy for the saddle now, but both over a country and over sticks could more than hold his own. He rode Regal to victory in the Liverpool in 1876, and we think his last appearance was on the same horse in 1880, but we are not quite sure on that point. A thoroughly good fellow is Joe Cannon, and his physiognomy is a key to his character.

There are two junior members of the family who claim our notice, and though BAILY hitherto has restricted itself to masculine illustrations, there seems to us to be no reason why, if the young ladies had consented, the fair daughters of Danebury should not have completed the group. Tom and "Morny," the two sons, the latter christened Mornington because his birth occurred on the day that his father won the Great Metropolitan on that horse, have been both now before the public as jockeys, and though young Tom soon found that he got too heavy to ride, and has therefore transferred his attention to the home department, where he is very useful, Morny is rapidly making a name for himself in the middle-weight division, and some of his finishes have more than once reminded us of his father, notably one last August, at Brighton, on Iddesleigh, where he timed his "coming" to win by a distance that Tom dearly loves—a head.

Old Danebury has disappeared. The unpretentious but comfortable home of two generations of Days has given place to a house more consonant with modern ideas, and which art and luxury, controlled by good taste, have contributed to adorn. Its master is fortunate in having in his wife and daughters ladies who can add the charm of music and painting to the home circle, and at Stockbridge race time, when the house is full of guests and a lavish hospitality is extended to all comers, the night is often passed in music. Whether the cares that infest the day fold their tents like the Arabs Longfellow tells us of, we can hardly say. The establishment over which Tom Cannon presides is a very large one. We have heard it said that he does not quite know how many horses he possesses, and the statement is more than probable if it is true that he cannot see horses being sold at auction without bidding. The triumphs of the racecourse—the close finish, the roar of thousands of voices, the hearty congratulations—all this is doubtless felt by the calm, collected looking man who rides back to the door of the weighing room with no light of battle in his eye or flush of victory on his cheek; but he makes no sign. It may be, though

we do not know, that it is in the home life—the morning gallops, the five o'clock stables, the daily routine of thought and care, and the quiet evening with his family around him, that he finds his greatest pleasure. In the season that is upon us, this, combined with days with the hounds, in which his sons and daughters join him, will be his portion, and though it is early to begin good wishes for the future, we will venture to offer our Christmas greeting to the Danebury household and its master.

J. C. C.

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## Stalking Duck.

It matters not where your lines are cast—be they dropped in a city, with gaiety and dissipation around; amidst gardens of roses; in the middle of an arid desert; or in a spot that, with its grandeur and beauty, inspires your latent artistic faculties—life becomes a burden under a monotonous existence. This was our reflection some months ago, when autumn had flown, when “the sere and yellow leaf” had fallen, and “the last rose of summer” had blown. It was a winter’s evening. The sun had dipped beneath the horizon, the after-glow tinging the heavens; the ridges of the hills were clothed with snow, and from the banks of each stream and rivulet depended icicles of silvery sheen, while the experienced sportsman could foresee that, inland, deep wreaths and frost-bound watercourses would prevail. “This will drive cock hither,” says one; to which another, acquiescing, adds: “And widgeon by the score.” Around the glowing hearth, after blinds were drawn, the daily paper perused, and pipes lit, a “confab” ensued; the following day’s programme was adjusted.

We are to stalk the fowl which blustering Boreas scatters along these hospitable shores. The tide will have attained full flood at two o’clock. At the appointed hour we are on our way to the shore, whence we set sail to the selected spot. Once afloat, we are transformed mortals, for the fever of sport has seized us. The scene would have enchanted the mighty Nimrod himself. What a variety! Floating on the water within shot were guillemots, representatives of almost every British member of the family, from the black with its white wing patches and purple *tarsi* and webs to the common cormorants of dusky hue, and shags of greenest gloss; eider drakes, their variegated plumage set off by that of their modestly-attired consorts, maintain an animated conversation; “golden eye” soar aloft, and red-breasted mergansers dive into the water; tufted ducks, from Polar seas, confederate with velvet-scuters, and near to them sheldrakes, with chestnut, white, and dark green markings, disport themselves; the

shrill voice of the restless oyster-catchers alternates with the weird cry of the curlew; and a motley phalanx of waders, amongst which the ring-dotterel is conspicuous, wheel with military precision, the whole forming a picture of bird-life that a Latham or a Bewick, a Wilson or a Montagu might admire. The rowers are told to rest on their oars; the glass is focussed, and the sea within a radius of several miles is scanned. A band of widgeon lie to the north of us, sheltered by a rock almost flush with the water. A group of mallard have sought food and warmth in a small lagoon exposed to the west, but sheltered from the north and east. These are selected for our first essay. The initiatory stalk calls for effort and perseverance. A *détour* is made, and a noiseless landing is effected. A walk of a quarter of a mile brings us within forty yards of the margin of the retreat of the wild-fowl, when a difficulty presents itself. Between us and the coveted goal extends a piece of marshy ground which we shall have to cross. Regardless of a damping, if not a wetting, my companion, S——, without having the decency to consult my feelings, with the greatest coolness begins to crawl, dragging his body over the soaking carpet of withered grass. Hesitating to follow, I pose in an attitude of disgust, and I mentally swear that not even possession of the fabled goose that laid the golden eggs should tempt me through the swamp in that fashion. S—— peeps over the screen at the game and their motions. I can see that he itches to be "up and at 'em," and rather than lose the fun of being in the thick of the fusillade, I summon resolution. As I reach S—— he whispers that there are five, and all scattered. It is not to be a family shot then! Curiosity prompts me to look over. Oh! fitful fortune! they are seventy yards away. The die is cast, we cannot move nearer, but must accept Hobson's choice or be birdless. I hear the click of his hammers; mine follow suit. We rise to fire, and the wild fowl instantly take wing; but a brace of drakes, in prime of plumage, with breast-bones well covered with luscious flesh, as quickly drop. The report resounds from hill to hill, and, as the echo dies away in the distance, the air is agitated with the quack of wild ducks, the whistle of widgeon, and the piercing call of whaup. We seat ourselves between two hillocks until they shall have resumed their composure. In a few minutes a "wisp" of ring-dotterels settle close to us. The temptation is resisted, and our forbearance is immediately rewarded, for a cluster of widgeon perform aerial evolutions overhead, and pitch to leeward of a friendly island, whose westerly promontory juts far into the water. Approach on the shelter side is impracticable; a stalk to windward must be hazarded. The boat is run along the shore; we land, and, unobserved, cross an intersecting valley. I grumbled at humidity before, but now I might be eloquent on the score of

excessive solidity. That blessed point, like most of its kind, presented few features but jagged rock with deceptive fissures that trapped one's feet and refused to let them go until they had skinned one's shins or twisted one's ankles to the verge of dislocation. Not a murmur, however, escapes our lips, though we have but little faith in the success of our toil. S—— signs a halt. I instinctively obey while he reconnoitres. Up goes his forefinger, and I move forward. "Quite a host of them" I see written on his face. I devoured the birds in expectation—I shall now be called a pot sportsman—and was well through an imaginary luncheon of roasted widgeon, when that ominous sound, the dread signal of wings cleaving the atmosphere, intimates their premature departure. A leaden hail pursues the fugitives, but fails to reclaim more than a single drake. Sad and irretrievable disaster! A moment more, and we might have had the best part of a dozen. The wind had balked us; they had scented our proximity. I almost "indulged in the luxury of tears," more through vexation than grief. My friend's face—a picture of blank dismay—would have furnished a fit subject for the pencil of Cruickshank or Tenniel. Disappointment endured but for a moment. The mantle of Epictetus descends, and we walk over to meet the pinnace with stoical indifference. We steer towards the mainland, where we search each bog and creek, but fail to discover any species other than bottom feeders. When about to relinquish hope, a couple of birds are discerned, through the gathering darkness, in an arm of the sea a hundred yards beyond our landing place. Patient manoeuvring brings them within range, when a duck and a drake are added to the bag. The boat is now snugly berthed, and we make tracks for home under a star-spangled firmament and breathing a keen ether that gives relish to thoughts of a bright hearth, a feed, and the grateful fragrance of Sir Walter Raleigh's soothing weed.

ANCEPS.

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## Blood v. Bone.

WE have all our own peculiar ideas as to the sort of horse that will suit us. In fact, it is not too much to say that on no subject do men express such an amazing diversity of opinion as with regard to the noble steed; and one may also state, without exaggeration, that on no other matter are they equally dogmatic and confident. As a rule, there is no great reason for such excessive assurance, since it is undeniable that many men who own, ride, and drive horses know very little about them. Still, somehow or other, they delude themselves into the belief that this is a subject as to which they are profoundly

learned, and about which their opinion is peculiarly valuable ; the result is generally most ludicrous. When they discourse the judicious grieve, and the wily intimate an ardent desire to sell them a horse on the spot. But apart from all minor points of personal predilection, the great issue on which factions are divided, and which causes endless discussion in all places where horsey people most do congregate, may be thus formulated—Blood *v.* Bone.

Now, on a superficial view, it might be thought that a decision on this question would be necessarily determined by a man's weight, and that a little man would go in for blood and a big one for bone. But this is by no means invariably the case. A cursory observation of any hunting field will discover many light weights on large, coarse horses, and an almost equal number of welter weights on small animals of the blood-like type, obviously not up to the burden imposed upon them. This incongruity of taste is not, as might often reasonably be supposed, due to the exigencies of circumstance, but is more frequently the result of a perverted fancy and a strong prejudice which are not readily corrected. In real life the big wife and the small husband are national institutions of which we are naturally proud. It is the same motive, or something like it, which doubtless impels a little man to ride a big horse, and it happens sometimes that the results in both cases leave much to be desired.

Now, in respect to this controversy, it would seem to the impartial mind that the light weights have all the best of it, so long as they discard prejudice and make a judicious use of their opportunities. There can be no question that blood horses are, as a rule, infinitely the most pleasant to ride ; and the man of great substance, the welter of 16 or 17 stone, is to be pitied because he cannot experience the delight of being carried by the best sort of hack in the world. Indeed, one often hears the statement made, generally by the 10 st. division, that a heavy man, on his coarse, heavy-shouldered weight-carrier, does not know what really pleasant riding is ; and, indeed, he whose weight (or want of it) has permitted him to use as a hack (say) a good blood pony may well sympathise with his welter friend. There is an elasticity in the action of the thoroughbred, a constant playfulness in his demeanour, and a style of carrying himself, which are exceedingly pleasant to the rider, and it is to be regretted that more of these horses are not "up to weight." Considering our subject then from this particular point of view, we must unhesitatingly decide in favour of blood.

Then the question arises, Are thoroughbred hunters, as apart from hacks, the most reliable animals on which to get across a country ? or does, in this respect, bone begin to assert its advantage ? Of course, it should be understood that in dealing

with this question we assume that quite thoroughbred horses are under discussion—not those by a thoroughbred stallion out of a coarse mare, which are often advertised by dealers and others as “blood hunters.” Let us have the pure unadulterated article, and then we know what we have got. Well, horses of this class, as hunters, don’t often get a fair chance. Their early education does not fit them for the game. They are first, generally speaking, “schooled” for steeplechasing, and are taught to jump their fences at racing pace. They are not wanted to jump too “big”—not too much into the air—and they acquire the habit of brushing through the tops of the gorse-built obstacles they are called upon to negotiate. Consequently they have, when they leave a racing stable, two defects as hunters: first, they go too fast at their fences, and, second, are apt to “take liberties” with them; besides, although they may have been taught to jump the regulation steeplechase course, they do not, as a rule, like natural hedges, etc., and have a special antipathy to timber.

Assuming a different system of education for the thoroughbred, we get different results. If he has never been raced or schooled for steeplechasing, if he has always been in private hands, and his temper has not been ruined by the severe routine of the training stable; if he has been taught to jump, as ordinary half-bred hunters jump—calmly, temperately, and over natural obstacles of various kinds—he will do all, and a great deal more than the coarsebred animal will do, and he will keep on doing it when the latter is “stone beat.” He will be only cantering when the others are galloping, and over all sorts of ground, from, as one may say, early morn to dewy eve, he will maintain his form and vivacity, and his rider will not cease to enjoy the “poetry of motion.” Here, again, in the great case of *Blood v. Bone*, the decision of the court must be in favour of the former.

Yet it is curious that actual practice teaches us that some of the best and most noted steeplechasers have been the worst performers in the hunting field. Many of our readers will doubtless be able to confirm this statement by their own experience. They have perhaps bought a steeplechase horse whose jumping over the regulation course they have admired. The idea has occurred to them, “What a nailing good hunter he would make for a 12st. man.” The happy possessor of such an animal gaily mounts him, finds him a good hack, and proceeds to the meet with a cheerful heart, confident that to-day, at least, he will be able to show his friends how battles are lost and won. He is soon disillusioned. His crack jumper does not seem to like natural hedges and ditches; he refuses, takes liberties with them when he does jump, and altogether gives his rider a most uncomfortable “feel.” Let us hope the latter is discreet enough not to put his new purchase at a gate or stiff

post and rails. These must not be "chanced," as will probably be done by the crack steeplechaser, and in course of time he will doubtless find himself once more in the position he adorns—between the flags. It should not be inferred, however, that these faults of his are incurable. Time, patience, good hands, and proper schooling might make a good hunter of him, but the chances are against it. In this respect, when called upon to decide the great suit of Blood *v.* Bone, the superior judges sum up strongly in favour of the latter.

If the opinion of professional trainers and cross-country jockeys be asked on this question, they will probably state that they prefer to ride a clever half-bred hunter in a quick thing over a big country rather than a blood 'un. Robert l'Anson—perhaps the best steeplechase rider of his day—was fond of schooling horses with hounds, and can tell some amusing stories of the "grief" he has sustained when trying to do too much—especially in connection with timber—on thoroughbred horses. He rode The Saint (who has probably won more hunt steeplechases than any horse) when he came over from Ireland, and his experience with him over his first gate was somewhat startling. There was little of the gate left. Yet The Saint is undoubtedly one of the finest jumpers in the world over the regulation fences, and wins his races simply by his "lepping," as in five furlongs on the flat anything might beat him. Still, he would probably be found anything but a pleasant hunter. Again, old Chimney Sweep and Beaufort were fine fencers between the flags, but when John Jones, the well-known trainer and jockey, tried them hunting, he found that they were far from being safe conveyances. In fact, Beaufort gave him a very ugly fall over quite a small post and rail fence. The late eminent jockey, Fred Archer, bought Forest King, the steeplechase horse, to hunt with the Newmarket drag, and speedily got a nasty roll over timber. Yet, in his proper sphere, this horse hardly knew how to make a mistake. A season or two ago the writer wanted to go a little faster with the staghounds in Surrey, so he tried a steeplechase mare (Lady Kellie, by Sir Bevis—Lady Mar)—a capital jumper and winner of several races over a country. He was soon convinced as to the failure of the experiment, and it did not take many falls to carry conviction to his mind. This valuable animal wanted to go at the rate of "forty thousand miles an hour" at everything, and had an idea that post and rails, etc., were made to be galloped through—not jumped. The results were not soothing to the system, and Blood was emphatically anathematised.

Welter weights, and even some 12 st. and 13 st. men who might do better, swear by bone, and will ride nothing but horses of the half-bred type possessing that useful attribute. Yet such riders are inconsistent to this extent: they almost invariably assert, with a great air of satisfaction, that their



hunters are by a thoroughbred horse, and thus they directly acknowledge the inherent virtue of blood. Of course, there are very many admirable hunters bred in this way; indeed, they form the vast majority of most hunting fields, and are often remarkable for their great powers of endurance under heavy weights, for their reliable jumping ability, for their temperate behaviour, and for their general soundness. A large number of such horses come from Ireland, and they are all reputed (more or less correctly) to be by thoroughbred sires—Lord Conyngham for choice. Many of these hunters are coarse in appearance, with big, plain heads and heavy shoulders, and assuming them to be by blood horses, one may readily form an idea what the dam must have been like. We admit that we are not enamoured with the offspring of the alliance of a thoroughbred sire and a cart mare; the result may be a real good one, and many such cases have been known, but he is a hopeful man who spends money and wastes time in establishing his stud on this basis.

In reply to such arguments the heavy-weights will naturally say, "Well, blood horses cannot carry us, and failing them what are we to ride?" It should not, however, be hastily assumed that there are no perfectly clean-bred horses up to 16 st. with hounds. We have in our mind's eye several of this kind. The Saint, for instance, previously referred to—by Ascetic—Coquette—is a good type of the weight-carrying blood hunter. Gules, by Tomahawk—Heraldry, a very fast horse on the flat, would in hunting condition be up to weight; as, if sound, would Guy Mannering, by Wild Oats—Miss Mannering, or Redpath, by Uncas—Maggie, or, in a less degree, Vivacious, by Skylark—Viva. These are only random instances of thoroughbred horses, any one of which, if devoted specially to hunting and never raced, would have carried weight—at a minimum, say 14 st.; and for men who can ride a little, what pleasant mounts such horses would have made! They can stay and jump, and keep on going indefinitely. Of course, these instances are only given as types of what class of blood hunters might be produced if the right men would only devote their time, attention, and money to the work. They must be bred and trained entirely and exclusively for hunting; if they get into a training stable, are persistently "jumped off" and raced, they generally get very hot-headed and excitable, and develop into hard pullers. Thus they are by no means pleasant to ride; but this is not an essential fault; it is simply due to early training. A thoroughbred horse is just as quiet as any other, and a great deal more sensible.

So far we have considered the subject purely from the rider's point of view; but there is little doubt that many blood horses go splendidly in harness, especially when the vehicle and the load are not too heavy. They trot along at a good swinging

pace, require no whip, and find no journey too long. Properly managed, they will not misbehave themselves. In good hands they are the best of all "general utility" animals. Mr. E. Woodlands, for instance, often drives his racehorses to the meetings where they run; and when journeying recently to Sandown Park by road, we saw one of his chasers driven in a gig, and another, tied to the gig, jogging along behind. During a visit to Cheshire some time ago we made acquaintance with another "general utility" specimen of the high-bred steed. This was a horse called Hallowe'en, by The Gunner, whose owner used him as a hunter and hack, and also for stud purposes, with occasional coal-drawing excursions, and on Sunday took his wife for a drive with the same noble animal.

Having regard, however, to the present state of the market for blood stock, one cannot expect to see horses of this class brought into increased general use, as the price for anything at all sound has been lately much enhanced. This is attributable to two causes:—(1), the greater demand from abroad; and (2), the pony and galloway racing mania. Foreign buyers have lately invaded this country for the purpose of purchasing young thoroughbred mares and stallions, large numbers of which have been shipped to Buenos Ayres, the Cape, Spain, etc. There are also many people constantly on the look-out for diminutive thoroughbreds (15 hands and under) for galloway racing, and for small ones of this class large sums have been paid. Thus, for the breeder of blood stock, there never were such times. Animals that would have been thought well sold a year or two ago for £20 or £25, now fetch £100 or more; and therefore anyone who, at the present time, wants "a bit of blood," has to pay pretty dearly for it.

It is noteworthy that the men who are accustomed to handle and ride clean-bred horses don't care much for other sorts, and their experience does not, as a rule, induce them to sing the praises of the less aristocratic quadrupeds. They leave the latter to those who can ride nothing else, to whom they are certainly most useful. For ourselves, we have endeavoured to hold the scales of justice with an impartial balance in this matter, and to consider it without prejudice. Still, we are afraid, on looking back over our labours, and surveying the manner in which our task has been performed, that we have almost unconsciously betrayed a strong feeling, when we intended to be perfectly unbiassed; thus supplying yet another illustration of the old adage that "blood will tell."

H. G. H.

## A Blank Day on the Tweed.

A DANK, dismal, dripping day, with the white mist hanging in thick shrouds over the landscape. "Couldn't be worse," says everybody at breakfast, and I, who am to make my *début* to-day, inwardly curse my luck at having such weather in which to make acquaintance with the noble art of salmon-fishing.

A drive of ten miles through the cold white fog does not tend to elevate our spirits (there are four of us), and, on arrival, we find that the fog is denser on the river bank than anywhere else, and there is not a breath of air moving. The chief fisherman meets the dog-cart and takes out the rods and paraphernalia, murmuring, "Ye might jist as weel ha' stopped at home, the day—jist as weel—jist as weel." This is scarcely reassuring, still we hope for the best, and proceed to put the mare up at a neighbouring farmhouse. Pate (this is the fisherman's name) rows us across to the opposite bank, where we meet the other men and put our rods together. Having done so, three rods start off up-stream with their respective attendants, and I am left with an experienced gilly, called Grant, who is to show me where, and how, to fish.

I have only once before tried for a salmon. That was in a stream in Aberdeenshire, where I truly believe there were no fish. The first cast was highly successful, *i.e.*, as far as casting went; the second caught me in the left lower eyelid; and the third caught in a tree—the fly is there at this moment. Having regard to this unfortunate opening, Grant suggests that I should try a cast or two from the bank, but I think differently. There are no trees here, and my eyelid may take its chance, so I may as well fish from the boat.

We push off, and I take my seat on the elevated place in the stern of the boat. I shiver with the cold, but yet am full of hope, though hardly able to see a yard for the fog. There is a copious assortment of salmon-flies, stuck in the cork-strip on the thwarts; but, when I ask Grant to recommend me a fog-fly, he only looks puzzled, and says I had best put on a "silver tip."

Accordingly I put the fly on, and begin to cast. I must have improved greatly since my Aberdeenshire experience, for the line flies out beautifully, and loses itself in the fog. The stream here is ripply, shallow, and fast, the only place for a fish in this sort of weather. I cast, and cast, and cast again, strictly superintended by Grant, who shows me in which direction to give the "wee motion" required, according to the strength and direction of the current. . . . It is very interesting, but still I wish something would happen. The stream gradually takes us down, till I have thoroughly fished

all the ripples, and we are getting into still glassy water. So we pull up once more, and do it again.

Thoroughness is a very good thing in its way, but there may be too much of a good thing; and so I tell Grant, after we have been over the same water five times without the shadow of a rise. Grant seems to think so too, and we drift down to a place where there are slight curls and eddies in the river, and where somebody killed a twenty-pounder some months ago. Same performance again, varied by a flip of the fly against Grant's ear, which he does not appear to regard in the same amusing light that I do.

It is curious the sort of language that the people in these parts talk. Grant's language is strange, and he makes quick remarks to himself which I cannot quite catch. I always thought that the real Scotch dialect was only to be met with about Glasgow and Edinburgh—at all events fifty miles or more north of where we are at present. However, it appears that people who are only just over the Border are determined to show that they are a different race from the Southrons, and they speak in a lingo which I thought existed only in the Waverley novels and Burns' poems.

Now I come to think of it, we are not far off the scenes of Sir Walter Scott's works, such as Jedburgh, and Cheviotdale, and Melrose Abbey, of which latter he so touchingly remarked:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go and look at it in the middle of the night,"

or words to that effect; my poetry never was good. I remember being asked, in an examination for a scholarship in English literature, for a quotation of six lines from Scott; and all I could remember was, "The stag at eve had drunk his fill, and everything was calm and still," a version which I discovered subsequently was not quite correct. In respect of Burns' poems my memory was still more treacherous; the only scraps occurring to me were something about a "drappie in the e'e," about a "willie waught," and "Scots wha hae." The last I had always taken to be a Scottish battle-cry, till I heard somebody sing some more of the stanza. Wonder what "willie waught" means? Wonder if Scotch people make use of half the extraordinary expressions that Burns has put in his poems, or whether that worthy evolved them out of his own inner consciousness? Wonder whether they are the remains of an ancient heathen tongue, that has been swamped in the advancing wave of modern civ—

"Wull ye tak' anither cast o' y'r line, sir?" comes a plaintive voice behind me; and I realise that, for the last five minutes, I have omitted to perform that necessary motion; and my fly has been drifting into the realms of fog land.

More fruitless casts . . . Ugh! how cold it is! Of course

I had left my ulster in the dog-cart, thinking that, with the glorious exercise of fishing, I should keep myself warm and to spare. A hot water tin and a fur coat would be very acceptable now.

A few more casts, and Grant suggests that I had better change the fly, as the "silver tip" seems to have no attractions for the fish this weather. What shall I put on? Grant thinks that if anything will take a fish to-day, it will be a "black ranger." Why do they call a fly all orange and scarlet and yellow and blue, a black ranger? I seek in vain for the answer, till Grant points out that, if you look very carefully, you will find the body of the fly, almost hidden by the gaudy wing and silver twist, to be black. It is the body only that distinguishes it from the "Durham ranger," which, Grant says, is "a grand fly when there's wind," but is no good at all to-day. A salmon must be gifted with powers of observation far superior to what I thought if he can tell a "black" from a "Durham" ranger in a thick fog, and choose his meal accordingly. The fish increases several points in my estimation; and I only hope that his eye for colour will lead him to patronise my particular black ranger to-day. My spirits rise with the new fly. I wish the fish would too. . . . We try a new place, and drift down to some more curls in the water, which appear to betoken shallow water and sunken rocks.

Patience is no doubt a very useful virtue, but my feet are very cold, and my hands are turning blue. Round the boat the fog appears to be rising a little, and wreaths of mist sweep onward with the current, twisting and twirling like steam off a hot bath—looks rather like my idea of a miasmatic swamp. Hope I shan't catch the ague in addition to the bad cold I already fell seething in my head. My thoughts revert to poetry. Don't know why they should, as I am not much given that way as a rule. Scraps of my favourite poet, W. S. Gilbert, float though my head and adapt themselves to the occasion:—

"My object all sublime I shall achieve in time,  
To make a salmon hang on to my line,

A salmon hang on to my line,"

but it takes some considerable time to achieve. And again—

"To sit in solemn silence in a dull, damp boat,  
On a pestilential river, without a great coat,  
Awaiting 'he sensation of a short, sharp shock  
From a cheap and chippy salmon from under a big black rock."

That last line does not seem to scan. Now I come to think of it, no more does the second. Don't know why a salmon should be "cheap and chippy" unless he'd been drinking the night before—Ooh! what was that? A sharp strike, and my line flies straight up in the air, and winds itself in graceful wreaths round my top joint. I feel inclined to use bad language,

but do not, and content myself with snappishly asking Grant what on earth was the matter with my striking that I didn't hook the fish. Grant, who wasn't looking when I struck, says, "Ay, that was a big fesh," and says I must have pulled the hook out of his mouth. Um—I don't believe him, and say so. Why didn't the salmon show a little more life then, for I only felt the hook fast when I was raising my rod for another cast, and there wasn't a ripple on the water to show that there was a fish. I don't believe it was a fish at all; it must have been a rock, or a log, or something. Grant says there are no rocks in this part of the river, and disentangles my fly sulkily. Three casts more in the same place, and my line is again fast. On cautiously reeling in, my fly comes up with half a yard of green weed dangling from it! So much for Grant's "big fesh," and I feel considerably relieved.

Half an hour more of casting, without hooking even as much as a weed, and I come to the conclusion that I shall shortly freeze to death if nothing happens. Happy thought—luncheon! So we land, and I stump up and down the dripping, fog-laden bank, munching sandwiches and drinking whisky, and trying to instil a little warmth into the soles of my feet and other parts. Grant, who does not look very warm either, is eating large hunks of bread and meat in the boat, but refuses the offer of my flask. He is a teetotaler—how horrible! I did not know that Scotchmen ever were teetotalers; this is quite contrary to the teaching of their national poet. However, having finished his luncheon, he volunteers to row across and fetch my ulster, and this kind offer entirely makes up for his teetotalism and his remarks about "the big fesh."

Now that he is gone, I may as well go and see what sort of sport the other fellows have had. Half a mile up-stream I meet number one, who has thrown up his fishing for the day in disgust, and was coming to see what I had done. His particular province is the "Dub," a broad sheet of the river where salmon rise in swarms with a westerly breeze, but at present, as far as one can see for the fog, the water is rather too much like a looking-glass to be productive of many fish. So we wander up another mile, and, dimly through the mists, we see number two, in a thick ulster and a pipe, casting sadly from his boat in mid-stream. "Had a rise?" "Devil a bit," floats back from the fog, and I proceed up-stream after number three, alone, for number one has announced his intention of returning to Pate's cottage, and sitting by the fire till we others have finished our "blooming foolishness," as he calls it.

It is a long way up to number three, and the grass is very wet, and the banks are very muddy, and there are a lot of cranky stiles to clamber over. Call this a towing-path? I don't; I don't call it a path at all; why, there are several

landslips in the most important places; and how a horse, with a tow-rope, is to pull a barge along here beats my comprehension. Perhaps, however, no horses or barges do come along this way. Now I come to look at it carefully, I don't see how they can, through the shallows, and rapids, and things. Flop! down a landslip and up to my knees in water before I know what has happened! Hang it all! as if I wasn't cold enough and wet enough before without this happening on top of the other miseries! At this rate I shall be an icicle by the time we get home, and I shall thaw and be scooped up and be put in pots, like poor "Ice-Peter."

I always think that those nursery tales of one's youth are out and away funnier than anything in the same line nowadays. I'm glad I was young then and not now, for, besides the many inconveniences of being young the wrong way up and twice over, I should be obliged to educate my small soul up to the level of Walter Crane's and Marcus Ward's picture-books, which would not suit me half as well as "Strummelpeter" and his friends did. If I am ever to be the father of a family, sincerely hope I shall never have more than three going at the same time—children, I mean, not families; I shall put into force a purely original system for their education, which I am perfecting by degrees. It consists, broadly, in having them medically examined at stated periods, and trained with a view to their perfection in that branch of things for which their particular development, physical or moral, fits them, the system to commence early in life. Result—highly-trained specialists and survival of the fittest. Only carrying out Nature's ideas throughout the world. It would, I am sure, have a grand effect if applied to a whole nation; no weaklings, no idlers, everyone trained to a definite walk in life; no surplus population, no—

Hallo! here is number three. He is thrashing away at the water in great apparent contentment, although, with his usual generosity—he is our host—he has taken the worst water for himself, in order to allow us others more chances of catching something. "Got anything, Colonel?" "No; haven't had a rise." He is fishing close in shore, and the hoary-headed old gentleman who is rowing him says, in a low voice to me, with a twinkle in his eye, "The Colonel has caught something." "What was it?" "An old hat," says the fisherman, and stifles a chuckle behind his hand, which causes the boat to give a lilt to one side—though which side I do not know, as it is difficult to tell port from starboard in a Tweed boat.

"Can't see much for the fog," says the Colonel, who is a thorough sportsman, "but I'm going to fish till it is dark." And so I leave him and trudge down-stream again.

By the time I get back to number two he has actually killed a fish—an eighteen-pounder! Shouldn't have thought anyone

would have got a salmon this sort of day. However, there is the fish, and I present my best congratulations, tinged with envy, for if I had only stuck to my casting I also might have had a fish by this time. So I hurry down the bank, and meet Grant with his hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe. To him I recount number two's take, but it does not seem to impress him much. "Ay, a fesh is sometimes got by accident on a foggy day," says he, and does not appear particularly keen to get to work again, especially as he has already taken my rod to pieces.

However, I insist, and in a short time I am flogging the river again, from the bank this time, Grant in attendance with a big landing-net. It is growing rapidly dark, but my salmon-fever increases with the unlikelihood of getting a fish, and I flog with growing vehemence. Much better fishing from the bank than from a boat on a cold day—keeps you warm, especially when you are provided with an ulster. . . . There do not seem to be many fish about, though. . . . daresay they don't like the twilight to rise in. . . . Look here, I think it is about time to be shutting up—too dark. One more cast—one more cast; a tiny tug. I reel in, and swing on to the shore a quarter of a pound troutlet! Poor little thing, it has got hooked by accident under the chin, or whatever you call that part of a fish. I feel inclined to keep it as a trophy, and eat it at dinner, but Grant says it is illegal, and throws it back.

So, after all, it was not *quite* a blank day.

G.

At one of the interviews which, after his retirement, he admitted from members of the Press, Prince Bismarck expressed the sentiment that he had nothing much further to desire except "a good epitaph." This wish of the great German statesman not a few English men of letters have attempted to supply. The following was sent to this office a couple of months ago, and, after a second examination, seems to be as well worth publishing as are many that have already appeared in print:—

HIC JACET BISMARCK.

A mob, invertebrate, preceded me!  
 I taught, drilled, led, and shaped a Germany.  
 I leaned upon the Nation—it was well!  
 I put my trust on Princes—and I fell.  
 Earth! guard these bones! For hatchment I shall have  
 A United Fatherland above my grave!

G. G.



## Yearling Sales in 1890.

### The Value of Yearlings.

A correspondent sends me the following review, which it will be well to give in full, as the sales during the season were only briefly noticed in BAILY, and this account will be useful for reference:—The most remarkable feature in connection with the rearing of thoroughbred stock during the past two or three years has been, without any doubt, the extraordinary rise in the value of yearlings. It is not, in fact, too much to say that the rise has extended to brood mares and stallions as a sort of natural consequence, while racehorses which have given evidence that they can gallop have attained figures which a generation ago would have been regarded as fabulous. The fact itself is beyond all question, but the explanations offered for it differ. Upon the one hand, it is attributed to the great increase made of late in the value of the prizes to be run for on the Turf; and upon the other to the appearance upon the scene of plutocrats like Colonel North, Mr. Hamar Bass, Herr Hirsch, and Mr. Maple, to whom money is no object. The second of these two explanations is, I think, the nearer to the truth; for the so-called rich prizes now in existence are made up, not of money added from the fund, but of the subscriptions taken from owners; and just in the same way as these *nouveaux riches* like to buy a costly yearling by way of advertisement, so they patronise these gigantic stakes with the purchases they have made at the sale-ring a short time before. Whichever of these two causes may be the real one, breeders of stock for public sale are for the time standing on "Tom Tiddler's ground;" but the longer-headed among them are already asking themselves the question as to how long it will last, and as to whether the inflation of prices is not likely to be followed by a reaction. This, I imagine, entirely depends upon whether the new racing prizes hold their own, for if they do there will be a constant demand for all the best-bred yearlings, which will be bought on the chance of one or other of them turning out a Memoir or even a Sainfoin.

### High Prices.

There is no need, however, to attempt to peer any farther into the future, for the record of what has occurred during this past year is quite sufficient to occupy all the space at my command, as never before did yearlings sell as they did in 1890, the prices being good from first to last. How good the prices were may be gathered from the fact that while in 1888 the number of yearlings running into four figures was 26—the total being 42,270 guineas—it reached 43 in 1889. Many of us thought then that the maximum had been reached, but the sales of 1889 were quite put into the shade by those of 1890, seeing that no fewer than 58 yearlings were sold, at figures ranging from 5,500 to 1,000 guineas each, for the extraordinary total of 99,730 guineas. To say that nothing like this has ever been known before is but to repeat a stale truism, and he would be a bold man, who, after the experience of the last seasons, should declare that we have reached the watershed, and shall now

begin to descend the other slope. The high prices began at the first yearling sale of the season, this being, as usual, that which Mr. Waring annually holds at Ascot during the race week, two of the Beenham lot running into four figures, while a week later came the most remarkable auction ever held at the Queen's Paddocks, Herr Hirsch giving 5,500 guineas for a sister to Memoir, the Prince of Wales a thousand guineas for the sister to Sainfoin, and three other yearlings realising four figures. But it was at Newmarket, during the progress of the July Meeting, now cut into two parts, that the prices were the most striking, seeing that 29 yearlings were sold for prices ranging from 3,200 to 1,000 guineas, this being eight more than were sold for those figures in 1889. Yet the yearling sales at Doncaster did not come far behind, inasmuch as 22 yearlings were sold for 36,160 guineas; and the account of the "four figure yearlings" stands as under:—

Place of Sale.	Number Sold.	Total. Guineas.
The Waring's Stud, Ascot ...	2 ...	2,120
Her Majesty's, Hampton Court ...	4 ...	9,600
Newmarket First July Meeting ...	22 ...	37,700
Newmarket Second July Meeting ...	7 ...	13,050
Doncaster Meeting ...	23 ...	37,260
	<hr/> 58	<hr/> 99,730

The Earl of Dudley was the largest purchaser of these expensive yearlings, as he was credited with eight, for which he paid 15,850 guineas. Next after him comes Herr Hirsch, who, though he only bought five, gave 13,300 guineas for them, while Colonel North gave 7,850 guineas for five, Sir Robert Jardine 7,600 guineas for four, Mr. Maple 5,050 guineas for two, Mr. D. Cooper 3,100 guineas for two, and the different patrons of Ryan's stable 10,850 guineas for half a dozen. Captain Machell was put down as the purchaser of two for 2,550 guineas; and the Earl of Durham, Matthew Dawson, Mr. A. M. Singer, and Lord Gerard each took two for 2,500 guineas. Mr. C. D. Rose, the liberal donor of the three prizes of a thousand pounds over long courses, was the only other purchaser of more than one. So that the best of the yearlings have all gone into stables where they will have every chance given them of proving that they are not so little worth the money paid for them as high-priced yearlings of the past generally have been.

**The Sales of the Week.**

But taking the sales of the season *seriatim*, we find that there is more and more of a tendency to concentrate the business upon Newmarket in July, and upon Doncaster in September. In fact, the only two studs which hold separate sales of their own are the Beenham House and the Bushey Park, Mr. Waring opening the season at Ascot. He sells his yearlings in two batches, upon the Wednesday and the Friday; and this year he was very successful, his 33 colts and fillies realising 10,795 guineas, or 327 guineas each, which was 40 guineas more than he obtained for thirty in 1888. His best colt was a quaintly marked brother to Cora, by Uncas—Gratinska, for which Mr. R. Sneyd paid 1,070 guineas; and Colonel

North gave 1,050 guineas for a colt by Robert the Devil, the last of whose yearlings will be offered for sale in the course of next season.

**The Queen's  
Yearlings.**

That the sale of the Queen's yearlings would be a sensational one was only what might have been anticipated after Sainfoin had won the Derby, Memoir the Oaks, and Fitz-Hampton had run second for the Grand Prix de Paris—all three of which had been bred at Hampton Court, and disposed of as yearlings in 1888. But the spectators who assembled at Bushey Park upon that wet Saturday afternoon in June, were scarcely prepared for what occurred, seeing that the sister to Memoir was run up to 5,500 guineas, at which price Herr Hirsch secured her. This was 1,400 guineas more than the Duke of Westminster gave for the colt by King Tom—Duchess, afterwards named Maximilian, which, be it said, after winning a few small races at Liverpool and elsewhere, was exported to Italy, and now stands at one of the government stallion depôts in Sicily. The sister to Memoir has more size and depth, with better forelegs, than the filly who has done such great things for the Duke of Portland, and, so far as appearances go, should make a racehorse. She was not the only yearling for which the bidding was of the briskest, for Lord Randolph Churchill gave 1,750 guineas for a bay colt by Springfield—Lady Binks by Adventurer, a half brother, therefore, to Fitz-Hampton, whose purchase for 5,000 guineas by Herr Hirsch seems to have been as great a blunder as the payment of 6,000 guineas for Vasistas after his success in the Grand Prix de Paris. The Duke of Westminster gave 1,350 guineas for a bay filly by Hampton—Gallantry, who is also an Adventurer mare, but the Prince of Wales was not so well advised in paying a thousand guineas for the chestnut filly by Springfield—Sanda, as, despite the fact of her being a full sister to the Derby winner, Sainfoin, she is so small that it is scarcely possible she can make up into a racehorse. Another Springfield filly from an Adventurer mare made 760 guineas; and an average of 714 guineas for the twenty yearlings in the Royal stud quite put into the shade all previous records, as, indeed, was only natural, seeing that never before had a winner of either the Derby or of the Oaks been bred there. It was nearly double that of 1889, and the only disappointing feature about it was that Melton's yearlings should have been so little liked, and should have sold so badly, the five of them realising little more than a thousand guineas; so, perhaps the Italian Government got no bargain when they gave 10,000 guineas for Lord Hastings' Derby and Leger winner.

**Newmarket July  
Sale.**

Following closely upon the Queen's sale came the first of the two July Meetings at Newmarket, where yearlings from Lady Stamford, the Right Hon. H. Chaplin, Mr. H. W. Freeman, the Earl of Rosebery, Messrs. Graham, Mr. Hume Webster, &c., were brought to the hammer. This was a very exciting week, for, as will be seen by the above table, twenty-two yearlings ran into four figures, and eleven of these were sold in the course of a single morning. This was when Mr. H. Chaplin, Lady Stamford, and Lord Rosebery sent the produce of their studs into the ring, Lady Stamford being particularly fortunate, as Barcaldine's stock had been running well,

and so there was a great demand for his yearlings. Five of her seven were by that sire, and they realised the magnificent total of 7,950 guineas, the Earl of Dudley giving 6,150 guineas for three, though their dams had never produced anything of note. Mr. Chaplin had almost as good a sale, for the demand for what will be nearly the last of the Hermits was so great that five of his yearlings fetched 6,550 guineas, while a sixth, put up at Doncaster, made 1,010 guineas. The first of Bendigo's get was also included in this sale, being bought by Lord Dudley for 1,750 guineas; and the eleven Blankney yearlings made in all 11,070 guineas. The average of 1,006 guineas was not quite equal to that of 1889, when eight sold for 1,103 guineas each, but, taking into account the increased number, it may be regarded as at least as satisfactory. Mr. Hume Webster also had a very good sale, as his twenty yearlings fetched 8,160 guineas, or 408 guineas each, St. Honorat's stock being so much liked that one filly made 1,950 guineas; and a colt by St. Honorat—The Inch was sold for 1,050 guineas to Captain Machell, who had St. Honorat in his stable, and sold him to Mr. Hume Webster for what may be regarded as but a small fraction of his present value. Lord Rosebery did not do so well, as the twenty-one Mentmore yearlings fetched little more than half what was paid for Mr. Hume Webster's; a filly by Town Moor—Chopette, a half sister to Corstorphine, who has since run so well, being knocked down for 300 guineas; and the only four-figure yearling being a colt by Bend Or—Vista, for whom Mr. C. D. Rose gave 1,250 guineas. Mr. H. W. Freeman did better than this, as eleven yearlings from the Heather Stud averaged 291 guineas, Mr. Fairie giving 1,200 guineas for a bay filly by Hampton—Mistress of the Robes, though as four unsold at Newmarket were disposed of at Doncaster for small sums, his average was knocked down to 239 guineas, or a trifle less than he made in 1889. Batches of yearlings from the Yardley Stud were offered for sale at both the July Meetings, when forty-five were sold in three different lots, and again at Doncaster, where thirteen more were sold. All together, these fifty-eight yearlings—probably the largest number ever offered from one stud since Mr. Blenkiron died—fetched 17,130 guineas. The average of 295 guineas must be regarded as upon the whole remunerative, seeing that the yearlings were for the most part the progeny of very old or else unfashionable sires. Sterling's stock, however, commanded high prices in two or three instances, Mr. Hamar Bass giving 3,000 guineas for a brother to Energy—whose death has been such a great loss to the breeder, who took him over to France—and Mr. Douglas Baird, having twice won the Two Thousand with his sons, gave 2,000 guineas for a son of Sterling and Siluria, closely related to Wenlock. But the most remarkable yearling sale at the Second July was that of Mr. Brodrick Cloete, who coming into the market for the first time, sold nine yearlings for 10,340 guineas, his average of 1,150 guineas being almost equal to that of Lady Stamford. Herr Hirsch took two of them for 3,100 and 1,550 guineas, while Lord Dudley bought two others for 2,100 and 1,650 guineas, the latter being a daughter of Galopin and Cherry. The Leybourne Grange yearlings, bred by Mr. T. Phillips, were also sold during the Second July week, twelve of them making 4,480 guineas, or 373 guineas each, whereas last year the same

number from this stud averaged 734 guineas each. This was indeed a falling off, due mainly to the fact that the high-priced yearlings of 1889 from this stud had not shown any promise. Mr. Luscombe, who has only recently formed a stud in Sussex, made an excellent start, for his six yearlings made 4,180 guineas, an average of 696 guineas, two of them being sold for 1,600 guineas. One was a brown colt by St. Simon—Query, but as he was put up again at Doncaster, and sold for 1,200 guineas, the lower figure of the two must be taken in quoting the average. Mr. Chatterton had a good sale also, as his six yearlings made 2,391 guineas, or 398 guineas each, Herr Hirsch giving 1,550 guineas for a bay filly by Bruar—Foliage; and Mr. Beddington, of the South House Stud, was not less successful, seeing that he sold seven for 2,825 guineas, or 403 guineas each, his two yearlings by Melton being liked much better than those seen at Hampton Court. The yearlings bred by Mr. Robert Peck at Bishopston were sold at Newmarket, though three were held back till Doncaster, and the nine made in all 3,020 guineas, this average of 335 guineas being 55 guineas less than that of 1889.

It might have been imagined that the great run upon high-priced yearlings at Newmarket would have discounted the Doncaster sales; but so far was this from being the case, twenty-three yearlings put up there ran into four figures, the total for them being 37,260 guineas, while in 1889 only fifteen reached that limit, the total being only 24,350 guineas. Moreover, the average was higher than it had been the year before for the principal studs, such as those of Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Simons Harrison, and Mr. James Snarry, whose yearlings were all sold on the Thursday. This was the "biggest" day the Tattersalls have ever had, as they sold no fewer than eighteen yearlings for prices ranging from four to one thousand guineas, beginning with twelve from Sir Tatton Sykes' stud at Sledmere. Five of these did not reach their reserve, but were disposed of privately, while the seven others fetched 9,200 guineas, or 1,314 guineas each, Mr. Maple giving 4,000 guineas for a filly by Hermit—Lord Lyon mare. This filly, half-sister to Mimi, made the same price as Simonian had done the year before, while another valuable yearling in Sir Tatton's team was a full-sister to the Derby winner, Merry Hampton, by Hampton—Doll Tearsheet. Count Lehnendorff bought her, on account of her blood, for a thousand guineas, and she has been sent to Germany, while a filly by Hampton—Rudstone was purchased for 1,100 guineas, and a filly by Hermit—Cicely Hacket, the dam of Hackness, for 1,050 guineas. Mr. Simons Harrison also had an excellent sale, as he sold all his seven yearlings, the total being 7,630 guineas, or 1,090 guineas each. Mr. C. W. Lea gave 2,300 guineas for Sorcerer, a small but very compact colt by Ormonde—Crucible, while Sir Robert Jardine gave 1,900 guineas for Middleham, a bay colt by Rosebery—Mintdrop, and Gay Friar, a bay colt by Galopin—Lady Chelmsford was taken for South America at 1,350 guineas. Mr. Snarry never sends many yearlings for sale, but they invariably fetch good prices, and two of his four, full of the fashionable Agnes blood, were sold for 1,700 guineas each, one being a full brother in blood to Ormonde and the other a son of Ormonde himself. A half brother to that

good mare, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, herself bred by Mr. Snarry, was cheap at 500 guineas, and among other nice yearlings sold that morning was Rent Payer, a brown colt by Esterling—Rent Pay, for whom Sir Robert Jardine gave 2,500 guineas. It seemed like old times to find yearlings from the Moorlands Stud running into four figures, and Mr. G. S. Thompson obtained 1,100 guineas a piece for two grandsons of Speculum, who stood there for so many years. Mr. W. R. Marshall, the breeder of Simonian, had a full sister in blood to that two-year-old among his lot of nine, but she did not get beyond 1,500 guineas, at which figure Lord Gerard purchased her, the average for the Laceby Stud lot being just 397 guineas. The Hon. F. W. Lambton also had a good sale, for his filly by St. Simon—Wee Lassie was bought by Ryan, the Newmarket trainer, for 3,900 guineas; and another successful sale was that of the seven yearlings bred by Messrs. Pell and Macintyre, as a colt by Galopin—Turn of the Tide was knocked down to Mr. Singer for 1,350 guineas, the average for the seven being 443 guineas. Wednesday and Friday at Doncaster were tame by comparison with Thursday; for Mr. Hoole did not do so well as anticipated with his Wisdoms; the average for his thirteen—nine of which were by the sire of Veracity, Surefoot, etc.—being only 365 guineas, as against 775 guineas in the previous September. The only one which travelled into the four figures was a daughter of Wisdom and Reciprocity, for which Lord Gerard gave 1,000 guineas. Mr. Watson, of the Waresley Stud, also experienced an “Irish rise,” for his average for seven was only 486 guineas, as against 874 guineas; the yearling in most request being a half sister to Geheimniss, by Hampton—Nameless, for which Herr Hirsch gave 1,600 guineas. The Earl of Scarborough sold 11 yearlings for 2,310 guineas, or 210 guineas each, among them being a chestnut colt by Prism—Mandane, for whom Matthew Dawson gave 1,200 guineas. The nine yearlings from the Blink Bonny Stud, including as they did a filly by Muncaster—Muscat, for which the Earl of Durham gave 1,100 guineas, were well sold, an average of 378 guineas being just double that of the year before. Mr. Taylor Sharpe and Mr. Elsey sent over 30 yearlings from Baumber Park, but they were by unfashionable sires, and those which did sell were not able to command big prices.

**Averages of Sires  
of Yearlings.**

I have left myself but little space to speak of the averages obtained by the sires whose yearlings were in the most demand; but, as was the case last year and the year before, St. Simon heads the list, and I cannot do better than append the following table, which will enable the reader to see at a glance how the matter stands:—

Name of Sire.	Number Sold.	Total.	Average in 1890. Guineas.	Average in 1889. Guineas.
St. Simon ...	7	17,350	2,480	2,500
Hermit... ..	9	12,960	1,440	921
Springfield ...	6	7,910	1,316	443
Bend Or ...	7	6,760	966	1,195
Galopin ...	11	10,050	913	760
Hampton ...	10	9,120	912	1,142
Barcaldine ...	20	15,430	795	421

## “Our Van.”

Lincoln.

A month is a Turf eternity; so the Lincoln Autumn Meeting has well nigh passed out of the recollection of all save those whose pockets were either filled or emptied during the two days' racing which took place there at the close of last month. To go racing at Lincoln and not to shiver the while would be contrary to all precedent. It is not much basking that falls to our lot when, in stereotyped phrase, “the saddling bell is heard on the Carholme in March”; nor is the Autumn Meeting commonly associated with a St. Martin's Summer—it was not this year. But of the sport? Well, a Nursery at a mile is a seasonable enjoyment, and the Chaplin Plate, with which the meeting began, brought out half a dozen runners. Capucin, who had run respectably in a Nursery in the Houghton week, was a good favourite, and Sigma carried no little money; but they both had to succumb to Trapezoid, who, as her name implies, is by Trappist, and is, like him, a speedy one. The time-honoured Great Tom Stakes, was, on the whole, a success. Possibly the non-appearance of Tostig may have detracted from its interest somewhat; but in his absence Carriok won in a common canter, with the little Ringmaster second, and The Rejected in the ruck. Mention of The Rejected reminds one that Bismarck, once a stable companion of his, has probably run his last race. How fast he could gallop we saw at Goodwood; but while running in Buenos Ayres, whither he was expatriated, he broke down badly; and Buenos Ayres is hardly the place for a broken down horse to recover himself. “Gallop him sound” is, according to sundry accounts, the method pursued. The Blankney Nursery was, perhaps, the chief race on the second day; and for this Sea Wall, in spite of a 7 lb. penalty earned at Croydon, was favourite. There was, however, plenty of money behind Rullianus, bought by Mr. Abington at Doncaster for 560 guineas. His backers were not exactly on velvet when they beheld him show temper at the post; but “All's well that ends well”—Rullianus made all his own running, and won by half a length.

Liverpool.

Messrs. Topham secured splendid entries for the Liverpool Autumn Meeting; but the fields were, in some cases, smaller than one might have expected. However, the notabilities made a great show; Lord Sefton drove over from Croxteth Park just before racing began, and in his balcony one could see Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lady Emily Cadogan, Lord Chelsea, Lord Norreys, Lord Lascelles, Earl and Countess Howe, Lord Lurgan, and Sir George Chetwynd, who, among others, comprised the house party. The British public thoroughly appreciates the exertions of those who give them good value for money; but in the days of “dreary dark November” surely seven races is a too liberal allowance—we should be quite content with half a dozen—while a one o'clock commencement interferes with the function of lunch, so at least say those who are not above slighting their breakfasts and insulting their dinner. The penalties and allowances of the competitors in the Liverpool St. Leger made the race almost

read like a handicap; but as backers had scored over Dornoch in the hurdle race, with which the day's racing began, they felt themselves perfectly equal to the mental arithmetic involved in calculating weights and chances. There were but half a dozen starters, so men who do not decline the task of trying to pick the winner in a field of a score for a Nursery felt no misgiving now in selecting Ben, who at Epsom ran third to St. Serf and Ornatus. But, whereas Ben had 8st 7lb to carry, the Lady Charlie filly had but 7st 13lb. These two ran a race that was quite worth going to Liverpool to see. From the moment they were in the line for home, the filly got her nose in front—it was scarcely any more; but Ben stuck to her in the gamest fashion. The filly added a trifle to her lead, and just won by a head. Tips were plentiful for the Knowsley Nursery; out of the nine runners there were half a dozen or so that were not going to strive vainly—they could not lose. St. Simon of the Rock was at one time favourite, but he was deposed in favour of Vivid, and this, as it turned out, forecasted the race, though the judiciously kept juvenile did not gain a bloodless victory, as Vivid, ridden with good judgment by Chandley, got up in the last few strides, and won by a neck only. Most things looked rose-coloured on the second day under the brilliant sunshine which, somehow or other, found its way into November. The Liverpool Nursery brought out ten runners, of which St. Kilda and Lady of the Manor were as close together in the betting as they afterwards were in the race itself. Nine to two, and five to one, were the respective prices before starting, and when all was over it was found that St. Kilda had prevailed over Lady of the Manor by a neck; a pretty good specimen of the gift of prophecy. The winner ran like a thorough stayer. A jumping race, though it was no less a one than the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, appeared rather out of season. Age was represented by Gamecock, Magic, and Strong Tea; Willie Blair and Theodolite were the middle-aged ones of the party; while Roman Oak and Choufleur represented the new blood. Strong Tea was, in a figurative sense, in everybody's mouth, and no better odds than 2 to 1 were forthcoming; but Linde has worked wonders with Lord Zetland's four-year-old Choufleur, who was second favourite. Old Gamecock carried his years and his weight (12st 4lb) well, pounding away in front, and it was not till Beecher's Brook was passed that Magic drew up to the old horse. Strong Tea's chance was extinguished at the fence before Valentine's Brook; and then Choufleur took the lead on the racecourse, and won easily by five lengths. This was, perhaps, a lucky win, as at the very first fence he cannoned against Theodolite and knocked him over, the worst of the affair being that Reilly was too much shaken to remount. Just a dozen went to the post for the Stewards' Cup, for which race Juggler and Tortoise were most in favour. Galloping Queen and Dog Rose gave Mr. Coventry any amount of trouble, as for something like half an hour they danced about and bade defiance to all starting arrangements. When, to the infinite relief of all concerned, the race began, Whistle Jacket made the running, but was supplanted in the straight by the hot-headed Galloping Queen, who appeared to have the race in hand, until Golden Crescent appeared upon the scene, and then the affair was over—six lengths, in a canter!



Fog and rain, *vice* warmth and sunshine: this was the state of things on the third day (Thursday). The attendance was visibly less, and, in spite of some good racing, it was easy to see that we are the creatures of circumstances, for the proceedings fell very flat, and little interest was manifested. Sir James Duke's Peacebearer walked over for the County Welter, whereupon Sir James, causing his professional to stand down, hacked round the course himself. "Peacebearer 10st 11b (car 12st 3lb)," so ran the return next morning; but this counts one in the table of winning jockeys. The Saint made short work of his opponents in the Aintree Hunt Steeplechase, and then came the Autumn Cup, a race which was hardly as interesting as usual. Betting before the event had been of a mild description; and picking the winner was difficult, owing to the fact that several stables were represented by more than one candidate; and until "intentions" were known it was groping in the dark. Had it been clear which of the two, Lady Rosebery or Father Confessor, would be sent to the post by the Bedford Lodge stable, there is little doubt that the selected one would have found many friends. Then on the day of the race all sorts of rumours were flying about concerning Lady Rosebery; according to some she was within measurable distance of being scratched; according to others the stable were going for Father Confessor. In short, so much uncertainty prevailed that Mortaigne was at one time favourite; though at last Lady Rosebery recovered herself. When the time for the race came, she jumped away, and won by a neck after a fine race with Shall We Remember, thereby repeating her victory of 1888. But partly owing to the weather—rain was falling—and partly owing to the policy pursued, the victory was received with the utmost indifference; people keeping their own breath to cool their own porridge. The collapse of Belmont; the non-acceptance of Victorious, and the absence of Rathbeal still further tended to destroy all interest in the race. Theophilus and Father Confessor did not exactly cover themselves with glory; while the unlucky Vasistas ran third.

The rain that fell during Thursday's racing was only a foretaste of what was to come. During the night it poured in torrents, and a gale continued to rage. In the forenoon of Friday the course was submerged in several places; the course indeed was more adapted for making experiments in the swimming of horses than for galloping; so the stewards reluctantly decided that the remainder of the racing should be postponed to Saturday. To put off a race meeting means to interfere with its success; and by Saturday there were more "empty benches" than would have been seen on Friday. The race of the day was the Great Lancashire Handicap; but as Mortaigne, Theophilus, and Nunthorpe had left Liverpool, the interest in the race was materially diminished. Then, to make matters worse, there was a long delay at the post and a poor start. Queen of the Dale was lucky enough to get very well away, and as a rather long gap separated Lord Feversham's mare from the favourite, Queen of the Dale managed to retain her advantage to the finish, and won, as everybody now knows, with consummate ease. The unlucky Vasistas again failed to do as much as was expected of him, but he was placed fourth by the Judge. Lord Ernest came from Hungary

with a great reputation, and it was whispered that he had been highly tried at Newmarket. He was a sufferer from the unevenness of the start, to be sure; and we must wait awhile if we would know what his true form is.

The time had not arrived for jumping races when the Hurst Park executive held their two days' meeting on Monday and Tuesday, the 3rd and 4th of November. The hard ground in September and October, which had stopped cub-hunting, and driven huntsmen to the verge of desperation to know how they should keep hounds in exercise, was, of course, all against the trainers of jumpers. Hurst Park, therefore, had to put up with somewhat miserable fields. Sir Matthew Wood, however, and his colleagues had done their "possibles," and more than that they could not accomplish. On the second day Liverpool was a rival against which a newly-started concern was powerless to hold its own. Racing men came on Monday, but were missing on Tuesday. The fields, however, were better than on the first day, seven going to the post for the Hurst Park Handicap Hurdle Race, and ten for the Mole Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate. The course being tolerably accessible—the Old Times coach passes its gate—there is no reason why in the future Hurst Park should not participate in the popularity which has attended Sandown and Kempton. "Give the fashionables a little place to themselves and they will go racing," was the comment of one racing man, not wholly ignorant of the art of running gate-money meetings; and it must be confessed there is a good deal in the confession of faith thus bluntly enunciated. In theory, racing, like hunting, brings all classes together; in practice, it does nothing of the sort.

Another candidate for popular favour is the prettily-situated course at Lingfield, near Bellagio, now licensed for the jumping business. In due course it will be a gate-money affair, but on the occasion of the inauguration meeting on the 15th ult. the gates were thrown open gratis; while, as a check to the undesirable visitors who might think it worth while to come down, Inspector Fisher and his staff were on duty to speed the guests, if necessary. The fences are well built, the open ditch being as like a natural obstacle as an artificial one can be. But one might reasonably expect the technicalities of jumping to be quite in order, as Major Dalbiac, who used to be seen between the flags, is concerned in the management, while the Clerk of the Course is none other than Mr. Peter Crawshaw, whose performances in the pigskin are well remembered by those who are verging on middle age. In the enclosure was an old riding contemporary of Mr. Crawshaw's, Mr. F. Hobson; while among others noticed were Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord H. Poulet, the Hon. G. Lambton, Messrs. A. Yates, J. B. Legh, Murietta, G. Moore, etc. The fields were not very large certainly; but owners and trainers seemed satisfied with the course, and that is of importance. A good word, too, may be said for the *chef*, M. Létherbie, of the Bellagio Club. Instead of the everlasting cold chicken and cold mutton, a much greater and a more pleasing variety is offered to the hungry sportsman, while the wine is above the ordinary class attainable on racecourses.

Derby.

It takes a good deal of summer sunshine, blue sky, coupled with much personal contentment, to make the town of Derby an inviting place.

Yet possibly there is no racing centre—we were almost going to say not even excepting Newmarket itself, only that would be such rank heresy—to which the varied racing army, made up of country people and people who have no country, of sharps and "mugs," of backers and layers, more readily visit than Derby. We cannot, in stereotyped phrase, say that Derby looked at its best on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th of November; but it can be averred with truth that it looked pretty well at its worst. A suspicion of fog and a steady rain made things dismal indeed. But the meeting was "immense"—save for one drawback, to be mentioned in due course. The arrival list numbered about two hundred and fifty horses, and the puzzle was where to put them. Derby and its suburbs have many loose boxes, but the cry was for more as the thoroughbreds, sheeted and hooded, were led or ridden from the railway station. In comparison with those that came after, the field for the Breadsall Selling Plate—seven runners—was wretched. There were twice that number for the Rangemoor Plate, twenty-five started for the Chesterfield Nursery, a dozen for the All-aged Plate, and seventeen for the Markeaton, on the first day. The Breadsall Selling Plate may be left to tell its own tale; and the Rangemoor must, at this lapse of time, be dismissed with the remark that backers were fortunate enough to have pitched upon Larkaway to represent them. Dividing favouritism with Monsieur de Paris, Larkaway won by a length and a half, and was bought in for 610 guineas—a price that would have been deemed exorbitant had it been demanded for him after he won a selling race at Yarmouth. To find the winner of a race with twenty-five starters is a task beyond the ability of the most astute punter; and if backers bit their thumbs at the bookmakers, there was every excuse for them. It is, we believe, part of the bookmakers' creed that at Derby only two or three horses are really backed, and that one of them is sure to win. *Exceptio probat regulam*, however, and for proof see the Chesterfield Nursery. When 9 to 1 is the price current against a favourite, no one needs to be told that the race is admittedly an open one. Patrician at 9 to 1, Lady Jacobite and Lady Heron at 10 to 1, and plenty of others were well backed, but it was not till one read down to the 20 to 1 division that the name of Billow was met with; yet Billow was the winner, and her sire, Ocean Wave, may possibly be more thought of now than before the race was run. Not that Billow's was an easy victory. Far from it; for she and Conachar came up the straight as close together as couples in a country dance; but this all the more enhances Billow's reputation. She ran gamely and stayed the better of the two, though Conachar, who carried 3 lb. overweight, was giving the winner 17 lb.

More big fields on Wednesday—twenty to begin with for the Friary Nursery. So many wits have pointed out the appropriateness of the nomenclature of the winner—a colt named Verbosity—that we must not now venture to repeat the old joke. The son of Gladstone, however, gained a very easy victory, as also did Warlabby when the time came for the Allestree Plate to be run for; and here

again were a score of starters. Billow doubtless did the ring a good turn on Tuesday, but they were scarcely less beholden to Elgiva for gaining a clever victory in the Chatsworth. To pick the winner out of a couple of dozen in a five furlong scramble is no slight task; at any rate, the "talent" were unequal to it on this occasion. Many were the fancies indulged in, but history repeated itself, and, as on Tuesday for the Chesterfield, the winner came from the 20 to 1 division. Like that of Billow, Elgiva's history, as contained in the pages of the *Calendar*, was a moderate one at the best; in fact, we believe that her solitary previous win was over this course last year, when she won without a shilling, so to speak, behind her. But in racing, as in other matters, nothing is so likely to happen as the improbable. Miss Ethel once more put her friends in the hole, but, though she started favourite, was not much concerned with the finish.

So far all had been *couleur de rose*, but successful institutions, like less famous ones, must have their disappointments, and Derby's black cloud came in the shape of a dense fog, which made racing on Thursday an impossibility. The Stewards met and deliberated, but they could not dispel the fog, which had settled down thick and brown over the Derby Racecourse. There was nothing for it but to pronounce for a postponement, and so Thursday's racing was put off till Friday, thereby bringing Derby into collision with Northampton—an unfortunate circumstance for both undertakings. On Friday the fields were smaller than they had been on the earlier days, but eighteen ran for the Derby Handicap Plate, so the interest may be said to have been kept up to the last, in spite of untoward events.

The flat-racing season came to an end at Manchester, chester to the accompaniment of big fields and no little excitement. On the opening day backers failed to appreciate the claims of Goodlake to be considered the best of the twenty-three runners that took part in the Flying Welter. He made all the running, and gave nothing else a chance. Mr. Milner scored a second win with Shrine—a 10 to 1 chance—in the County Welter, and backers wound up the day by making a successful shot as to the winner of the Lancaster Nursery, as Tableau Vivant just got home by three-quarters of a length in a field of sixteen. On Friday another favourite won the race of the day, the Lancashire Handicap, and, on the whole, favourites and non-favourites divided things pretty equally between them.

So much ink has been spilled in describing events which occurred within the short time of Manchester racing, that the concluding day may be summarily dismissed. Camberwell Beauty added one more to her successes in winning the Stand Plate, and Sea Song, in a good temper, pulled off the Farewell Handicap. A very middling lot of horses—nineteen in number—went to the post for the November Handicap; but the last important flat race of the season had one pleasing element about it. The winner belonged to the Duke of Beaufort, whose bad luck during the past year or two has been proverbial. His horse, Parlington, started an equal favourite with Silver Spur, but the latter was not in the hunt. Parlington took the lead at the distance and won in a common canter—a really popular victory.

And now racing under Jockey Club Rules has come to an end. To affect to deny that a few unpleasant rumours are abroad would be sheer affectation. It is said, too, that the authorities have their eyes upon a jockey or two who require fitting with a figurative curb, or being taught a lesson after the Sample horse-breaking system, viz., that it is of no use kicking against the pricks. For the sake of all concerned we heartily trust that there may be more smoke than fire in these rumours, and that, when next season opens, racing may be regarded as occupying the position it ought to take—a national amusement, which in some, indeed in most, instances is a business; yet carried on at least as honestly as other businesses.

**Lord Rothschild's Hounds.** We must open our account of the doings with Lord Rothschild's hounds somewhat sadly, for just ere the season commenced, Fred Cox, the much-

respected huntsman, met with a sad accident; his horse fell with him on the road while exercising the hounds, and cut his head so severely that it was a very near thing of his losing his life, and for some days the utmost caution was needed. Now every one who knows him will, we feel sure, be delighted to hear there is every chance of his soon being in the saddle again. His duties have been well carried out by Mark Howcott, his lieutenant of many years' standing; nevertheless, one and all feel that we cannot afford to lose "Fred's" presence at the fixtures yet.

They scored one good day during their hill-country campaign, viz., that from the Bridgewater Monument on November 6th, when their deer, after running at a great pace over Northchurch Common, gave them some miles of such obstacles to sport as railway, canal, timber-yards, wire fencing, barbed and otherwise, villa gardens, etc., etc., after all this took to the country, and led them over the best portion of the Hertfordshire Hounds' Ashbridge domain, and was finally taken at Studham Common, a favourite meet of Mr. "Baron" Rawles'. Lord Rothschild and a select few saw the finish, but the pace tolled out nearly all who started. A friend who knows everyone and nearly everything, tells us the best of the joke is that two special correspondents were out; one got impounded in a timber-yard early in the day, and only extricated his horse after great risk to life and limbs; the other got some distance through, but on seeing the deer take soil at Gaddesden thought all was over, referred to his flask and sandwich case, and inquired the nearest way to the station; thus neither saw the cream of the gallop. Our friend may be mistaken; if so, it's about the first time in such matters.

In the Vale they scored a smart gallop of an hour or a little more from Weadon Hill on Thursday, November 13th, running over some of the very roughest of their country, across which Mr. Gerald Pratt as usual did his best to pilot us. Mark Howcott was always well to the fore, as was Mr. Goodbun; but quite the hero of the hour was a second horseman apparently, mounted on a good-looking brown horse, which report said he was sent out to try. Not a great run, but right merry while it lasted, and productive of much change of soil. On Monday, the 17th, they had a very pleasant hour from Mentmore Cross Roads, away by Wingrave and Marston, back to Cheddington, over the North Western Railway to Northall, and to Ivinghoe Aston, where their deer was taken.

Getting on to the towing-path of the canal was very productive of fun; one horse lost his legs at the fence, and deposited his rider on the path, with his face overhanging and looking into the water. A muddy brook farther on also saw men and horses in positions that recalled memories of Exmoor and the New Forest. From thence they crossed what in Ireland would be called an "intricate" country, to Ivinghoe, where we took him.

Since the above was set up, sad sorrow has fallen on the Vale of Aylesbury, for Hannah, Countess of Rosebery, daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, is no more. Of course stag-hunting is stopped for the present, and it is no figure of speech to say that the whole Vale sympathises most deeply with Lord Rosebery and the House of Rothschild in the sorrow which has fallen on them.

"Our pack have seldom commenced the season **The Whaddon Chase.** under more favourable auspices," says our friend in this country; "for we have plenty of foxes in every portion, good stout ones, able and willing to run; not poor, bewildered, turned down things with no set home to fly to; and already they have begun to show Bentley and his pack that they will have all their work out out to catch them. The first day of which I shall send you any record is Friday, October 31st, when Aston Abbotts, a well-known stronghold, was called upon. A brace of foxes were quickly on foot, and one was allowed to go away for the Creslow unhunted; while the pack started in pursuit of another who went in the direction of Rowsham, with just a holding scent, which carried them on to some ploughs near the Aylesbury road, in which highway some boys were shouting, as only English boys can shout on the sight of a fox. This helped us over our first check, and started us on rather a pleasant journey across the grass to Wingrave, with the chance of tackling a lot of Vale fences in all their autumn ugliness, a chance of which we availed ourselves greedily as far as Boarscroft; and after several futile efforts to hunt further, we once more found ourselves back at Aston Abbotts on the search for another. He was soon away on the village side, and we were seeking a passage much used of old, through an adjacent spinney. All waited to see who would "bell the cat," by opening up the track once more. Some "brave" soon set us free to go careering across Mr. Denchfield's farm and the Weadon road, until the Norduck double in all its hideous proportions stared us in the face; and when an eligible place was found, a well-known welter weight seemed inclined to block the road for an indefinite period. At length he fought his way out, and set loose the tide of chase once more, to be quickly arrested by the Hardwicke brook, which three light weights and one welter took as if they cared no more for a ducking than Jack Mytton himself. Your correspondent thinks the majority displayed more caution, but was so eagerly seeking a safe passage himself, that he cannot be certain on that point. Having achieved this, we ran away to the Creslow, and from there the hunt gradually faded out, by Hurdlesgrove and so forth, until a cast was made for the kennels. November 4th gave us the Creslow festival, on which occasion Mr. Rowland entertains all and sundry as hospitably as he does the foxes all the year round. One fox had the misfortune

to run into the hounds' mouths as they were just settled to another, and having despatched him, and left their first love, they found a fresh one in the osier-bed, where he had lain comfortably through all the turmoil. Now "Long limber and grey, See him stealing away" up the Cublington gorse in view of the whole field, and then "sit down in your saddle, and keep his head straight," if you will. There is the brook to amuse you if you do not care to dally in the ford, and you may either take fences or gates (open ones), as the humour seizes you, up to Norduck Hill, where you will most probably be glad to halt your pumped-out horse. The hounds did not halt, but went on to Aston Abbots Covert, where the fox had just preceded them, and without lingering a moment, led us on to Burstones. All went merrily until nearing the Rowsham valley, and the double which defends it, where the ranks were broken up as by a volley of grape-shot. How many empty saddles and dirty backs had the second ditch thereof to account for, I wonder? Truly their name was legion. Still forward went the pack by Mr. Payne's house and the Weadon Road, with only a slight check, and then the Hardwicke brook barred the way. Mr. Chinnery knows it well, so that it formed no impediment to his progress (it seldom does, in fact), but other "braves" were less fortunate, and sounded its depths, which of course caused a run on the ford, and by the time that was reached the hounds had lost their fox, nearly at the point they found him. A brilliant gallop nevertheless. Then followed another like one to it, or perhaps even better. High Havens saw the beginning of it, and a preliminary ring over the Hoggston country was achieved, then a good gallop by Potash Farm to Drayton Parslow, and so on to Solden Wood, in exactly forty-five minutes, afterwards slow hunting; and a good fox saved his brush.

The first Wednesday in the Leighton Buzzard side when Ascott is the fixture is naturally a day of note, as Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild welcome all comers with a hospitality seldom equalled even in this hospitable country. More than that, Mr. Rothschild takes care to keep some good foxes in his coverts, and plenty of them were to the fore on the 12th. As we went to draw we saw Fred Cox out and about again, and that pleased us more even than the sight of the foxes, albeit a good one did lead us away to Mentmore, and from there recrossed the valley in the teeth of the wind to Wing, beyond which he beat them. The Ledbourne brook was fuller than usual, not of water, but sportsmen, and it is a mystery how they all got out safely. One man, report has it, went home and got dry clothes, and then was in time to see a couple more merry spins ere the day was concluded.

**A Unique Hunt.** The pack of hounds known as the South Molton Harriers may certainly be congratulated upon as curious a combination of circumstances in one day's hunting as probably ever occurred in the annals of the chase in this country. The meet, under the mastership of Mr. Kellard, on the morning in question took place at Alswere, Devonshire: and one who was present informs us it was a bitterly cold wind that greeted the small field of about ten hardy sportsmen who were there assembled together. "Puss" was speedily found, but the pack

failed to do anything with her, on account of the badness of the scent. So the huntsman, going to more low-lying land than the cold hill-side where the first hare was found, soon had another started, which afforded good sport. After a fair run, she doubled back through a wood to the spot whence she was started; then through a field of swedes, where she lay quiet, and jumped up again as the pack overran the scent, and doubling back, went away at racing rate over hill and dale to Hele Farm, where, after running right through the farmyard, she took shelter in the small covert hard by. All expected here to "have her blood," as it had been a very fast three or four mile run, but instead of "puss" there suddenly broke from the wood a fine large fox, who headed once more right through the farmyard at Great Hele, and away in the direction of Wooleries Woods, where the pack lost him; but, by all that was wonderful in this curious day's hunting, out of the self-same wood issued, not a fox or hare this time, but a magnificent stag, which, as our "friend who was there" says, had a grand head.

"Brow, bay and tray, my lads—  
Brow, bay and tray!"

And two on top of one of his antlers, and three on the other! And this stag also made off at once for the identical farmyard of Hele Farm, which seemed to have some marvellous attraction for all the varied beasts of the chase. This red deer, too, ran straight through the courtyard, where the hare and Master Reynard had preceded him, and took asylum in Hill Wood, where he was left, as Mr. Kellard's harriers would not run such a very unusual quarry. All these varied hunts through the farmyard took place within fifty minutes time. We could only wonder the Master did not go down to the nearest stream, and at once find an otter (which abound down in lovely Devon), and doubtless it also would have visited the farm.

Herts and Essex  
Hounds.

It will be remembered that, after the award made by the Associated Masters of Foxhounds, in the much-to-be-regretted dispute with the Puckeridge country, Mr. Gosling resigned his office. A local syndicate purchased his pack, in the desire that the blood—which the late Mr. Parry did so much to bring into the very foremost rank—might be retained in the district in which it was bred. The pack is to be carried on by a committee, with Mr. Frank Judd as the Field Master. It is sincerely to be hoped that no more may be heard of unpleasantness with the adjoining countries; but that they—as well as this, whose benefit the syndicate has sought to promote, by intervening—may act together in a neighbourly manner to advance the best interests of fox-hunting. No more jealousy in the future should be shown, except as to which pack shall show the most constant and the most brilliant sport. It is with pleasure that it is recorded that the new management has made an excellent start. Mr. Frank Judd—who evidently intends to show sport—can already claim credit for some capital days since the opening of the season. Perhaps the proverb about "new brooms" makes people a little exacting in what



they look for after each fresh departure ; but, with all due deference, the suggestion must be made, that a tight hand will be required to keep in check those too eager followers who think it wise to keep trotting round a covert whilst the hounds are drawing it. Already the remonstrance has been heard from the lips of a good sportsman, "Gentlemen ! Gentlemen ! What you are doing is simply to spoil your own sport."

A correspondent writes :—"I won't mention the cubbing, though we had some nice gallops, and have picked the *best* days. Nov. 4th.—Opening meet—North Cheshire ; Oxhayes Farm. Good twenty-five minutes from Philo to Tarporley, and killed. A ring from Oulton, and a spin from Oulton to Philo, made a good opening day. Nov. 5th.—Sir W. Wynn's, at Iscoyd, had a smart thirty minutes from Iscoyd to the Fens. Nice day. Nov. 6th.—North Cheshire ran from Stapylton to Barramore Gorse, and there was some galloping about Clutton. Nov. 8th.—South Cheshire had a capital thirty minutes from Hurleston to Wrenbury Moss. Nov. 11th.—South Cheshire had two good gallops ; one from Hopeton's Gorse, the other from Hankilow ; a good day's sport. Nov. 13th. The North Cheshire, at Church Minshull, did a fine performance. They ran hard for two five-mile points and more ; in the former, just missing blood by the fox getting to ground, and in the latter killing in the open. Mr. Peel's coverts, at Calveley, furnished this really good day. Nov. 15th.—A sharp gallop from Clutton's Gorse, with Sir W. Wynn's, and killing in the open at Malpas. Nov. 17th.—The North Stafford, at Highfields, had a real good day, running all the morning, and a brilliant twenty minutes in the evening. Nov. 18th. The South Cheshire, at Wrenbury, had three merry racing gallops, each of about fifteen to twenty minutes' duration ; but they were so fast that the first two foxes were burst up in the open, fairly and squarely. The third blood was only missed through the open earths. At Peel's Gorse, in Sir W. Wynn's country, there was a capital day ; so you see we've not been doing so badly. Scent is very good just now."

The county of Hants has bred many a good sportsman. It has sent forth yachting men, finished coachmen, gentlemen jockeys, masters of hounds, and huntsmen ; and among the latter James Bailey, now, and for the last eleven years, huntsman to the Essex Hounds. Bailey was born within earshot of the H.H. kennels. His father kept the Anchor Inn, one of the H.H. fixtures, and found the horses for the hunt ; much in the same way as John Page, father of the once well-known steeplechase jockey, used to do for the North Warwickshire, on the weekly day in the Birmingham country. With the sight of the hunt horses before his eyes, the singing of the hounds in his ears, and the probable opportunity of hearing hunting fully discussed, it is not to be wondered at that Bailey, jun., was soon anxious to participate in that sport, the praises of which he had so frequently listened to. An exceedingly clever donkey was his first mount ; and without bridle or saddle he would carry the son of the host of the Anchor almost anywhere. But in time James Bailey outgrew the donkey, and became covert lad to Mr. W. Ward Tailby,

who hunted what was known as the Billesdon, or South Quorn, country. No beginner could have entered a better school. Mr. Tailby was a rare sportsman; and during the term that Frank Goodall was his huntsman, no pack in England showed better sport. Both master and huntsman were fine horsemen, and if it be true that riding is learned greatly by the eye, young Bailey must have picked up a great deal during the four seasons he remained. He doubtless often longed to take a more active part in those runs, which were duly chronicled in *BAILY* at the time, than was possible in the position he then held. But all things come to him who waits; and a participation in hunting came to Bailey, when he was engaged as second whip to the North Warwickshire, when Tom Firr was huntsman. Of him Bailey to this day speaks reverentially—"The best schoolmaster I ever had." But Bailey had one season only under "The Huntsman," who then went to hunt the Quorn; and at the expiration of his second season in Warwickshire Bailey went North, and became second whip to the Duke of Buccleuch under Shore. At the end of the first or second season he was promoted to the berth of first whip, and under him was Ned Woodcock, now huntsman to the Surrey Staghounds. In Scotland Bailey stayed six or seven seasons, and then, on the resignation of Stephen Dobson, at present hale and hearty, became huntsman to the Essex Hounds, under Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson. He has entered on his twelfth season. He came to Essex with the best wishes of everyone in the Duke of Buccleuch's hunt; and in what cannot now be called his "new" sphere, he has been equally fortunate in securing the goodwill of all who hunt with Mr. C. E. Green. Nothing perhaps upsets a hard-riding field more than a slack huntsman, or one who wants to go home soon after lunch; but no one could say that Bailey ever laid himself open to this charge. He is as keen at the end of a day as he is at starting. A bold horseman, for whom the depth and width of the Roothing ditches have no terror, he is also a good huntsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the run of a fox, and has shown excellent sport in Essex. At the Essex Hunt Steeplechases, at Rundells, Bailey has been a frequent performer up to last season, when Mr. Green did not care for him to ride, and has steered more than one of Sir Henry Ibbetson's horses to victory. He knows what is due to the master of the hunt, the farmers, and the followers, and we may, without flattery, call him a "popular huntsman."

Running stage coaches in the winter seems almost like philanthropy. Day after day these well-appointed, well-horsed, and, in some cases, well-driven vehicles set out and return with no one on them save the guard, professional coachman, and the subscriber whose "day" it is. "It's the seasoning as does it"; and the seasoning in this case means the subscription. The "Old Times" is of course in honour bound to run through the winter, as she did for so long when the late James Selby was proprietor. Now Mr. Harveyson, who ran the "Telegraph" to Hertford during the summer, finds the horses, and has for subscribers, among others, Mr. Beckett, Capt. Hailey, and Mr. Davidson, with Walter Godden, who was behind Selby on

the occasion of the memorable Brighton drive, as guard, and an excellent man for the place he is. Arthur Fownes has sufficient subscribers to warrant him in running the "Vivid" to Hampton Court, while his brother Ernest has put on the "Defiance" to St. Albans. James Sullivan, having finished with the road between Brighton and Arundel, now runs from London to the Bear at Esher, and is supported by six subscribers. Mr. Rumney has taken the "Wonder" off the St. Albans road; and there will be no winter coach to Brighton. On the whole, therefore, "the road" may be said to hold its own. These subscription coaches form a very good school for sucking Sir St. Vincent Cottons, as when a man has to keep time and is lucky enough to find a good tutor behind, or alongside of, him, he learns more when driving a stage coach than he would do when just pottering about for practice. We do not mean to assert, however, that this preliminary practice should not have been undertaken in advance before young coachmen experimentalise with real live passengers.

**The Close of  
Grouse Shooting.**

The best of it all, good friends, the cream of our fun with gun and dog, is over at last, or rather will be so in a few days; the 12th of December bringing the period set apart by an all-wise Legislature for the slaughter of the grouse and the blackcock to a finale. All too soon to most of us has the season fled by; for who does not enjoy that gloriously free feeling that pervades one's entire being as one treads once more, on a blazingly beautiful August day, on the purple heather of the glorious North. How dear old Walter Scott would, we often think, have enjoyed a really good day at the grouse; but it is a curious fact that, though a great lover of dogs and wild animals, shooting was never a favourite pastime with him, nor hunting either; but the reason possibly was that he had small opportunity; for who, though admiring that glorious scenery in the Trossachs where

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,"

would think of following the hounds in such a break-neck country? And were there ever a pack of foxhounds or staghounds in that lovely district, we could perfectly realise the truth of the lines that probably

"When the Brig of Turk was won  
The foremost horseman rode alone!"

For, by our faith, they would be brave men who followed in that land of rocky and wild grandeur. The grouse season of 1890, however, has, on the whole, been a very good one. Disease—that still mysterious disease that every few years, and, alas! oftener on some moors, makes such sad havoc with those bonnie brown birds—was local this year. In some places, many birds fell victims, and Dr. Klein, of the *Field*, is, we understand, drawing up a valuable and, no doubt, interesting report upon those dead birds sent him from various moors in the North. Blackgame, in most districts where they are generally abundant, were much scarcer this year than usual: on account, no doubt, of the abnormally wet season the poor birds experienced during the breeding time. It would be a thousand

pities if this grand game bird were to be exterminated from our forests and glens in the North. And one reason to account for the growing scarcity of the blackcock is the unfortunate fact that too many of the *grey hens* are killed. We only hope this will be recognised before it be too late.

We think sportsmen who have lately returned to the haunts of civilised life, from their happy northern shooting quarters, have, on the whole, not very much to complain of; but in any case may the coming breeding season for all sorts of winged game be better than that of 1890. We say for "winged" game advisedly, for the gentle rabbit will take good care of himself, be the weather wet or fine, warm or cold. He will breed under the most adverse, and to any other ordinary quadruped the most disheartening, circumstances, which reminds us of that capital good sportsman, the late Duke of Buccleuch, whom we once heard averring, with that charming smile on his kindly face we all knew so well, that he believed, were every rabbit exterminated from Drumlanrig Castle estate, excepting a single *buck*, why then that individual would, all by himself, produce the usual quantity of bunnies within six months!

Exit Salmon. All our piscatorial friends, by which title of course we only refer in particular to lovers of the "gentle art" as waged against the lordly salmon or the spotted trout, are *not* happy! Alas! their time with the greenheart is over; but only for a short time, for shall not March bring with him, besides his wretchedly chilling freezing winds, the "spring fish"? Then put away your rods, snugly and well varnished, into their brown covers, lock up your gorgeous collection of flies of so many beautiful colours and wondrous designs, in their camphor-bestrewn tin boxes, and give the poor salmon time to breed! *Toujours perdrix* becomes very wearisome, and so would salmon; so leave him in peace till the early spring, and then away again, with the keenest zest, and refreshed by the rest enforced by law and common sense—away once more to the glorious river-bank, and whether a young or an old fisherman, here's the best of luck to you. Angling is an *evergreen* receipt.

"Oh! the angler may age, but he never grows old!  
His heart shall be young, and his spirit be bold,  
When the hair on his head is but scanty and grey,  
I'll wager the veteran will gallantly say,  
'The salmon for ever! The river for aye!'"

Some monster salmon were captured in several rivers during the closing month; and notably several big "red" fish in the Spey, and a forty-one pounder in the Tay. But the biggest amongst them all is not worth one little ten-pounder in early spring, as bright as a silver shilling, and with the sea lice sticking to his sides!

## Roundabout County Papers.

NORFOLK, as a county, owes as much probably to the Prince of Wales as Scotland owes to the Queen; both have become attractive to rich visitors and residents. Besides the game bags that are to be filled at Wretham, when "our Prince" is with Baron Hirsch, the royal breechloader is to blaze away at Melton Constable at the end of November, as one of Lord and Lady Hastings' guests. The good shootings on this estate last season were rented by Mr. Sassoon. The county of Norfolk is indeed becoming a pet of fashion. After selling a small portion of one of his Banffshire estates to satisfy the ring-fence-love of a neighbouring proprietor, the Duke of Fife is taking up his quarters on his Norfolk domain. Here he will be near the birds, for his shooting parties; and, here, his Royal Consort will be near to the Princess of Norfolk, Wales, and All England. Riddlesworth, near Thetford, the seat of the popular Whip—lang syne—of the Conservative party, Sir Thomas Thornhill, has been let for the shooting season. The cellars of Riddlesworth have a repute for old whisky, that may challenge comparison with any that Scottish or Irish mansions can produce, and this although all Norfolk comes to Riddlesworth for covert-luncheon.

DEVON.—Lord Halsbury, through official engagements, was unable, October 25th, to welcome as president the "Devonians in London," to the annual reception and ball which was held at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street. On this occasion

some 200 of the courtly county assembled. The Society has now a register of 1,300 members; and at the dinner held at the Criterion, last March, the tables were surrounded by 4,010 Devonians. The object of the Society is to help Devonians in London; and Mayors and Sheriffs, and other prominent officials of the principal Devonshire towns, came to the Annual Meeting in order to show how strong is the bond of union that exists between Devonians all over the world.

EXCHANGES. — Reciprocity is being shown by householders on the Rhine, where, at picturesque Bonn, our London upholsterers, Messrs. Collinson and Lock, are furnishing and decorating the residence that is to welcome Her Majesty's granddaughter, Princess Victoria, and the Prince Charming who has won her hand. This English patronage is some set-off to the many German and Austrian household goods that are fashionable in this country.

GAME.—In return for a rental reported to be £3,000 per annum, some 40,000 acres in the Badenoch district have furnished Sir Charles Mordaunt with heavy bags of grouse and threescore stags. In Benmore, Ross-shire, 80,000 acres, and lake and river fishings, rented by Mr. Rylands from Sir Charles Ross, have yielded sport:—1,000 head of grouse, nine stags, and heavy bags of various game; whilst 3,000 loch-trout, hundreds of sea-trout, and some grilse and salmon well filled Mr. Rylands' fish baskets.

## Odds and Ends.

At Lewes on Thursday, August 1st, 1805, a match was run between Mr. Mellish's b.c. Sancho and Lord Darlington's br.c. Pavilion, four miles, for 3,000 guineas (2,000 guineas ft.). Each horse was four years old, and each carried 8st. 3lb. The betting was 2 to 1 on Pavilion, but Sancho won. Pavilion had previously won the New Claret Stakes at Newmarket on Friday, in the First Spring Meeting, beating Sancho, Hannibal (winner of the Derby the year previous), and Pelisse (the winner of the Oaks, also the previous year). Mr. Mellish, being a very heavy better, backed his horse for a large sum. The week previously, at Brighton, Sancho had beaten Lord Egremont's Hannibal in a match (8st. 7lb. each), one mile, for 1,000 guineas, the betting being 11 to 10 on Hannibal. Two days after his match, four miles, with Pavilion, Sancho beat Mr. R. Boyce's Bobtail in a match, the last mile at Lewes, for 200 guineas. Betting was 7 to 4 on Sancho. Upon these three matches—which were run within a period of eight days—Mr. Mellish won nearly forty thousand pounds, he having taken liberal odds that he won all of them, and which he succeeded in doing. Some "sharpers" from London took the opportunity of tempting Mr. Mellish to gamble in the evening of the day after the last match was run, and succeeded in relieving him of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds, with which they decamped, starting back to London with all haste in a postchaise, about three o'clock in the morning. The late Mr. John Kent (father of the present John Kent) had the charge of Sancho at this time.

Sancho having proved himself such a superior horse, Mr. Mellish, after winning these matches, gave 1,300 guineas for a brother to Sancho, which, in those days, was considered a very large sum for a foal before it was weaned. Although not so good a horse as Sancho, "Robin," as this foal was afterwards named, won some valuable races.

On March 29, 1791, occurred a performance which created not a little stir at the time. A wager was made that a pony 12½ hands high would trot thirteen miles, with 13 stones up, inside the hour. The little fellow was the property of Mr. John Hole of Summergangs, and the match took place on the turnpike road between Hull and Beverley. There was a rare sporting assembly, and betting was fast and furious. Odds were laid against the pony; but to the astonishment of those not acquainted with her extraordinary abilities, she covered the journey in 55 min. 2 secs. The party connected with the pony netted a considerable sum, and a large figure was refused subsequently for her.

In the same year, for a bet of 100 guineas, a hunter, of one Hill Darley, Esq., carried his groom, weighing 12 stone, in a flying leap over a six foot stone wall, coped and dashed. This tall performance took place on Wednesday, Feb. 23, and the animal is said to have performed the task with ease and neatness. In addition to the wager, Mr. Darley won a large sum in bets, the odds being against the horse. The jump was witnessed by a large company.

# Summary of Prominent Results.

From Oct. 25th to Nov. 22nd, 1890.

## Oct. RACING.

28. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's br.c. Carrick, by Springfield—Rozelle, 3 yrs., 6 st. 3 lb. (Heckford), won the Great Tom Stakes (handicap), of 300 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., about a mile, at the Lincoln Autumn Meeting.

## Nov.

4. Mr. A. Taylor's gr. or r. filly, by Buchanan—Lady Charlie, 7 st. 13 lb. (M. Cannon), won the Sixty-first Liverpool St. Leger of 700 sovs., by subscription of 10 guineas each, for three-year-olds, 1½ miles, at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
5. Mr. R. N. Talbot's br.c. Golden Crescent, by Castlereagh—Mermaid, 3 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. (S. Chandley), won the Liverpool Steward's Cup of 500 sovs., 5½ furlongs, at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
6. Mr. Abington's h.m. Lady Rosebery, by Rosebery—Empress Maud, 5 yrs., 7 st. 8 lb. (S. Loates), won the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 10 sovs. each for starters with 1,000 added, Cup course (1 mile and 3 furlongs), at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
8. Lord Feversham's ch.m. Queen of the Dale, by Lowlander—Queen of Diamonds, by King of Trumps, 6 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb. (Fagan) won the Great Lancashire Handicap of 500 sovs., 1 mile, at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
11. Mr. T. Cannon's ch.f. Billow, by Ocean Wave—Queen Frederica, 7 st. 1 lb. (Bradbury), won the Chesterfield Nursery Stakes (handicap) of 1,000 sovs., about 5 furlongs, at the Derby November Meeting.
12. Lord Hastings' b.f. Breach, by Hagioscope—Mitrailleuse, 8 st. 2 lb. (F. Barrett), won

## Nov.

- the Doveridge Stakes of 850 sovs., for two-year-olds, about 6 furlongs, at the Derby November Meeting.
14. Mr. W. PAnson's b.f. Queen Laura, by Laureate—Queen Bonby, 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb. (Bradford), won the Derby Handicap Plate of 500 sovs., the straight mile, at the Derby November Meeting.
16. Mr. Abington's b.c. Freemason, by Barcaldine—Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 9 st. (S. Loates), won the Naseby Handicap Plate of 500 sovs., 1 mile, at the Derby November Meeting.
20. Mr. C. J. Merry's b.c. Tableau Vivant, by Trappist—Actress, 7 st. 11 lb. (Finlay), won the Lancaster Nursery Handicap of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each for starters, 7 furlongs, at the Manchester Nov. Meeting.
21. Sir R. Jardine's ch.c. Wise Man by Wisdom—Sweet Jessie, 5 yrs., 9 st. (J. Watts), won the Lancashire Handicap of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 55 sovs. each for starters, 1 mile, at the Manchester November Meeting.
22. Duke of Beaufort's br.c. Parlington, by Highborn—Nancy Lee, 3 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb. (S. Loates), won the Manchester November Handicap of 20 sovs. each, with 1000 added, Cup Course (1 mile and 6 furlongs), at the Manchester November Meeting.

## Oct. FOOTBALL.

23. At Blackburn, Blackburn Rovers v. Preston North End, former won by 1 goal to 0. †
25. At Everton, Everton v. West Bromwich Albion, latter won by 3 goals to 2. †
25. At Perry Barr, Aston Villa v. Derby County, former won by 4 goals to 0. †

## Oct.

25. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Old Westminster, latter won by 3 goals to 2. †
25. At Oxford, Oxford University v. R.M.C., Sandhurst, former won by 6 goals 2 tries to 1 goal. \*
25. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Middlesex Wanderers, former won by 2 goals 2 tries to 1 try. \*
25. At Bradford, Bradford v. Blackheath, former won by 1 goal 2 tries 7 minors to 1 goal. \*
29. At Oxford, Oxford University v. Old Merchant Taylors, former won by 1 try to 0. \*
29. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. St. Thomas' Hospital, former won by 2 tries to 1. \*

## ov.

1. At Deepdale, Preston North End v. Accrington, drawn, 1 goal all. †
1. At Nottingham, Notts County v. Everton, former won by 3 goals to 1. †
1. At West Bromwich, West Bromwich Albion v. Aston Villa, latter won by 3 goals to 0. †
1. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Crusaders, latter won by 4 goals to 1. †
1. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Old Leysians, latter won by 4 tries to 1 goal. \*
3. At Rotherham, Rotherham v. Preston North End, latter won by 4 goals to 2. †
3. At Oxford, Oxford University v. Old Leysians, former won by 1 try to 0. \*
5. At Blackheath, London and Midlands, v. Western Counties, former won by 2 goals 3 tries to 1 try. \*
8. At Blackburn, Blackburn Rovers v. Everton, former won by 2 goals to 1. \*
8. At Nottingham, Notts County v. Preston North End, drawn, 0 all. †
8. At the Oval, Corinthians v.

\* Under Rugby Rules.

Nov. Sheffield, former won by 8 goals to 0. †

8. At Oxford, Oxford University v. London Scottish, former won by 2 goals 2 tries to 0. \*
10. At Oxford, Oxford University v. Bradford, latter won by 2 tries to 0. \*
12. At Richmond, London and the South v. Oxford and Cambridge, latter won by 3 goals 2 tries and 2 touch downs to 1 goal and 2 touch downs. \*
12. At Chatham, Kent v. Surrey, drawn 3 goals all. †
12. At Chiswick Park, Middlesex v. Hertfordshire, drawn, 2 goals all. †
15. At Bolton, Bolton Wanderers v. Preston North End, former won by 1 goal to 0. †
15. At Everton, Everton v. Sunderland, former won by 1 goal to 0. †
15. At Oxford, Oxford University v. Old Foresters, former won by 7 goals to 1. †
17. At Burnley, Preston North End v. Burnley, former won by 3 goals to 1. †
17. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. Salford, former won by 2 goals 3 tries to 3 tries. \*
18. At Blackheath, Surrey v. Kent, former won by 3 tries to 1 try. \*
19. At Cambridge, Cambridge University v. The Swifts, former won by 6 goals to 0. †
19. At Oxford, Oxford University v. Cardiff, latter won by 1 goal to a try. \*
22. At Deepdale, Preston North End v. Everton, former won by 2 goals to 0. †
22. At Nottingham, Notts County v. Wolverhampton Wanderers, drawn, 1 goal each. †
22. At Derby, Derby County v. West Bromwich Albion, former won by 3 goals to 1. †
22. At Perry Bar, Aston Villa v. Bolton Wanderers, former won by 5 goals to 0. †
22. At Richmond, Oxford University v. Richmond, Richmond won by a goal to 2 tries and 2 touch downs. \*

† Under Association Rules.

*Handwritten:* HJ m.t









